Do you See 6-year old Peggy?
No! I see a Girl Planning her Trousseau.

Will she be a Charming Bride?
Yes, Beautiful—her Smile's so Lovely!

To what does She owe this Lovely Smile?
Perhaps to a Habit she learned as a Child—Ipana and Massage!

Protect your smile! Keep your gums healthier, your teeth brighter . . . with the help of Ipana and Massage.

SHE STILL PLAYS with dolls and she goes to bed by seven. But Peggy is a beauty specialist when it comes to her own bright smile . . . for, far better than her parents, Peggy understands the modern care of teeth and gums.

Indeed today, thousands of youngsters know what their parents still have to learn . . . that *gums* as well as teeth must have regular daily care. They are taught in their classrooms that the soft, creamy foods we moderns enjoy so much, provide little exercise for gums . . . deny gums the exercise and stimulation they often need for health. No wonder then that gums tend to become weak and tender . . . and signal their condition with that warning tinge of "pink"!

Be Warned By "Pink Tooth Brush"!

"Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble . . . but it's a warning just the same. And the minute you see it . . . *see your dentist!* He may merely tell you that your gums are underworked . . . that they need exercise and stimulation. And like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

For Ipana Tooth Paste does more than clean teeth thoroughly. Used with massage, Ipana is specially designed to aid the gums to health. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" *you notice* is exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means that stimulation is awakening in the gum tissues . . . helping the gums to become firmer and stronger.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. And begin now the healthful dental habit of Ipana and massage . . . for sounder gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

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JANUARY 4, 1941

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COVER EARL OLIVER HURST

ANY WEEK

SOMETHING always happens to Mrs. Sheila McBankeel of San Francisco, California, when she hears of Reds fomenting strikes in armament factories. Does to us too. But it happened so hard to Mrs. McBankeel recently that she threw an apologist for Communist agitators out of her house. When accused at the door of being a Red baiter, Mrs. McBankeel's reply was: "You're darn' tootin' I am. That's the first time you've been right since you dropped in." Whereupon she wrote us a five-page letter on the subject, adding a postscript inviting us to call and listen to what she really thinks. But we get the idea. These psychopaths that cause things to happen to her are obviously eager to see that famous lover of mankind, Adolf Hitler, win the war in Europe and then, at his leisure, conquer the Americas. This would be a great help to his friend, that even more ardent lover of humanity, Joe Stalin. Thereafter, instead of grinding his soul to powder toiling in American industry for a dollar an hour, the Red would know the deep satisfaction of working in German and Russian factories for glory and a few ersatz sandwiches, while the military police stood by just to make sure that none of the devoted workers made silly mistakes such as sabotage and subversive activity. There's practically nothing we can add to Mrs. McBankeel's views except, perhaps, that if we had our way we'd— But there; we'd better stop before we make a few un-American observations. We were merely going to say that these ruddy lads don't make us sore. But they do make us scratch.

IN THE meantime an energetically patriotic gentleman we know is licking his wounds. Armed with a thirty-eight page prospectus, he called upon the National Defense Committee offering, for an adequate fee, to establish in our Army training centers moral guardianship of our fledgling soldiers. He would begin with a survey of the surrounding territory and ferret out immorality. He would not go so far as to decorate suspicious ladies with scarlet letters, but he would have a good talk with them, warning them that any funny moves by them would be sufficient reason to quarantine them or even shoo them off into less sacred precincts. A patriotic system of espionage would be set up inside the camps, and intelligence agents, personable young women of known moral soundness, would be maintained in near-by towns. We regret to tell you that our moral censor was all but manhandled. He told us some of the things they said to him. No wonder his feelings were hurt. But he was pulling himself together courageously—enough anyway, to tell us that in two or three of our camps free dancing lessons are being given soldiers by young women dancing instructors. And that alone should end any doubt you may have that things are not coming to a pretty pass.

OUR latest information from Hollywood indicates no lack of willingness of the movies to serve humbly. At a recent dinner party attended by a large number of famous names, one of the latter, a director, arose unassisted to make a few remarks. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "as an Englishman I congratulate you on your high patriotism. I have learned that there is not a star, male or female, in Hollywood who has not stepped forward and offered himself for the leading role in any Grade A picture of Army, Navy or aviation life which would inspire the young men of America to enlist in the battle for democracy and humanity."

THE first snowfall did more than make traffic a little more difficult in Hartford, Connecticut. It destroyed at least one man's faith. A friend tells us that it was pretty difficult to get snow shovelers in Hartford, but finally a considerable number of men were plucked from the WPA rolls. Among them was the poor fellow who was about to be disillusioned. After shoveling for several minutes he confided to a fellow shoveler that this, in his opinion, was pretty shabby treatment of a man who merely happened to be out of a job. Besides the whole thing was unreasonable and unseasonal. His pal listened for a while and then, "Well," sighed he, "you would vote for him."

FOR SOME reason we haven't been able to locate, Mr. Jules LaB. Touvenot of Three Rivers, Quebec, wishes us to deny that he ever said that France surrendered to Hitler rather than take the responsibility of prolonging the war and once more be trampled beyond recognition by an AEF. Mr. Touvenot was never quoted in this magazine. Nor does he say that he was. However, he is sending his denial to all the principal magazines and newspapers because he was told that such words were attributed to him in a publication which his informant could not recall. "I have never said a word about the damage the American Army did in France while saving her from the Germans in the first World War," writes Mr. Touvenot. "I have never been in France and know of the scandal only by hearsay. Besides, I feel sure it couldn't be helped."

AND WE regret to hear from Mr. E. L. Boken of Louisville, Kentucky, that certain base elements of our population have taken to racketeering again. Mr. Boken was accosted as he left his office by a girl who told him that she was an English child refugee who had been mistreated by the American family in whose bosom she had mistakenly taken refuge. But Mr. Boken wasn't convinced. When he offered to take the child to proper authorities she lost her British accent: "You would, ya heel." Later, says Mr. Boken, she was heard to remark to a friend that it was a "lousy racket anyway."

WE HAVE forwarded Mrs. Henry S. Creamer's letter to General Hugh Johnson. From Savannah, Georgia, Mrs. Creamer advises us that she has just read the general for the first time and was pretty well shocked. "Can this be the same Hugh Johnson who used to write about rock gardens in a farm magazine?" inquires Mrs. Creamer. "He not only gave the best advice about rock gardens but he wrote perfectly lovely columns about vegetable dyes for household uses and was an authority on holiday parties. The name was the same except that I do not remember that he called himself general, although I will say for him that he wrote like a major."

BUT again we hear from Mr. Ming Chu, Imparter of Unassailable Wisdom, upon whom we lean in the crises. From San Francisco, California, Mr. Ming advises us that China has just about abandoned hope that the Japanese will ever develop true wisdom. "A great many of my countrymen," writes Mr. Ming, "have returned to the idleness that was ever their pleasant but profitless occupation between wars. What, say they, is the virtue in fighting a foe who persists in not winning? While fighting the modern government of China, Japan enjoyed advertisable successes, but our concave-witted enemy has proved himself wholly incapable of competing with our provincial warriors whose guile and stratagems are legacies from their ancient Lords of Warlike Deeds and Arrangements, which teach, in part, that it is foolish to seize a tiger by its ears while its tail is still available. Japan is lamentably in need of sound advice."

PAGE Mussolini. . . . W. D.

Vol. 107, No. 1. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; $3.00 a year; two years, $5.00; three years, $7.00. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The "Mickey Finn," a term designating knockout drinks, is named after its originator, Mickey Finn, a famous crook who made a specialty of drugging and robbing drunks, through the use of chloral hydrate in his notorious Lone Star Saloon in Chicago between 1898 and 1903.

A strange form of lightning flashes every few minutes throughout each day and night in the region of the Catatumbo River at the southern end of Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela. Known as the "Catatumbo Lightning," this electrical discharge is so bright that it can be seen at a distance of two hundred miles at night.—*By Jessie Faritree, Atoka, Oklahoma.*

The word "set" has more meanings and more possible uses than any other term in the English language. In defining and describing it, the Oxford Dictionary, for example, employs thirty thousand words.

In the past century, the science of mathematics has so advanced and become so specialized that few men attempt to understand and employ more than five per cent of this knowledge.—*By Gene Foster, Tomahawk, Wisconsin.*

Only two men have been vice presidents of the United States under two different presidents—George Clinton, who served under Jefferson and Madison, and John C. Calhoun, who served under John Quincy Adams and Jackson. Neither completed the two full terms, however, as Clinton died in office and Calhoun resigned, the only man to leave this position voluntarily in the history of this country.

Among cases in which inbreeding has proved to be unharmful was that of an experiment made on a number of albino rats. Mating brothers and sisters for fifty generations, in fact, actually increased their average weight, fertility and life span.

To this day, a large number of women, particularly those among the Arab tribes of Arabia, still follow the ancient custom of perfuming themselves and their garments by sitting in the smoke of burning aromatic spices.

As the tiny island of Saba in the Dutch West Indies consists almost wholly of an extinct volcano, its town lies at the bottom of the crater. As virtually no traveling is done on level ground, this community of 1,600 people possesses no vehicles.

Before December 25th was uniformly adopted as the date for the observance of Christmas, in the fourth century, it had been celebrated, by various peoples at one time or another, on 135 different days of the year.

The densest matter known is the substance of the stars called Wolf 457 and Wolf 219. A cubic inch of it on the surface of the earth would weigh about nine thousand pounds. —*By Don Julien, Shaker Heights, Ohio.*

In one recent issue of the London Daily Mail, a certain British prize fighter appeared in eleven testimonial advertisements, endorsing the merits of a breakfast food, a fabric, a brand of kippers, a razor, a sausage, shirt, shoe, soap, toffee, tobacco and a nerve tonic.

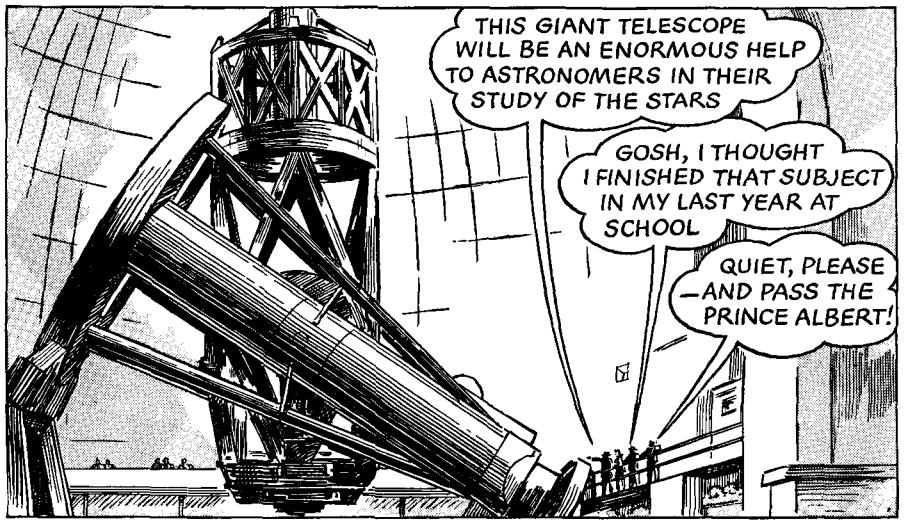
The only persons whose remains have laid in state in the rotunda of the Capitol in Washington have been Abraham Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, James A. Garfield, John A. Logan, William McKinley, P. C. L'Enfant, George Dewey, the Unknown Soldier, Warren G. Harding and William Howard Taft.

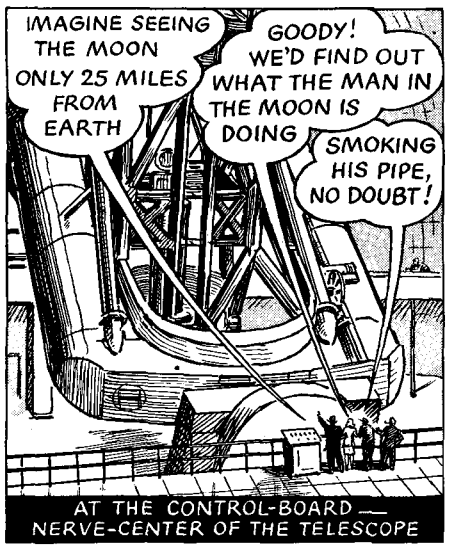
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★

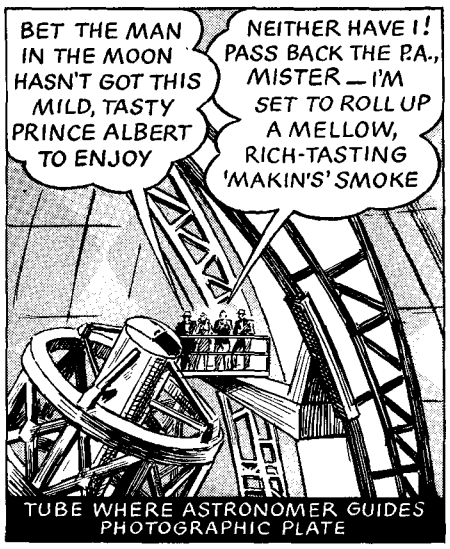
World's Largest Telescope

MOUNT PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA


THIS GIANT TELESCOPE WILL BE AN ENORMOUS HELP TO ASTRONOMERS IN THEIR STUDY OF THE STARS
GOSH, I THOUGHT I FINISHED THAT SUBJECT IN MY LAST YEAR AT SCHOOL
QUIET, PLEASE —AND PASS THE PRINCE ALBERT!


IMAGINE SEEING THE MOON ONLY 25 MILES FROM EARTH
GOODY! WE'D FIND OUT WHAT THE MAN IN THE MOON IS DOING
SMOKING HIS PIPE, NO DOUBT!

AT THE CONTROL-BOARD — NERVE-CENTER OF THE TELESCOPE


BET THE MAN IN THE MOON HASN'T GOT THIS MILD, TASTY PRINCE ALBERT TO ENJOY
NEITHER HAVE I! PASS BACK THE P.A., MISTER — I'M SET TO ROLL UP A MELLOW, RICH-TASTING 'MAKIN'S' SMOKE

TUBE WHERE ASTRONOMER GUIDES PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE

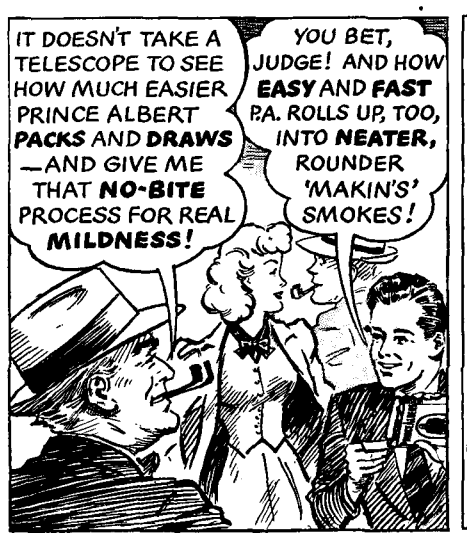
DON'T GET EXCITED, JOE — KEEP COOL WITH COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT, THE TOBACCO FOR HAPPIER SMOKING
WITH THE BIG 200-INCH MIRROR, THE TELESCOPE WILL WEIGH NEARLY A MILLION POUNDS

BUCKET LIFT TO BOTTOM OF GREAT TUBE

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

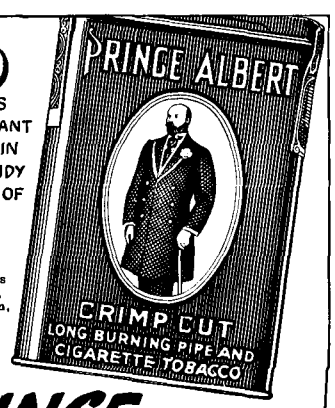
86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*


IT DOESN'T TAKE A TELESCOPE TO SEE HOW MUCH EASIER PRINCE ALBERT PACKS AND DRAWS —AND GIVE ME THAT NO-BITE PROCESS FOR REAL MILDNESS!
YOU BET, JUDGE! AND HOW EASY AND FAST P.A. ROLLS UP, TOO, INTO NEATER, ROUNDER 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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After seven every evening and all day every Sunday, Long Distance telephone service offers a bargain bill.

It's an all-star "talkie," rich in sound effects, full of human interest, featuring your favorite friends and relatives.

News, comedy, heart-throbs—you're always sure of a good show by Long Distance. The prices on this page show how *little* it costs for a *lot* of entertainment!★

★*(The night and Sunday rates shown here are for 3-minute, station-to-station calls. You'll find rates to many other points on the inside front cover of most telephone directories.)*

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Collier's

The National Weekly for January 4, 1941

LIBRARY
KANSAS

Troubled Heart

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Romance complicated by the perils of war and the schemes of a selfish woman

The development of their interest in each other was achieved in the provision department of Barker's

WHEN Robert passed into the I.C.C. and went to India, Carol was left to look after their mother. Delia, a realist who would have seen herself damned rather than take on that task, escaped from the danger by marrying a subaltern in her late father's regiment. The family mansion was sold and a pale house rented in Victoria Road, W.8., where an acacia drooped in the front garden and Mrs. Vellaby, behind half-lowered blinds, drooped and languished within.

Desertion by her son and younger daughter was a source of poignant distress to Mrs. Vellaby, who battened upon her offspring and may be accused of having brought them into the world to gratify predatory maternal instincts. Being destitute of wings, she modeled herself upon that wingless insect the spider, weaving a web around her victims and draining their youth with death-dealing embraces. Two out of three had escaped the web and she was resolved to prevent Carol from doing likewise.

There was reason to suppose that she would succeed, for Carol had a sense of duty and, unlike Delia, thought the best, rather than the worst of people. Somebody had to look after her mother, and the obvious person was herself. In accepting the duty, she was sustained by more than fatalism. There was in her nature a streak of the martyr and an inexhaustible capacity for affection. Since no chance was offered to bestow it outside the family her mother came in for the lot and Carol, subduing a desire to create a life of her own, fell into the role of nurse-housekeeper-companion without complaint.

Mrs. Vellaby did all that she could to keep her up to the scratch, and looked to it that the girl's time was wholly occupied in ministrations to herself. Apart from visits to the provision department at Barkers, she seldom allowed Carol out of her sight, and was careful never to introduce to the house any person who might prove a disturbing influence.

"How you spoil me!" she would say. "But I know you would be wretched if I didn't let you. Dear Carol, I have come to depend on you for everything."

But when discussing Carol she took the opposite line: "The dear child is utterly dependent upon me. But for her I would gladly slip away and join my husband on the other side."

Had the gallant but departed major heard those words, he would have turned in his grave, the occupation of which had lost its sting in the comforting insulation it afforded against her society.

It was not until deprived of her other children that Mrs. Vellaby adopted chronic invalidism as a means of getting her own way. To color up her physical frailty, she consulted Dr. Fergusson of Wimpole Street, an irritating creature who congratulated her on the excellent state of her health and whose diagnosis had to be entirely revised for Carol's consumption.

The erosion of wave after wave of mythical complaints dissolved the last of Carol's identity and, at the end of a year, Mrs. Vellaby was assured that she had become a willing slave.

But as so often happens with complacency, something turns up to shatter its fabric. A wire announced that Delia had been delivered of twin boys.

Carol plunged into the room with the news and her cheeks blazing.

"Isn't it heaven? I must go and see them, Mummie. May I?"

Mrs. Vellaby did an invalid's best to exhibit joy; but Kettering was such a long way off; and visitors were bad for nursing mothers; and, although she would try not to mind being left alone, wouldn't it be wiser to wait until the children were brought to town for the christening?

Thus was the damaged web repaired,

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but after three days Carol rang up Delia asking this and that and saying how the nurse and babies could have her room and she would sleep on the sofa and . . .

Delia cut her short:

"Terribly sorry, pet, but Alan and I will be staying with his people."

"Delia! Why?"

"Because the brats are mine, and I won't have mother getting her hooks into them."

As Carol dejectedly hung up the receiver Mrs. Vellaby came in and asked to whom she had been talking.

"Delia. She's fixed the fifteenth for the christening."

Mrs. Vellaby flinched.

"You didn't suggest their staying here?"

"I did, but they can't. Don't you want them to?"

"It's not that. I just doubt if I would be up to the strain."

As she went from the room she detected a hint of reproach in Carol's expression and that evening she staged a mild heart attack to divert her thoughts from the risk of straying.

It was characteristic of Delia to name the infants Lewis and Bren for no better reason than that their father was a machine gunner. Mrs. Vellaby was shocked, but a greater shock awaited her when she saw Carol's eyes as she stood beside the font holding the five-week-old Bren to her small, immature breast. There was a look in them that artists down the ages have striven, and generally in vain, to reproduce: the mother look with the soft, tender glory of love and of creation in it.

Fear clutched at Mrs. Vellaby's heart and she was heard to gasp, "Carol . . . quickly . . . give the child to the nurse and take me out. I'm going to faint."

Carol conducted her to the porch and dutifully waited there, what time her soul drifted down from hitherto unvisited heights to a plain, gray, ordinary world.

When the party of babes and grown-ups appeared, Delia said dryly: "Trust Mother to try and steal the show."

SOME weeks later she sent Carol a photograph of the twins in their bath and, witnessing how much of the time that Carol normally spent doing her accounts was devoted to looking at it, Mrs. Vellaby cunningly contrived to spill a bottle of ink over the photograph.

Carol came in as she was finishing off the job with a sheet of blotting paper.

"My dress! It's all over my dress!" she lamented.

But Carol's concern was for the babies, and her cry of, "Mother, how could you?" was unpardonable.

"I do think you might try to be a little more sympathetic," said Mrs. Vellaby, and went to lie down.

She did not reappear until the Misses Pincent arrived for their Thursday afternoon bridge. The Misses Pincent lived a few doors away and were referred to by Mrs. Vellaby as, "Those poor dears! It makes such a change for them to come here once a week." The Misses Pincent were similarly convinced that their visits were an errand of mercy, from which it will be seen that the arrangement was a source of mutual satisfaction.

"Oh, my dear," said the elder, whose name was Agnes, "such a to-do! Our nephew and niece have turned up and it was only to avoid disappointing you that we insisted on coming."

Mrs. Vellaby did not relish the phrase, which savored of patronage. She explained that she was feeling far from well and had seriously considered canceling the game. She added: "I only refrained for Carol's sake."

Carol said nothing, for the incident of the photograph was rankling. For the first time in a long while she felt out of sympathy with her little Mummie.

Maud Pincent came to the rescue:

"Well, as nobody wants to play, let's drop it. Conway has tickets for the first house at the Palladium and we would only have had time for a couple of rubbers."

Mrs. Vellaby was deeply offended. She had been counting on her bridge and did not know how people could be so selfish.

"As nobody consults my wishes," she said, "I shall go to bed and have a little whitefish on a tray."

Agnes Pincent touched Carol's arm.

"In that case why not join us? There's an extra ticket for a friend of Conway's who can't turn up."

"I don't expect she would care to leave me," Mrs. Vellaby interposed.

But Carol missed her cue and announced that she would be glad to come.

"Splendid. Then be around for a glass of sherry at six."

Mrs. Vellaby had an impression that the Misses Pincent wore an air of triumphant conspiracy as they took their leave. She did not reproach Carol for her unfilial acceptance of the invitation, but when, at five minutes to six, Carol came to kiss her goodnight, she subtly conveyed to the embrace the character of a final parting.

Carol did not seem to notice.

MAKING her own way into Miss Pincent's drawing room, Carol was greeted by the spectacle of a pair of long legs extruded beneath a newspaper. She wished the legs good evening and Conway Borden rustled into view, coming to his feet, clicking his heels and pulling an imaginary forelock.

"It's Carol Vellaby, isn't it?" he demanded, and grinned welcomingly.

He stood a bit over six feet, was broad-shouldered, had eyes of merry blue, and a face and hands tanned by the sun to the color of a walnut. After the pale tints which colored the life and person of her mother, so much physical health and well-being held Carol in silence.

"Here and now, I deny it," said he.

"Deny what?"

"Any touch of the tar brush. The oriental chromatic effects were produced by China Station and life on the ocean wave."

"Oh," said Carol, "then you're a sailor?"

"Yes, ma'am, Commander Conway Borden, R.N., at your and His Majesty's service. What's it going to be? Pink gin, or a pale and timid sherry?"

Carol said, "I'll leave myself in your hands."

He thought it a fair answer and addressed himself to the bottles. Over his shoulder he remarked: "Things look sticky, don't they?"

"What things?"

"Adolf."

"Then you think there'll be war?"

"I'm afraid it's a cinch." He gave her a glass and raised his own. "Well, bottoms up! And let's hope it doesn't apply to any craft I find myself aboard."

"I hope it doesn't," said she, and drank to that.

Then he said, "I met your brother in Calcutta, and what a nice guy! He told me about you."

"Did he?"

"Yep. 'Salt of the earth' was how he described you. Alice-sit-by-the-Fire and Florence Nightingale rolled into one. That's why I determined we should meet, and bought an extra ticket on the off chance."

Carol eyed him warily.

"Miss Pincent said you had a friend who couldn't turn up."

He grinned and shook his head.

"Strategy. Put that way it sounded less pointed. I approached my objective from behind a smoke screen. I'm tremendously glad to find you in range."

He was refilling their glasses as his sister, whose name was Pat, and who wore a three-cornered hat and a three-cornered smile, came into the room and said, "You guzzling beasts, where's mine?"

"Meet the Girl Pat," said Conway, and fixed her a drink.

DURING the antics of the Crazy Gang in the first house at the Palladium, Conway displayed an unrivaled capacity for enjoyment. He shouted with laughter and so rolled about in his stall, which was next to Carol's, as nearly to unseat her. His mirth was infectious, and even the Misses Pincent succumbed to it. The Girl Pat, moreover, proved a bundle of fun, and when, at about eight-thirty, they trooped out in search of a taxi, declared that an evening so well and truly launched must not be allowed to founder.

He proved to be a Captain Beaver of the Blues. His proposal was a late flicker and supper at Bimbo's

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Conway seconded the motion and proposed "hot groceries at the Ritz." With thoughts of her mother, Carol demurred, but he cut her short:

"For once Alice will be forbidden to sit by the fire. Too soon the safety and welfare of this sovereign state will depend upon the navy, and the least she can do is to supply one glorious memory of a night ashore."

So Carol stopped demurring. The Misses Pincent returned home to some cold lamb and something which, if not eaten, would displeasure the staff, and Carol, Conway and the Girl Pat squeezed into a taxi.

As it turned into Regent Street, Conway announced that the Girl Pat would have to push off after dinner.

"*She's taking a basket of new-laid eggs* to our nurse, who's celebrating her hundredth birthday, no less."

THE Girl Pat gave him a shrewd and dirty look, but having a heart of gold, replied, "All right, all right. Perhaps I'll pick up something at the Ritz."

The words were prophetic for, as they passed through the bar en route to the grillroom, a man, drowning loneliness with a dry Martini, launched a yell of "Patacake!" and plunged toward them.

He proved to be a Captain Beaver of the Blues, known to his intimates as Plum. He joined them at dinner and discoursed on the international situation, Clumber spaniels, and what they would do next. His proposal was a late flicker and supper at Bimbo's, but Conway stood out for a spin in the country and scrambled eggs at a roadhouse. The rival proposals ended in Plum's lending Conway his car, and Conway's lending Plum a fiver, with the proviso that he brought Pat home no later than the milk.

CAROL took no part in the discussion but may be said to have basked on its fringes. She felt she had been asleep for a century and had waked up in a world humming and teeming with life. Caught in the slipstream of Conway's enthusiasm, she followed him to where Plum's car was parked and, together, they drove off in the direction of a better understanding.

By the pond on Hampstead Heath, he stopped the car and they looked south *across the dark window-spangled bowl* which is London. And presently he said: "Makes you think, doesn't it? This wide-open city of peace-loving people tucking in for the night."

"You mean of what might happen if . . ."

He nodded.

"You may argue that I am, by trade, a man of war, and that a few millions should perish to let me practice my calling is a minor consideration. But the truth is that I love this funny old country even more than I hate blood." She was looking at him strangely, and he added: "Sorry to go serious all of a sudden, but being with you gets me that way."

"Why being with me?"

"I don't exactly know. Perhaps because you sort of embody my idea of England. No, no, don't take cover, I mean it. You're resolute and calm and gentle to look at. You're like her too in that under an air of . . . what's the word? . . . tranquillity, you've a suggestion of tremendous forces lying in wait."

She said, "I don't suppose I'm like any of those things."

"But you are, Carol, if you'll forgive me for not using your Christian name before. Believe me you are."

She looked at him squarely. "Do you make a habit of talking like a palmist?"

"I make a habit of speaking my mind."

"Even when you know nothing of the person you're talking to?"

"How d'you mean, nothing? I can read, can't I?"

She thought it was such a nice reply.

IT WAS unusual for Mrs. Vellaby to apply for spiritual aid, but before going to sleep she breathed an urgent prayer that Carol was not enjoying herself. That it was unanswered was evident when, next morning, Carol, looking shamelessly happy, came in with her grapefruit on a tray. With forced cheerfulness, she expressed the hope that the evening had been pleasant.

"It was, very," Carol nodded.

"And what time did you get home?"

"About three. Commander Borden drove me to a place on the Great North Road where we danced and had a swim."

Under the bed covers Mrs. Vellaby gripped her lean thighs. "But, darling, wasn't that rather an extraordinary thing to have done?"

"I don't see why. Scores of other people were doing it. Besides, he turned out to be a friend of Robert's." And she blew her nose with an air of defiance.

In the week that followed, Carol and Conway had numerous accidental meetings, attributable to the fact that Conway had made an observation post of the bay window of his aunt's drawing room and pursued Carol whenever she emerged from the house. The development of their interest in each other was achieved in the provision department of Barker's, before a changing background of canned goods, groceries, sides of mutton and beef, in the Rembrandt style, guinea fowls and grouse, and pyramids of fruit and vegetables. As *their intimacy advanced, he persuaded* her to adventure to the comparative seclusion of the waiting room, where he asked her to be his wife.

"I've another month's leave which'll give us nice time to publish the banns, buy orange blossoms and have a week to ourselves for honeymooning. I've applied for a shore job at Gosport, which with you would be paradise and without you pretty awful. We could—what are you crying about?"

CAROL wasn't very sure herself, but happiness affects some people that way. Then he took her hand, which was comforting.

"Come on, let's have the answer before somebody mistakes us for the information bureau and asks the date of the Norman Conquest."

"You . . . you haven't much doubt about your own?" said she.

"Well, I know you like me."

"Like? How can you be so stupid? I adore you."

"Then everything's settled."

Carol shook her head.

"Mother isn't settled."

He had been afraid of that.

"Don't you believe it. She must want you to be happy."

"Of course, but who's to look after her?"

Conway was reminded of a remark of Robert's during one of their talks in Calcutta: "The old girl's fit as a flea, but as long as there's a chance of fastening on to one of us she'll never let go."

"How would it be to let me talk to her?" he suggested. "With the world in its present state, love like ours can't afford to waste time."

He called that afternoon while Carol was absent leaving flowers for a friend who had had the flu.

The chivalry of his bearing did not deceive Mrs. Vellaby as to the object of his visit. He lost no time in coming to the point.

"Carol's happiness is my greatest concern in life," she said, "and if I were sure it was to be found in marriage I would allow nothing to stand in her way. But, unfortunately, obstacles exist which I am powerless to remove."

"For instance?"

She hesitated. "Well . . . myself, for instance."

Chivalrously refraining from inviting her to jump in a lake, he begged her to be more specific.

"The child's devotion to me is far too great to allow her seriously to consider leaving me."

"I can well understand that," said he, "but there's a world of difference between falling in love and loving one's parents. The one inevitably means a readjustment of the other."

Mrs. Vellaby gave him a tolerant smile. "You can hardly believe, in the short time you have known Carol, that her love for you has become greater than for me."

"Of course, I do," he replied. "Things

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The King's Woman

By Archduke Franz Josef

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The brother-in-law of the former King Carol of Romania gives an intimate picture of palace intrigue: the rise and fall of Carol and of Magda Lupescu. It would, he says, make a play

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Esq.,
Stratford-on-Avon,
Warwickshire, England.

Dear Will:

By now you've become quite an authority on kings, pretenders, and the rivalries and jealousies of courts, so I just wonder if you'd care to have a fling at a plot I have run into.

The theme seems to me to be worthy of your genius, and I wouldn't know how to wind it all up at the end of the fifth act, and, anyway, I couldn't write it even if I were able to—I am related to all the fellows in the play, and it just wouldn't seem right if I did. My brother is married to the hero's sister, and it's the same blood that rushes through my veins as through theirs—the same mixture of Hapsburg, Lothringen, Stuart, Bourbon, Coburg blood, even if mixed in different proportions. . . . So you see I wouldn't be the right man to write it.

I'll just give you the characters and sketch in some of the background.

THE SCENE is a country on the outskirts of Europe—oil fields, wheat, Black Sea ports and all. A backward country, yet not as backward as you might think, called ROMANIA.

As to the characters, there is a king to start with—

FERDINAND by name. Yes, the same as the bull—a king who sports a goatee, who stutters a bit, and isn't any too bright. You probably won't have to put him into the play at all, for he is really of little consequence, and it might be just as well to let him be dead already when you have the curtain rise on the first act.

There are also:

MARIA, the queen, and she will have to go into the play, for she starts all the mess, unintentionally maybe, and is such a fascinating, clever and beautiful lady—a queen right after your own heart, beguiling, dominating, full of ambition, terribly loved and terribly hated. It is she who really runs the country—she and a

PRINCE STIRBEY, a lover of repute, and a couple of

BRATIANU BROTHERS, who have turned the country into a family concern and run it on an extremely profitable basis.

And then there is:

CAROL, Maria's son, headstrong and ambitious as she, a ruthless fellow with a will of his own, stubborn, unbalanced and self-centered, yet very capable, a chap who ought to have done miraculously well in the days of your Virgin Queen. He is rather out of place in our prosaic century. Having married and divorced a commoner, just to spite his parents, he has eventually gotten hitched to a Greek princess—

HELEN, who presents him with a son.

MIHAI by name.

Somewhere in the first act, Carol bumps into a woman called

LUPESCU, and falls in love with her madly, the way great lovers do.

You will have to mention that Carol gets so steamed up about the girl that he renounces his succession to the throne for her, deserts his Greek princess and the boy and goes to live in self-imposed exile.

A year after he's gone and done it, Ferdinand his father, the goateed king, dies, and Carol would have been his successor had he not, meanwhile, given up his claim to the gilded chair.

As it is, it is Mihai, his boy, who becomes king at the age of six.

As they assume that a six-year-old can't make a king, they set up a regency to rule in his name, but it does so in name only, for in fact the country goes on being ruled by Maria, Stirbey and the Bratianus, exactly as before.

Only the puppets have been changed—instead of the man with the goatee, they now have a flabby, pampered little boy at the end of their strings. Enter:

THE PEOPLE. They, for some reason, resent being sucked dry by the Bratianus, and object to Maria and Stirbey regarding their country as a lovers' playground.

It's a tricky business to introduce "the people" in a play, but then, you've done it before in Rome—as you're sure to remember, and you might have Romania's countrymen worked into it here by using a fellow to represent them on the stage—a fellow by the name of

MANIU, a peasant leader, and one of those men so rarely found anywhere, and practically never in Romania: an honest, unselfish, straightforward politician.

The restlessness and dissatisfaction of the people carry Maniu to the top, and he crashes into Romania's prime ministership and starts in reforming the country from the top down, but that's as far as he gets, for the top simply refuses to be reformed.

Maria hangs onto Stirbey, and the Bratianus hang onto the fleshpots.

And it is then that Maniu remembers that somewhere on the playgrounds of Switzerland and the French Riviera there romps that self-exiled king who has renounced the succession to the throne for the possession of the woman he loves.

MANIU conceives the plan of bringing him back and making of him the broom with which to sweep the pigsty clean. Everything might yet be put right if only Carol can be made to settle down with Helen and be a respectable bourgeois king.

But Maniu doesn't know that Carol has gotten married to Magda Lupescu—married at a registry in your own, your dearly beloved London. No one knows it at that time except the registrar, a couple of witnesses, and the couple themselves. Not even Maria, the queen.

Maniu knows nothing of the power of love. He believes Carol to be a man of the world, and men of the world don't love, they have infatuations. Of those they can be cured.

So Maniu's envoys get busy and Carol, whisked back to Bucharest by airplane, is given a thundering welcome by the army and the people.

But at this point Maniu makes a great mistake. To get Carol back he has to fan the people's enthusiasm, and I'm afraid he overdoes it a bit, for when Carol arrives he is hailed as the country's savior, and all Romanians, good and true, go mad with joy, and it immediately becomes impossible to send Carol back or to control him.

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Last Race

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The story of a great runner whose toughest foe was his own doubtful imagination

In the mist gathering at the edges of his sight he could see only the thin, white tape

THE great Louis Cobett would run alone this fine spring day. Jiggs Hanrahan, who coached them, wanted him to go a hard three quarters alone; and all other activity on the quarter-mile track ceased. The sprinters stopped taking starts; the middle- and long-distance men stopped their warm-up jogging; and the javelin throwers in the infield stopped and stood watching, the light spears in their hands.

John Morgan, watching now with the others, could think of the word "great" applied to Cobett almost entirely without irony. John Morgan had run too long himself, known the pain and bitterness of this game too well, not to know a great runner when he saw one. What there was of irony in his own attitude stemmed almost entirely from the curious fact that but for Cobett's having his existence so very close at hand, John Morgan himself might have been called great.

With a few of the other runners, John Morgan went into the empty wooden stands and sat on the old wooden seats. The early June sun had warmed the wood and the heat felt good through the heavy wool of his sweat suit.

Cobett would run a hard three quarters; the first three quarters of a hard mile. John watched Jiggs Hanrahan give Cobett a start, watched for a moment the cocked hand in which Hanrahan held the stop watch; then let his eyes, as though regretfully, return to where Louis Cobett's slender, rhythmically striding form was leaning into the first turn.

Cobett ran freely, seemingly without effort, like an animal. He swept around three laps of the track, picked up the pace slightly coming into the last stretch, but did not sprint and finished in perfect form.

"Very nice," John Morgan said to himself. "About 3:06."

He went out on the track. Hanrahan still stood, looking at the watch. He had a way of doing this after a good performance, as though the position of the hands on the stop watch was a symbol, had even crystallized the fine running he had just seen.

John Morgan came to the start and took the top of his jumper off. "3:06?" he asked.

"3:07.1," Hanrahan said, without looking at John. Hanrahan kept looking at the watch.

"What do you want us to do?" John said.

Hanrahan looked up, almost with a start. His eyes had the look of distance in them. He had run a long time ago, in the days when there were professional runners, and the deeply seamed face still testified to it. But the eyes were good eyes. They seemed to change focus, finally to recognize the other runners waiting near by.

To himself, John Morgan chanted cynically:

"I wish I were a bigshot
To with the bigshots stand;
A row of medals on my chest,
My clippings in my hand."

It was pretty foolish, he decided one more time, and made himself stop thinking of the rhyme. Jiggs Hanrahan stopped scratching his gray head as though it were an effort to have to think about these other runners. "Take them out for a good mile and a quarter," he said, talking to John but not looking at him. "Run about a 4:30 mile and then finish steadily the next quarter. Nobody pushing themselves but everyone getting a good workout."

WITH the others John Morgan alternated in setting the pace and was doing so when they swung into the fifth, last lap. Something like anger, almost unrealized, came up in him and unconsciously he began to pile on the pace. When he finished he didn't know he was fifty yards ahead of the others.

"I didn't want you to go that fast," Jiggs Hanrahan said, almost absently. His eyes avoided John Morgan's and John wondered why. He didn't ask Jiggs what the time had been. If Jiggs didn't want to tell, that was all right. Sometimes Jiggs didn't tell them the time, and, running being the ascetic thing it was, none of them minded this added small discipline.

Walking slowly back to the field house, the sweat pouring out of him under the heavy wool jumper he had resumed, John thought that here he was twenty-three and about to be graduated from a university. He—any of them—should not be this intense about a game. Intensity resided more peculiarly in this game than in any other, he suddenly realized, and wondered why he had never thought of this before, had never read it in their own lean faces, in the taut-stretched skin of their bodies, in the mouths drawn straight and the hollowed eyes.

You gave up a lot of things for it, too, he thought. But this year he had gone with a girl, Jane Murfree. He had been cynical about it at first, perhaps because he distrusted his own judgment after the long abstinence. But she had been nice to kiss and somehow he had become less cynical.

Louis Cobett was in the showers when John Morgan went into the long, tiled shower room, but neither of them spoke. There was no readily apparent enmity between them; it was just that after four years of competing against each other as well as other men, they were not friendly.

John stood under a shower a moment, then went over to the barrel of salt that stood in one corner of the room, and rubbed handfuls of the rough salt over his legs and torso. It stung more than usual. He realized now what he had suspected from his dropping weight, from the growing tenseness in him—that he was approaching a fine edge of physical condition. His skin was dry, lacking in oil, that was why the salt stung so. After years of running, if you were even a little smart, you got to know the physical subtleties of your own body.

So that, John thought, made Jiggs a good coach. The Nationals were this week in Chicago and Jiggs had them at the peak and ready, with their hardly knowing it. The warm shower washed the salt away and the stinging went with it. He let the cold water play along his spine. It made him feel fresh again and he thought he might see Jane tonight. Tuesday night—it was about the last night he could see her, with the meet Saturday.

HE COULDN'T make up his mind about it while he dressed, and his thoughts slipped away and he wondered one more time why he had never been able to beat Louis Cobett. Some said it was psychological but neither John himself nor Jiggs, when he had asked him one day, thought so.

"Some horses run faster than others," Jiggs said. "That's the way God made them. You should have gone to another school maybe. You wouldn't have felt so bad anyhow, even if he might have whipped you just as much in meets. Sometime you might beat him, though. Sometimes a man can find it in himself to beat a better man." And Jiggs had walked away that time, the lined face worried, the eyes wrinkling as they stared into the sun.

Jiggs was a good man, John thought; he was grateful suddenly that Jiggs had helped to make him even as good as he was. John thought one more time that both he and Cobett would have their hands full in the Nationals. California had a good distance man for a change, Eddie Leto, a Finn. And there was Wishy Gordon, from the East, who had run third to them last year.

The feeling of well-being that the salt rub, the hot and cold shower, had brought to him did not last long. The irritation that rose slowly in him he knew was probably caused by the fine edge of his condition. But the nameless anger that had come to him during the workout was still in him, too, and he tried to find the reason for it.

HIS date that evening had the shadow of the race over it as, it now seemed to him in a continuation of the long retrospection he had begun today, his whole recent life had had the shadow of other races over it. Somehow, it had become easy to picture things accurately and vividly tonight. He had only to close his eyes to see bright-shirted runners rounding a turn. He could hear the sound of their feet slogging on a cinder track; one of them was even himself.

"You're rather preoccupied tonight," Jane was saying.

He turned to her. She had shoulder-length, ash-blond hair. The eyes were long and light colored; the mouth full; the skin smooth and fresh. Last week he had kissed her passionately and next week he would again, but now something that was like weariness but was not that had made him almost passive. It was as though everything vital in him had gone, for a time, into a reserve that was going to be used in one sustained and bitter outpouring in a race.

"Year's end," John said. "School year's end. End of a lot of things." His voice almost trailed off.

"It couldn't be that you were going moody or temperamental on me?" she said.

"Hanrahan has all of us at a peak," he said. It explained almost everything to himself; it should explain it to others. . . .

"Saint Hanrahan," she said. "He'd make monks out of all of you so that more plaques can hang in the trophy case."

John thought that he laughed pleasantly at this, but he only smiled. . . . He reached for her and she came to him, all but willingly, and it was good to be kissing that soft mouth again.

"I suppose," Jane said, *(Continued on page 36)*

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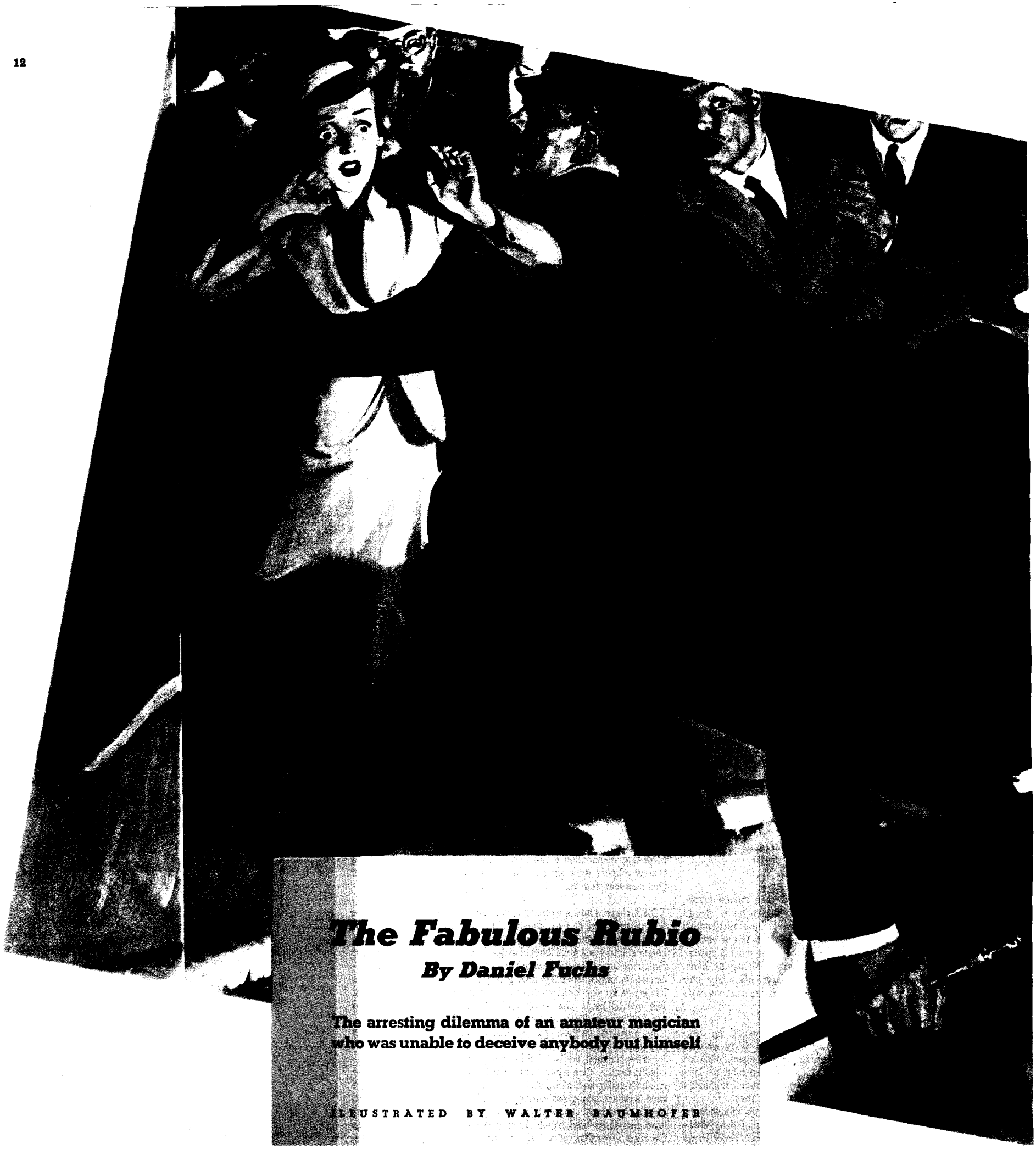

The Fabulous Rubio

By Daniel Fuchs

The arresting dilemma of an amateur magician who was unable to deceive anybody but himself

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

I HADN'T wanted to come along with Rubio but now I was sitting in a corner of J. J. Abner's theatrical office in Radio City and I kept on swallowing miserably and waited for the broker to laugh out loud and throw the two of us out of his place.

"They don't want magicians, sonny," Abner said. He had a round face with a suspicious expression on it, but maybe that was because of Rubio's majestic manner, the cane in his hands and the black cape he wore. "That hoke with the chains and locks and barred doors—you can't hold them with it nowadays because everybody knows it's fake—"

"It's not fake," Rubio said. He said it with simple, aristocratic dignity and I winced.

"What?" Abner said, not understanding but going right ahead. "It's fake, why argue? Listen, sonny, why don't you work up a smooth, smart patter at least? Why don't you kid your act along? See, that's charm. These days, in this lousy racket, that's what you got to give them—charm!"

"I take my art seriously," Rubio said stiffly. "I take myself seriously."

"What?" Abner said again. This time he had to pause. "Listen, the trouble with you is you walk around too much with that black cape and the cane. No wonder you get a screwy outlook on life. You must think you're Bela Lugosi or something."

"Were this Budapest," Rubio said, "were this any Continental city, I should send my seconds and meet you on the field of honor. As it is, I am obliged to overlook your insults."

ABNER'S mouth opened and hung loose, as though somebody had hit him. He turned to me. "Is he kidding?" he said. "Does he talk like that normal?"

I looked down at the carpet. I didn't answer.

During the pause Rubio came out with the flat statement that he wanted to be booked into the open date at Convention Hall in Atlantic City.

"Go away, you're crazy!" Abner yelled. "Leave me alone. I'm a busy guy!"

Rubio talked fast but he never for an instant lost his air of importance. Actually, he said, he was doing Abner a favor. The troupe originally booked for the spot had run out at the last minute and the broker would have to yank one of his other combinations out of some night club or hotel. Rubio went on to the list of his triumphs abroad.

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He had torn away from her and dodged past the cop. "Wait!" Mary wept. "This is no stage lock. It's a real door, not a prop. You're not a magician!"

He wasn't well known in America, but *Copenhagen,* he said and his eyes flashed. Stockholm, London, Melbourne, Sydney! My head shot up and I stared at him as I heard the lies. He went on and on.

RUBIO, the bull thrower. Rubio, the baloney artist. We called him those names ever since he first hit our block three or four years ago, a strange skinny shrimp who had come to live with his aunt and uncle. At school he used to tell us he was an international spy. He used to say he always carried two sticks of dynamite on him so that he could blow himself up at the right time. He said anything. Once he wound a turban around his head and went up Fifth Avenue, smiling innocently and having a great time as he tried to make people believe he might be the son of some Indian raja.

His own folks had been small-time vaudeville actors, and I suppose he had picked up his fancy ideas in those years he trouped with them before they died. That was also how he must have picked up the bag of escape tricks he knew. His aunt had a back yard, and pretty soon he made Mary Byron and me help him practice his act there. He told us we'd be famous, have fortunes and travel all over the world, and we believed him then more than we didn't.

He spent every cent he or I had on specially made handcuffs, locks and chains. He even saved up enough to buy three collapsible chromium cages, but all the work we could ever get amounted to a dingy odd job at ten or five dollars at some neighborhood movie house or broken-down night club. He kept us going on wild promises until Mary Byron suddenly decided she had had enough. That very morning she told him it was all crazy. She said she had waked up at last. She was through with his homemade act, with magic, the stage and all his other high-blown nonsense. She called him a show-off, a kid who had never grown up, and she wondered how she had ever listened to his stories in the first place.

THAT was why we were here now to see Abner. The Atlantic City date was a hopeless, impossible chance for us, but Rubio faced the broker with complete confidence. Even as he kept on talking and arguing, he looked downright noble, cold and masterful. You had to hand it to him. No matter what you wanted to say about Rubio, he had something inside of him and you had to respect it.

And Abner was weakening under that bombardment, I could tell. He was thinking of Orson Welles, I suppose. These boy geniuses, he was probably thinking—when you first saw them, you always thought they were just some screwy kids with a lot of wild energy in them, and then you found out you had lost a rich property, that some other agent was reaping fortunes that belonged to you by right.

"You don't fit in here at all," he said, his voice all hollow as he tried to make up his mind. "I need a big show out there—not a single magician's act. This is a national convention. Five thousand guys are going to be there. They want music, singers, comedians, girls. This is a big job."

"That is exactly the point," Rubio said. He didn't flinch. "I am building a new troupe—something like my company abroad before the war broke out and my people were all called back to their native countries. Do you think," he said and sneered, "do you think I should be normally obliged to stand here before you?"

I was coughing in a fit, but Rubio went on to describe the acts he had—dancers, a band, novelties, all artists of the highest distinction. Abner wouldn't listen any longer. He stood up at his desk.

"All right!" he said. "I'll come out and look you over but it's strictly on speculation. You deliver your geniuses at Convention Hall tomorrow night. If a miracle happens and you're okay, you can go on Thursday night—but I doubt it."

Downstairs Rubio walked out of the elevator, his cape billowing behind him.

"This is nuts," I said. "This whole crazy thing—"

"We're good. The act's good. I'll click with a bang, won't I? All I need is a chance."

"Yes, maybe, sure, but—"

He didn't listen to me. He didn't mind the people in the lobby who stopped and stared at him and laughed. He was all wrapped up in himself. Rubio had a dark-putty face with a wide mouth and deep, intense eyes just like a French poodle's. Even though he was near twenty, he weighed just about a hundred and twenty pounds and was five feet five, but when he felt like it he could be three hundred pounds in weight and seven feet tall. When he felt like it he could float off the ground and this was one of those times.

"How are you going to deliver a whole troupe in Atlantic City by tomorrow night?" I asked, going after him down in the arcade. "What was the good of lying? You can't deliver. You know that."

As we came to the telegraph office, he dug out copies of Variety and Billboard from under his cape and rapidly ran through the pages. In Philadelphia an orchestra called George Vaughn's Trumpeteers (10) was at liberty. In Passaic, Rubio found a dance team billed as Waterloo & Dobbs. Francine Dove, a singer, was waiting in New Haven. The Delmar Steppers (8) in Bridgeport needed a job, and in Hartford the Frasetto Brothers (3), a comedy-dance act, were available and ready.

"There's the show," Rubio said, and reached for the pad of blanks.

I just looked at him. "You actually going to send wires to them?" I said. "Nobody in his right mind is going to come down to Atlantic City just for a tryout for a three-day job."

"It doesn't have to be a try-out," Rubio said quietly. "It doesn't have to be a three-day job."

With my own eyes, as if in a trance, I saw what Rubio was printing on the forms: he was guaranteeing each act eighteen weeks' solid booking and wanted an immediate wire in reply addressed to him at the Hotel Martinack in Atlantic City.

"Hey, Rubio!" I said. "You'll go to jail for this! You'll go to the hospital. What's going to happen when all those people find out the whole thing's a dreamed-up fake from start to finish?"

He ignored me. He paid for the telegrams and then started out again. "Now we pick up Mary, pack and get going." he said.

You couldn't reason with him. "Mary isn't coming with the act," I said, half shouting at him. "She quit. She told you this morning."

"She didn't mean it. She just lost her temper. Everything'll be all right again when she finds out we've got the job."

"The job?" At first I didn't even know what he meant. "Rubio," I wailed out loud, "what job?"

WE WENT to the West Side rooming house Mary lived in but when we got there the landlady told us Mary wouldn't be home until late at night.

"She finally got some sense into her head," the woman told Rubio. She had always disapproved of him. "Mary found a job, a real job, in a beauty shop. Magic," she said. "Acting on a stage. You and your fluky talk." She closed the door on us.

"See, Mary really meant it," I said quickly. "Without her you can't put the act on. All right. The whole crazy idea is finished."

"No," he said. If he was in any way stumped, he certainly didn't show it. "She'll be in Atlantic City tomorrow. She'll come."

I began arguing again but twenty minutes later we were on the bus bound for Atlantic City and with us we had the two chests full of locks and chains and the collapsible cages.

The Hotel Martinack turned out to be a pretty, five-story wooden building, some blocks off the boardwalk. It was run by a worried-looking little man named Frisbee who began to fret the minute he saw Rubio and his cape.

"No offense intended," the hotel man said. "But in this business you have to deal with all sorts of people. They come and go and once they're gone, they're gone, you see." He wanted payment in advance, he was telling us.

Rubio drew himself up to his full height. He took a card out of his pocket and threw it on the desk top. "I am outraged," he said. "I have never been

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treated like this before in my life."

Blinking his eyes, Frisbee read the name on the card and promptly started apologizing. He reached behind him and brought out the five return wires. "For you, Mr. Rubio," he said. "Naturally I didn't know who you were. I didn't realize. Now, please, no offense. We must be careful. The convention and all. . . ." He was expecting trouble. The prospect of the next few days had him all upset. Rubio took the telegrams out of his hand, snapped out that he'd be needing fourteen rooms for his company the next day and turned to go up.

"The boxes," the hotel man called after him. He meant the stage properties. "You don't have to bother with them. Let me keep them down in the storeroom for you."

He insisted and Rubio was anxious to read those wires. We went up to the two-room suite Frisbee had given us and, once inside, Rubio let out a whoop as he saw that each of the acts had accepted and would be down in time.

"We're all set," he said. "Abner's managing us. I've got a company of twenty-seven and I'm booked solid for eighteen weeks!"

"What?" I said. "Oh, gee whiz. Oh, gee whiz." I said it over and over again. That was the way he was. First he made it all up out of his own imagination, then he believed it himself!

THE acts started coming in the next afternoon but Mary Byron didn't appear. Rubio had me check the performers into their rooms and then take them down to Convention Hall to wait for him and get ready for the rehearsal. We were sitting on a barrel of dynamite. That was how I felt and any minute I expected it to explode on us, but Rubio wouldn't leave his room as he waited for Mary. I had to keep making trips between the hotel and the auditorium, and as I ran, a kind of panic began to grow in me.

"Look," I said to Rubio when it was past four o'clock. "We got fourteen rooms to pay for. The actors are waiting. Abner's coming down tonight to see the tryout, and without Mary you can't even put the act on!"

"She'll come," Rubio said.

"When? How? She—"

I had to stop. The door had opened and I saw Mary herself standing there. She took one look at Rubio and then her face went suddenly tired and hopeless.

"I should have known it was just another crazy lie," she said. "I should have known you weren't sick and that no doctor had sent you to an Atlantic City sanitarium. All day I told myself it was a lie but it worried me and worried me until I had to come, like a fool. . . ." She turned on me. "Why did you send that telegram? Why did you tell me to meet you here? If it hadn't been you, I'd have never believed it at all."

"Me?" I said. "I sent you a—"

I stopped but it was too late. She sat down in a chair and held her head in her hand as she realized Rubio had faked the wire.

"You're making me lose my job," she said to him, almost crying. "It's not just a harmless story."

"You don't need a job," Rubio said. "We're opening tomorrow night. We're all set."

"Lies," she said. She didn't even look at him. "Dumb, ridiculous lies. Do you think I'll always believe them? I'm going right back to New York."

He rose slowly. He moved around the room like a broken man and stopped to rest a moment on every chair he passed.

"So I am a liar," he said, "a dreamer, a fellow who can't tell the truth, whose whole life is full of fake and fraud. All right, Mary. Go back to New York. Leave me."

"Oh, go ahead and be tragic," she said. "Put on an act all over the place. It won't work."

He bit his lip and started all over again: "I've trained you for months. I've worked day and night until our act's the best in its class, and now," he said, "now, when everything lies stretched out at last before us, you decide to leave. Mary, J. J. Abner's booked us solid for six months!"

"You're booked for six months?" she said, not believing a word of it. "J. J. Abner's managing you . . ."

"I don't tell lies all the time," he said. "Abner called me in yesterday. He needs me. He sent me out to head the bill he's opening here. Listen to reason, Mary. That's the only thing that brings me out here. What else could there be?"

He went close to her and held her face up to him, and right then I knew she'd stay. I knew it and Rubio knew it, and I think Mary knew it herself even while she held out against him. She'd stay along at least once more. She liked him too much, and I was too relieved to wait until he finished persuading her. I still had to call a cab and get the two boxes of props down to the hall for the run-through performance that night. I went down to see Frisbee about the keys to the storeroom but two minutes later I was back.

Sooner or later I knew the whole lunatic thing would blow up and now it had happened. I opened the door and yelled, "Hey, Rubio!" but he stopped me fast.

"Tell Abner to wait," he barked out to me. "I'll see him when I'm ready."

"It's not Abner—"

"Well, if he can wait, the others certainly can, can't they? Let them go ahead without me."

"It's not them. It's not that—"

He grabbed me to make me shut up and then turned to Mary. "You see," he pleaded. "I'm holding them all up. I'm late . . ." He waited.

"All right," she said finally. "I'm crazy. I'll stay but you're not fooling me. If they held a gun to your head, Rubio, you know you couldn't tell a straight story."

He pushed me outside and then I told him: "Frisbee wasn't doing you any favor when he stored the boxes of junk in the cellar for you. He's holding them for security. He won't give me the keys unless you pay something in advance."

Rubio rushed down to the hotel man and for the next half-hour I watched him talk. He threatened, argued and begged, but the trouble was Frisbee wasn't Mary, and besides it was hard to talk with Henriette growling away at him. That dog cramped Rubio's style, and finally he had to give it up.

"Well, what about J. J. Abner?" I said. "He's coming tonight."

"I'll hold him off," Rubio said, and went into the telephone booth.

HE CALLED the broker long distance and started protesting indignantly that the lighting equipment at the hall had broken down. The stage wouldn't be available until the next morning and it was an outrage. He was impatient. All his artists were impatient.

"Hah!" Abner chortled over the phone. "You're not fooling me! Your little scheme won't work!" I could hear his cracked voice distinctly from where I stood: "Stall. Take your time. You won't rush me into taking on your bunch just because it's the last minute or anything. I got a combination in Philadelphia I can switch into the hall at three hours' notice." He chuckled away and said he was perfectly willing to postpone the tryout until eleven o'clock the next morning. He was coming down on the ten-thirty train. Rubio hung up.

We still had the actors to handle and as soon as we reached the hall I saw there'd be trouble. Everyone was muttering and getting blacker and more suspicious by the minute.

"Listen," I told Rubio. "They don't know you. You stay out of this."

"No," he said.

"Let me talk to them. They look terrible. They'll kill you."

"No," he said, but I pushed him back and went into the thick of them. I told them the run-through performance was postponed, but they were all on top of me before I got the words out of my mouth. They started asking questions and they wanted answers. One of them, a bruiser with a beard on him an inch thick, picked me off the floor with one hand on my collar and started batting me around with the other.

I didn't know how it was going to end until suddenly I found the floor under my feet again. Rubio had come up. He was smiling coldly, calmly.

"Why argue with him?" he said meaning me. "He's only carrying out his employer's instructions, isn't he?"

They all fell silent to look at him.

"Well, where's his employer?" the bruiser said, getting his wind back again. "Let's see him. Who the hell is the boss around here anyway?"

Rubio took a moment. "I," he said coolly.

"You? A runt like you? A kid . . ."

Everyone started buzzing and making funny little noises of excitement. They didn't know what to make of him. I could see they couldn't decide whether to let him have it right away or wait a while. Standing in the middle of it all, Rubio was majestically poised. "Anyone can leave the company at any time he likes," he said. "I want to make that clear so that we can avoid all possible future unpleasantness."

"Now, wait a minute, bud," the bruiser said, backing down. "All we wanted to know is when do we get started? When do we rehearse?"

Rubio wouldn't honor him by answering him but instead spoke to the whole bunch of them. "Good people," he began. "Dear friends." He made a speech. He smiled at them, grew friendly and told them all about his European tour. Sailing from Sweden, his ship had struck a mine. His equipment, valued at fifty thousand dollars, had gone to the bottom of the sea, and the craftsmen chosen to duplicate his junk had been delayed.

He had them all goggle-eyed, listening to him and believing him.

"A specially chartered airplane is standing by," he told them. "My paraphernalia will be flown down the moment the workers are finished. Ladies and gentlemen, we rehearse without fail tomorrow morning . . ."

"Rubio," I said as we left the hall together, "the morning! What about the morning?"

"Don't worry," he said. "I'll get the chests. I don't know how, but I'll get them."

WHEN I woke up, Rubio's bed was empty and I wondered where he had gone. This was the day the convention began. I could hear the happy racket already going on all around me. Outside, when I went looking for Rubio, I saw the streets full of men whooping and racing around. A gang of them had formed a snake dance and went swishing over the sidewalk, knocking down everything in the way. Traffic was all broken up. One visitor had taken a cop's stand and was directing traffic with a soda siphon, squirting seltzer at the passing drivers. Another man, his fez on the side of his head, had opened a camp stool in the middle of the street, paying no attention to the cars as he read a paper.

This was a reckless, holiday crowd out for a good time and I didn't think they'd stop at anything to get it. I ducked a couple of men who tried to bean me with paper bags of water from the windows, and went back into the hotel. Poor Frisbee was going wild. Men threw firecrackers even in the lobby or else they dropped lighted matches into wastepaper baskets. Frisbee ran around clucking frantically as he put out one little bonfire after the other.

"Please!" he begged. "Gentlemen! This building's made out of wood. Gentlemen!"

Everyone was having a good time but Frisbee and me. I didn't know what to do. I stood there till somebody grabbed my elbow and then I saw Rubio again.

(Continued on page 38)

"He's fifteen minutes fast!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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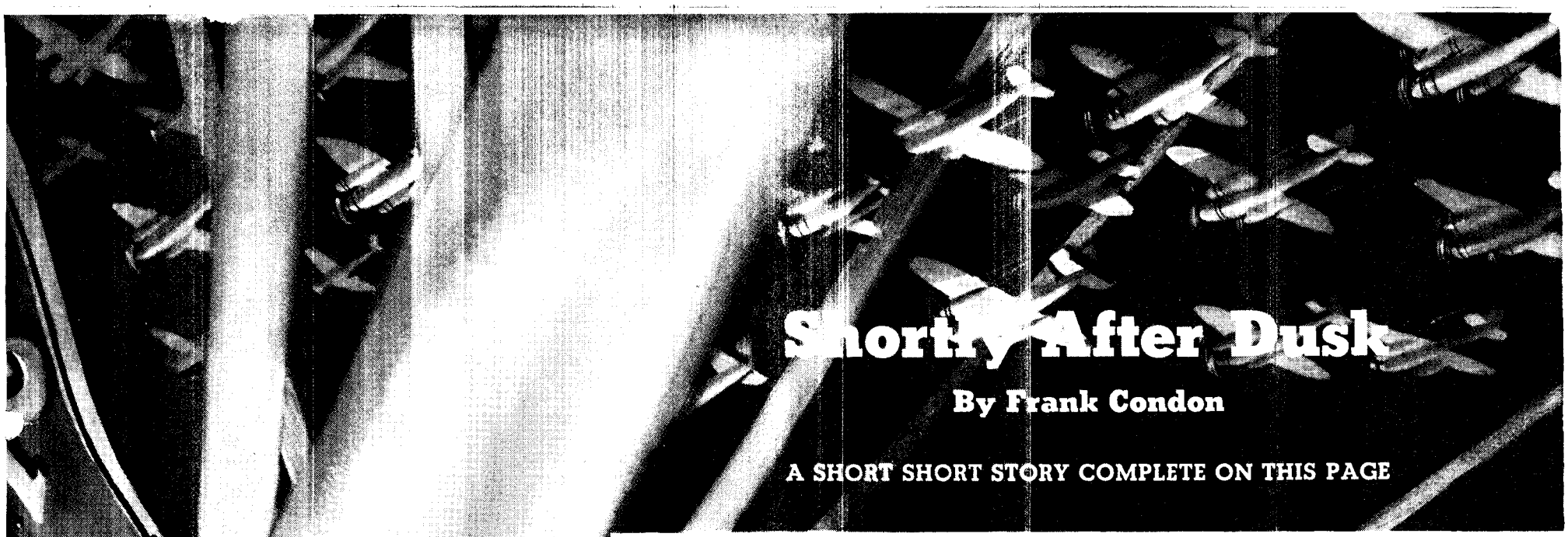

Shortly After Dusk

By Frank Condon

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HARDIE GRAMATKY

YOU might as well be out in the street when dusk came upon the city. It was as safe as indoors, so Mr. and Mrs. Shipton were walking. He was a little, plump, fussy man and wore a cap. He came up to his wife's shoulder, and they sauntered, their manner showing neither alarm, excitement nor any great interest.

"I don't hear any planes," she remarked. "Time for them, if they're coming."

"Don't worry. They're coming," he grunted. "Ain't dusk yet. You wait till seven o'clock and you'll have your big parade."

They came to the fringe of a street crowd and paused to look about. The street lights were off and the crowd had a shadowy look. It was coming toward seven and the Shiptons knew what that meant, having been through it often. Dusk and seven arrived together and soon the planes would be overhead.

"You know," said Shipton, as though nothing were going on or about to go on, "I sort of fixed in my mind to have a bit of beefsteak for breakfast. Beefsteak and toast, with some jam and tea. Tired of eggs."

"Well, you won't," she replied. "You'll have your eggs as usual."

They were in the crowd now, part of it, slowly pushing through, glancing at the faces, some eager, some stolid, some excited, and taking care not to slide off the curb in the dim light. Sometimes the people stood perfectly still and then the police moved in and chivvied them along.

The greater number paused in front of a rambling building that might have been a storehouse, with great doors mounted to slide back and forth, but the building was inky dark, with never a sign of life. It was a story and a half in height and seemed to glower down at the populace. Mrs. Shipton glanced upward and said:

"They're sort of beautiful, ain't they?"

She referred to the searchlights, which were already roving back and forth across a murky sky, sweeping long pencils of light and sometimes pausing overhead. There were twenty or thirty of the huge lamps, operated by men long familiar with the job. These men worked languidly, like men waiting for their task to begin.

"There they come," Shipton said casually. "I told you. Seven o'clock."

SURE enough, they could now hear the distant growling of planes, flying far to the north, the murmur fading out while they listened.

"I hear machine guns," Mrs. Shipton said.

"You do not. They're building a plane factory over yonder, three shifts. What you hear is riveters."

Next time, the planes were nearer and the rumblings louder, but again they faded into silence, as though the hour had not yet struck. It was almost seven and the police renewed their efforts to hustle the citizens along, but they preferred to idle on the broad sidewalk before the building with the great dark doors.

"You know," said Shipton, "it's sort of silly for us to be jammed in here. They step on your feet. We ought to move down the road."

"I think it's interesting. Some of these people look pretty excited. See that man. He'll fall off the curb in a minute."

The man, who had his neck strained and his head tipped back at a painful angle, was examining the sky. A policeman nudged him before he could get a crick and he moved silently away. A little boy began yelling and was hushed.

"Seven o'clock," said Shipton. "On the second. They're going to be late."

Presently the sky was filled with planes, some of them enormous bombers with four motors, others smaller and faster, and the men at the searchlights moved into more vigorous action. The searchlights danced briskly now. As the noise overhead increased in volume, the citizens seemed to feel a quickening of interest.

They paid no attention to the police, but stood still and gawked. Not a single bomb had as yet fallen.

There was no noise of explosion, either at a distance or near at hand. All about the crowd lay a great, expectant silence, but the uproar overhead was deafening.

The queer part was that nobody sought shelter or seemed afraid.

"Let's go down farther," Shipton said. "We can see better."

"I can count twenty of them," she said. "Which are the bombers?"

"Dunno. They got a good night for it. Clear as a bell."

SOME of the younger ones were laughing and pointing excitedly to the planes, which were flying unusually low, and then all of a sudden, with a clangor that turned the crowd about, an enormous gong began to bang away and at the same time a bellowing whistle roared, increasing its power until it hurt the eardrums of the standing people. The police shouted vague commands. Citizens shoved one another aside and pushed forward, moving steadily toward the dark building with the high doors. You could hear men running about inside the structure, shouting at one another. Locks were noisily removed from the doors and they rolled slowly back in oiled grooves. The men pushing them seemed to be foreigners, and dark in their features, like Japanese.

Then the interior of the building was revealed, for ten thousand electric lamps lighted up, blinding the onlookers. They were all colors—red, green, blue, purple, orange, white and pink. The crowd began to cheer. On the roof of the structure, a neon sign lighted suddenly, a sign one hundred feet long, a hundred feet high. It was, indeed, a colorful and dramatic spectacle, and while the buzzing planes swooped lower than ever and blimps lighted up signs on their sides, the crowd yelled happily and rushed the great doors, carrying money in their hands, for it was just seven o'clock, hour appointed for the official and formal opening of the very newest food and meat bazaar, the Associated Farmers' & Butchers' No. 2 Store on Fairfax Avenue in Hollywood, California.

The smiling throng circulated, betraying curiosity, buying apples, celery, carrots, avocados, lemons, oranges, spinach, beets, veal cutlets, pork sausages, grapefruit, lettuce, hamburg, green onions, figs and all the lovely gifts of a gracious Nature.

"By George," said Shipton to his wife, "I'll just dash in and get beefsteak for breakfast."

"And I'll buy a Hubbard squash from Maine," said his wife and they hurried inside.

In the sky, the planes zoomed about aimlessly and at eight o'clock, they all went home, leaving the night to the searchlight men. The proprietors stood in the doorway, smiling at one another, for this was really a much larger crowd than at their No. 1 opening.

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Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEED of a rest, Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective goes to the Jolly Roger, a quiet old hotel on an English south-coast island. He finds the hotel well-managed; he likes the beach, to which one must climb from the old building; and he finds his fellow guests charming. But, observing those around him, he soon learns that all is not well at the Jolly Roger.

Among the guests whom the little Belgian meets are: Miss Emily Brewster, an amiable old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her husband; Major Barry, a well-intentioned bore; Arlena Marshall; her husband, Kenneth ("Ken"); and Ken's daughter by a former marriage, Linda; Patrick ("Pat") Redfern and his wife, Christine; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker; and Horace Blatt, an inveterate gossip.

Watching them, chatting with them, Poirot gathers that Arlena Marshall and Pat Redfern are having a none-too-secret "affair"; and that the other guests—notably Ken Marshall and Christine Redfern—disapprove strongly of the way they are meeting, slipping off together, at every opportunity.

Not far from the hotel—and, according to legend, connected with it by secret passages—is a cavern. Known as "Pixy's Cave," it is supposed—again according to legend—to be guarded by pixies, "moor spirits." Few know where its entrance is to be found. . . .

One warm August morning, Christine Redfern, accompanied by Linda Marshall, goes to near-by Gull Cove, where Christine plans to do some sketching. . . . Wanting to be alone, Arlena Marshall paddles away from the beach on a small "float." Some time later, Pat Redfern and Miss Brewster, out for a jaunt in a rowboat, reach Pixy Cove. Seeing a woman lying on the beach, and feeling sure that she is Arlena, they row in to her. She does not move when Pat approaches her, kneels down beside her. *She is dead!*

Leaving Pat with the body, Miss Brewster rows back to the hotel. And soon Inspector Colgate, a physician, a police surgeon, Chief Constable—Colonel Weston, and Poirot arrive on the scene, examine the corpse. The verdict is: *Strangled to death by someone with powerful hands!* . . . Poirot tells Weston all that he knows about Arlena and Redfern. "But Marshall," the constable says, "did he know about it? What did he feel?" Poirot says: "He is a man who does not display his emotions." Weston hesitates. Then: "But he might have 'em, all the same." The detective nods. "Oh, yes," he replies, slowly, "he might have them."

IV

THE chief constable was being as tactful as it was in his nature to be with Mrs. Castle.

Mrs. Castle was the owner and proprietress of the Jolly Roger Hotel. She was a woman of forty-odd with a large bust, rather violent henna-red hair, and an almost offensively refined manner of speech. She was saying:

"That such a thing should happen in my hotel! Ay am sure it has always been the quayettest place imaginable! The people who come here are such naice people. No *rowdiness*—if you know what ay mean. Not like the big hotels in St. Loo."

"Quite so, Mrs. Castle," said Colonel Weston. "But accidents happen in the best-regulated—er households."

"Ay'm sure Inspector Colgate will bear me out," said Mrs. Castle, sending an appealing glance toward the inspector who was sitting looking very official. "As to the laycensing laws, ay am *most* particular. There has never been *any* irregularity!"

"Quite, quite," said Weston. "We're not blaming you in any way, Mrs. Castle."

"But it does so reflect upon my establishment," said Mrs. Castle, her large bust heaving. "When ay think of the noisy, gaping crowds. Of course, no one but hotel guests are allowed upon the island—but all the same they will no doubt come and *point* from the shore."

She shuddered.

Inspector Colgate saw his chance to turn the conversation to good account. He said:

"In regard to that point you've just raised—access to the island—how do you keep people off?"

"Ay am *most* particular about it."

"Yes, but what measures do you take? *What* keeps 'em off? Holiday crowds in summertime swarm everywhere like flies."

Mrs. Castle shuddered slightly again. "That is the fault of the charabancs. Ay have seen eighteen at one time parked by the quay at Leathercombe Bay."

"Just so. How do you stop them coming here?"

"There are notices. And then, of course, at high tide, we are cut off."

"Yes, but at low tide?"

MRS. CASTLE explained. At the island end of the causeway there was a gate. This said: Jolly Roger Hotel. Private. No entry except to Hotel. The rocks rose sheer out of the sea on either side there and could not be climbed.

"Anyone could take a boat, though, I suppose, and row around and land on one of the coves? You couldn't stop them doing that. There's a right of access to the foreshore. You can't stop people being on the beach between low and high watermark."

But this, it seemed, very seldom happened. Boats could be obtained at Leathercombe Bay harbor but from there it was a long row to the island and there was also a strong current just outside Leathercombe Bay harbor.

There were notices, too, on both Gull Cove and Pixy Cove by the ladder. She added that George or William was always on the lookout at the bathing beach proper which was the nearest to the mainland.

"Who are George and William?"

"George attends to the bathing beach. He sees to the costumes and the floats. William is the gardener. He keeps the paths and marks the tennis courts and all that."

Colonel Weston said impatiently, "Well, that seems clear enough. That's not to say that nobody could have come from outside, but anyone who did so took a risk—the risk of being noticed. We'll have a word with George and William presently."

Mrs. Castle said, "Ay do not care for trippers. A very noisy crowd and they frequently leave orange peels and cigarette boxes on the causeway and down by the rocks, but all the same ay never thought one of them would turn out to be a murderer. Oh, dear! It really is too terrible for words. A lady like Mrs. Marshall murdered and what's so horrible, actually—er—strangled. . . ."

Mrs. Castle could hardly bring herself to say the word. She brought it out with the utmost reluctance.

Inspector Colgate said soothingly, "Yes, it's a nasty business."

"And the newspapers. *My* hotel in the newspapers!"

"Listen, my friend! Last night I had been talking with Mrs. Redfern on Sunny Ledge. On my way down to the hotel I saw those two together —Mrs. Marshall and Patrick Redfern"

Colgate said, with a faint grin, "Oh, well, it's advertisement, in a way."

Mrs. Castle drew herself up. Her bust heaved and whalebone creaked. She said icily, "That is not the kind of advertisement ay care about, Mr. Colgate."

Colonel Weston broke in. He said, "Now then, Mrs. Castle, you've got a list of the guests staying here, as I asked you?"

"Yes, sir."

Colonel Weston pored over the hotel register. He looked over to Poirot, who made the fourth member of the group assembled in the manageress' office.

"This is where you'll probably be able to help us presently."

He read down the names. "What about servants?"

Mrs. Castle produced a second list.

"There are four chambermaids, the head waiter and three under him and Henry in the bar. William does the boots and shoes. Then there's the cook and two under her."

"What about the waiters?"

"Well, sir, Albert, the Mater Dotel came to me from the Vincent at Plymouth. He was there for some years. The three under him have been here for three years—one of them four. They are very naice lads and most respecta-

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ble. Henry has been here since the hotel opened. He is quite an institution."

Weston nodded. He said to Colgate, "Seems all right. You'll check up on them, of course. Thank you, Mrs. Castle."

"That will be all you require?"

"For the moment, yes."

Mrs. Castle creaked out of the room.

"First thing to do is to talk with Captain Marshall," Weston said.

KENNETH MARSHALL sat quietly answering the questions put to him. Apart from a slight hardening of his features he was quite calm. Seen here, with the sunlight falling on him from the window, you realized that he was a handsome man. Those straight features, the steady blue eyes, the firm mouth. His voice was low and pleasant.

Colonel Weston was saying: "I quite understand, Captain Marshall, what a terrible shock this must be to you. But you realize that I am anxious to get the fullest information as soon as possible."

Marshall nodded. He said, "I quite understand. Carry on."

"Mrs. Marshall was your second wife?"

"Yes."

"And you have been married, how long?"

"Just over four years."

"And her name before she was married?"

"Helen Stuart. Her acting name was Arlena Stuart."

"She was an actress?"

"She appeared in Revue and musical shows."

"Did she give up the stage on her marriage?"

"No. She continued to appear. She actually retired only about a year and a half ago."

"Was there any special reason for her retirement?"

Kenneth Marshall appeared to consider.

"No," he said. "She simply said that she was tired of it all."

"It was not—er—in obedience to your special wish?"

Marshall raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, no."

"You were quite content for her to continue acting after your marriage?"

Marshall smiled very faintly. "I should have preferred her to give it up—that, yes. But I made no fuss about it."

"It caused no point of dissension between you?"

"Certainly not. My wife was free to please herself."

"And—the marriage was a happy one?"

Kenneth Marshall said coldly, "Certainly."

Colonel Weston paused a minute. Then he said, "Captain Marshall, have you any idea who could possibly have killed your wife?"

The answer came without the least hesitation:

"None whatever."

"Had she any enemies?"

"Possibly."

"Ah?"

THE other went on quickly: "Don't misunderstand me, sir. My wife was an actress. She was also a very good-looking woman. In both capacities she aroused a certain amount of envy and jealousy. There were fusses over parts—there was rivalry from other women—there was a good deal, shall we say, of general envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness! But that is not to say that there was anyone who was capable of deliberating murdering her."

Hercule Poirot spoke for the first time. He said, "What you really mean, Monsieur, is that her enemies were mostly or entirely *women?*"

Kenneth Marshall looked across at him.

"Yes," he said. "That is so."

The chief constable said, "You know of no man who had a grudge against her?"

"No."

"Was she previously acquainted with anyone in this hotel?"

"I believe she had met Mr. Redfern before—at some cocktail party. Nobody else to my knowledge."

Weston paused. He seemed to deliberate as to whether to pursue the subject. Then he decided against that course.

"We now come to this morning," he said. "When was the last time you saw your wife?"

Marshall paused a minute, then he said, "I looked in on my way down to breakfast—"

"Excuse me, you occupied separate rooms?"

"Yes."

"And what time was that?"

"It must have been about nine o'clock."

"What was she doing?"

"She was opening her letters."

"Did she say anything?"

"Nothing of any particular interest. Just good morning—and that it was a nice day—that sort of thing."

"What was her manner? Unusual at all?"

"No, perfectly normal."

"She did not seem excited, or depressed, or upset in any way?"

"I certainly didn't notice it."

Hercule Poirot said: "Did she mention at all what were the contents of her letters?"

Again a faint smile appeared on Marshall's lips. "As far as I can remember, she said they were all bills."

"Your wife breakfasted in bed?"

"Yes."

"Did she always do that?"

"Invariably."

"What time did she usually come

(Continued on page 41)

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How to Keep Football Stars in College

By William Bradford Huie

Jimmie Moss, star high-school tackle, entered U. of Alabama in 1929 on a football scholarship. Three months later he was home, for good, with a wrenched knee. Today he is a steel-fabricating helper, living near Decatur, Alabama. With him here are his wife and two daughters

A football scholarship brought Neil Rogers, above, to Alabama in 1926. He was varsity halfback from 1927 to 1929. Alabama finished eleventh in its conference in 1929 and Coach Wade moved to Duke next year. Rogers is today a WPA interviewer in Culbert County, Alabama

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

Don Campbell came to Alabama from a Cleveland high school. A buckled knee ended his career in football after he had made the varsity. He got his degree and now announces at a small radio station in Selma, Ala.

FOR fifteen years I've been a football fan-atic. Perhaps we've met somewhere. At the Rose Bowl? I've been there five times. Or at the Polo Grounds? Or in New Orleans? Or Birmingham? I'm the little guy with the cane who always wears that big red-and-white Alabama button and seems to be having such a hell-raising time.

If you've ever seen 'Bama's Crimson Tide surge into action you've either seen me or heard that Comanche war whoop of mine. That whoop is something to remember. It's a direct blood descendant of the Rebel Yell and never fails to leave me whispering hoarse for two days after a game. Except for a season when I was out of the country—and the Clippers weren't flying then—I haven't missed an Alabama game since New Year's Day, 1925, when Pooley Hubert and Johnny Mack Brown racked up our first Rose Bowl victory.

I'm strictly a one-team fan. Alabama's my alma mater—class of '29—and the Tide's my team. I've never seen a college game in which Alabama wasn't a contestant. No other team matters to me. Take Notre Dame. Sure, the Irish are okay. So are Stanford and Fordham and Texas A. & M. But you take them. I'll take Alabama year in and year out. And I'll bet you my standard wager—one dollar, no odds.

I've felt all the great thrills of the Tide's modern history. I used the war whoop four times in '34 during the six minutes it took Dixie Howell and Don Hutson to score 24 points on the Stanford "vow" boys. And I wallowed in our deepest slough of despair when the California Golden Bears horse-collared us with our only Bowl defeat in '38.

As a hobby it's been exciting. We fellows in the alumni association have had a lot of fun. We've drunk a lot of good corn whisky and told a lot of swell stories. Our haven't-missed-a-game records have been as precious as our politics. And, yes, you've guessed it. We're guilty of all the sins in the book. We've recruited players from all points of the compass. We can quote you current on-the-hoof prices for tackles or tailbacks. We've helped build a feeder organization that's bigger than the New York Yankee farm system, and we've fought our big-time competitors on a nation-wide front.

But now I'm quitting. I'm not mad at anybody. I'm just walking out in good faith and good humor. During the season just ended I've seen the Tide play some great games. In the best Alabama tradition they were fought to the final whistle. But I've seen my last game. The fellows thought I was dead when I didn't show up at the last smoker. But I'm not. I've just quit.

The reasons? Well, maybe I'm going soft. Maybe I'm getting old. Maybe I'm developing a conscience. Or maybe I'm Hannibal looking back down the road to Rome and wondering if the victories were worth the price we've paid. But I guess I'm just fed up. I guess I'm tired ducking out the back door when these All Americans I've recruited come around looking for jobs. I guess I'm fed up seeing a lot of fine kids waste their best years on something that's phony.

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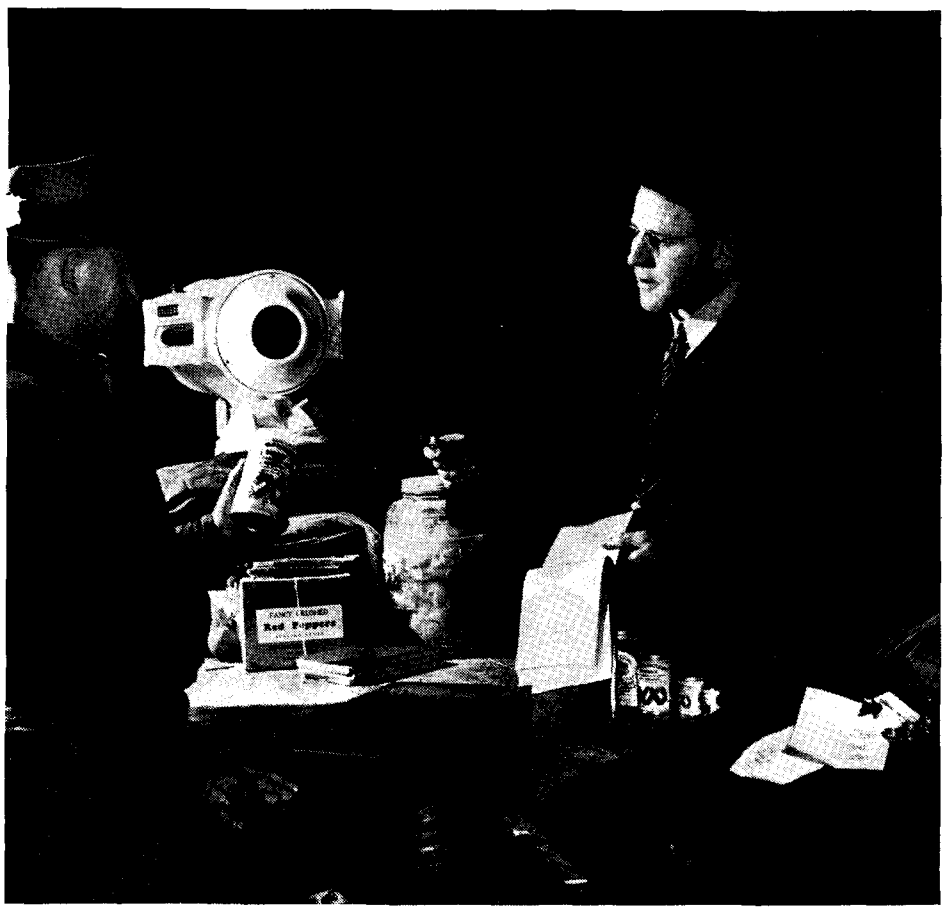
Recruiting is only half the story. Here's the half you've never heard before, told by an insider who for 15 years labored to ease football material through his alma mater. It's the story of what football farms, ambitious coaches and obliging profs are doing to boys who think football and education can be mixed



Big John Miller, 'Bama's All-Southern guard who played against Washington in the Rose Bowl in 1931, is today doing better than most of the great stars. He's the best snuff salesman in four TVA counties in Alabama and above is taking snuff orders in a store

Back in 1920 Pug Deal was a big man on the Alabama campus, hailed as the toughest blocking back in the school's history. Pug stopped playing football, however, shortly after Alabama lost to Tennessee, and is now making his living as a farmer in Tuscaloosa County

That look in their eyes when they realize it's phony isn't pleasant. And I guess I'm trying to kid myself into believing there is more good than bad in the collegiate football system.

It's not a spur-of-the-moment decision. It's a cumulative decision which had its beginning back in 1927-30 when I worked as a tutor for the Alabama athletic department and watched the building of a football machine.

In those days Hank Crisp, the real genius behind all the Alabama teams, was building the far-flung organization that today has become the standard for all the big-time schools. High-school coaches and alumni, concentrated in Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas but scattered throughout the country, were the outposts, and between the outposts Crisp and his corps of scouts shuttled constantly.

Crisp occupied the same position in this system that Ed Barrow occupies in the Yankee baseball empire. He directed the task of producing two hundred prospective All Americans every year. Wallace Wade, who was head coach then, simply managed the varsity, as Joe McCarthy manages the Yankees. The same plan is in effect today except that Frank Thomas has replaced Wade in the line-up.

I was director of the brain-trust division for Crisp. The scholastic welfare of all the various squads was my responsibility. These squads included the Tuscaloosa High School squad, the freshman squad, the Red Shirt squad, the varsity squad and the postgrad squad.

Now don't tell me you've been under the naïve impression that the modern football organization has only two squads—the freshman and the varsity?

The Tuscaloosa High School squad was a most important incubator in the Tide hatchery. During the years I was at the university it was coached by Paul Burnum, who is noted for his thoroughness in teaching those twin fundamentals, blocking and tackling. It was generally understood that at least a part of his salary was paid by the university. He has since been promoted to freshman coach, and his rivals will tell you he is one of the cleverest recruiting agents in the business.

As proof of the esteem in which Burnum is held, he was selected to head the delegation that submitted Alabama's bid for Bill DeCorrevont, the much-publicized high-school halfback who finally chose Northwestern. Burnum returned empty-handed.

"Hell, we could have gotten him," Burnum still explains. "But we didn't want him. He would never have fitted into the Alabama system."

But Burnum couldn't take full credit for his great high-school squads which usually won the state championship. For he was assisted by other Alabama scouts. Suppose a scout found a good prospect who could play another year or two in high school. And suppose the prospect had a poor coach who didn't teach the Alabama system and who might try to recruit the prospect for a competitor. The scout simply picked up the prospect and brought him to Tusca-

Roy "The Ripper" White understudied Dixie Howell on the Alabama 1934 squad. He was dropped from football and from school after a knee injury. Today he is unemployed. His brother died as a result of football injuries

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N. A. Nap Powell, above, joined up on a football scholarship at Alabama in 1930 as a promising tackle but was dropped out in 1931 after Coach Wade transferred to Duke. Nap now drives a soft-drink truck for a living in Selma, Ala. Below is Tony Holm, who was an All-America fullback in 1929, and who played six years of pro football after leaving Alabama. A knee injury ended his football career and he is now a furniture salesman in a Birmingham store.

loosa High School, where he could play on a championship team and where Burnum could start teaching him the Alabama system.

My task began with keeping these recruited players on Burnum's squad on speaking terms with their high-school teachers and getting them graduated so they could become college freshmen.

Hence this passing tip to Mr. Average Fan. Looking at your official program at the big game, you've probably wondered how the high school where your college is located happens to produce so many fine players. Don't be fooled any longer. Most of those players were transplanted from Podunk or Ishkooda during their high-school careers and are now calling the college town "home." If you are a Tennessee fan you may have noted that about a third of the 1940 varsity squad hails from Knoxville.

Cripple Courses are Safest

But back to the brain trust. The big push for us came in September when the freshmen brainless beef rolled in. Here were two hundred huskies who had been "eased through" high school on football and now we had to ease the best of them through college. In registering them we used our marked list of freshman professors. We placed the beef in classes where they would receive "sympathetic treatment" and steered them clear of those old sour apples who still insisted on flunking a guy just because he didn't know anything. But we had other limitations to consider, too. All science courses except the most elementary were out, for they would have long laboratory periods for which no beefer could find time. Courses leading to any form of higher mathematics were impossible. So commerce, law, medicine or any form of engineering were blacklisted from the start. This left us only the School of Arts and Sciences and the School of Education through which to route the beefers.

Our most successful plan was to enroll the beefer in the School of Education and point him toward a possible bachelor of science degree in physical education. One of the factors which may have caused us to prefer the education school was that Dr. James J. Doster, dean of this school, was a faculty adviser to the athletic department, and was usually selected to represent the faculty on the long football trips.

Accordingly, the typical course with which we loaded down the freshman beefer consisted of classes in Bible, Psychology I, Astronomy, and Music Appreciation. All were "cripples" of the purest ray. Bible was taught by a lovable old gentleman who delivered lofty lectures and never bothered his sleeping class with details like questions or examinations. I once heard of a beefer about to flunk this course who was given a special examination by the professor. The professor asked him two questions: Who created the world? and How long did it take? The beefer answered only the first question correctly for a grade of fifty, but the kindly professor gave him an additional ten points for having tried the second to bring his grade to the sixty necessary for passing.

Astronomy, Psychology I and Music Appreciation were all taught by "fellowship" students and not by regular professors, so we had little difficulty here.

After registering the frosh we turned to the progressively harder task of making class schedules for the Red Shirts, the varsity and the postgrads. After all, you do eventually run out of "crip" courses and hit a bottleneck guarded by some unfriendly prof.

The Red Shirts composed the "suspension" squad. They were the fifty or more prospects who had already served their time on the freshman squad but had not yet been chosen for the varsity. You see, under the five-year eligibility rule in the Southeastern Conference a boy can play a year on the freshman squad, a year on some intermediate squad, and still play out his full three-year varsity career. Thus in the spring the coaches look over the varsity and see what is needed to fill the holes resulting from what the sports writers politely call "graduation." They look over the Red Shirts first since they are older and better developed. Then they pick up a few from the freshman squad. Next they consign the rest of the freshmen to the Red Shirt pool to grow and develop another year. The chaff portion of the Red Shirt squad is then fired off the pay roll, and the brain trust promptly allows them to flunk and fall out of school. This fate will already have caught up with more than a hundred freshmen before the end of the first semester.

Thus, because of the Red Shirt pool, it often develops that a Tide "sophomore sensation" is some lad who has already had four years of training under the Alabama coaching staff—two years at Tuscaloosa High School, a year with the frosh and a year with the Red Shirts.

When you understand this, you can perhaps more easily understand how the great senior squad of '30 could score twenty-one points on Washington State in eight minutes, and how the next great senior squad of '33 could score twenty-four points on Stanford in six minutes. Flash Suther, the halfback star of the '30 game, had been playing under the Alabama coaching staff for eight years, and Hillman Holley, the sophomore sensation of the same game, had had five years, counting their years at Tuscaloosa High. Captain Foots Clements and others of the same team came from the Arkansas farms which have produced fellows like Don Hutson, Sandy Sanford and the Moseleys.

The squad of '37 lost to California when Thomas gambled with a sophomore tailback—Herky Moseley—who had only had two years on one of the junior-college farms in Arkansas. But the team had reached the Bowl only because of two last-minute field goals from Sandy Sanford's $100,000 toe. And since Sanford was from the same farm as Moseley, the farm's record did not suffer.

Here's another tip. Watch the '41 edition go back to the Rose Bowl. Another great senior squad is in the making, and the sophomore sensations will be Don Hutson's twin brothers. Imagine, if you can, twin Hutsons on the same field, one throwing and the other receiving passes.

Great Heroes Deserve Degrees

But back to classes again. After we had found all the "crip" courses we could for the Red Shirts and the varsity men, we turned to our problem children. These were the postgrads.

This squad was composed exclusively of Great Heroes—the fellows who had played out all their years of eligibility and now had returned from the wars to rest on their laurels while we poor brain trusters sweated to get them some kind of degree. Hank Crisp, it seems, has a sense of honor. He doesn't mind firing off the inept by the hundreds, but when a guy has fought and bled for the alma mater for five or ten years, he not only deserves an all-something-or-other but he also deserves a college degree. And Crisp was one to see that he got it. Or rather Crisp was one to see that I saw that he got it.

We called these great heroes the postgrad squad for two reasons. First, because the sports writers had already mournfully announced the Tide was losing them through "graduation," and second, there was the morale to think of, as Dr. Goebbels might say. After all, when a worshipful freshman got inquisitive at the frat house, these great heroes had to have some explanation for their continued presence around the campus.

"Oh, I'm hanging around doing a little

(Continued on page 48)

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The Story Thus Far:

WHILE managing Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight fighter, old Pop Mallory dies in Birmingham, Alabama. Whereupon, Max Ellison, a well-known New York fight manager, sends Joe Barton (who is in love with Ellison's daughter "Babs") to Birmingham, to sign Eddie up.

A few days later, Barton, back in New York, reports to Ellison. He says that, because of a curious contract Gordon had signed, *he must work for a girl*: "Pat" Mallory, Pop's daughter! He does not refer to a murder he, Joe Barton, had committed near Birmingham, one night—and his flight from a possible witness, *Eddie Gordon,* who had not seen his face in the darkness but who had gained possession of his revolver. . . .

Eddie Gordon goes to New York City. There, taking orders from Pat Mallory (who is secretly in love with him), he goes into training. He meets Max Ellison. He meets Ellison's young daughter, Babs. He fights his first fight, and wins. Babs, overjoyed, does not try to hide her admiration for him. And Eddie has a bitter enemy: Joe Barton. Jealous of the fighter, Joe Barton orders Morrie Oakes, a professional killer, to "eliminate" the newcomer; but not until the missing revolver (which Eddie has given to Cliff Halliday, a sports writer, for safekeeping) has been recovered. The weapon, it appears, is registered in the name of Joseph Barton—Oakes must steal it, before he kills Eddie. . . .

Labeled "Kid Tinsel" by Halliday, Eddie wins a number of fights. Then, in poor condition because of Babs Ellison's gay, late parties, he is knocked out by Tommy Gateley. . . . The following day Pat receives a letter from a betting firm—a letter that makes it appear that she had won a large sum betting against Eddie! While she is wondering what the letter means, Ellison calls on her. He tells her, calmly, that she is to be accused of engaging in a crooked fight deal. Then, professing to be sorry for her, he offers to buy Eddie's contract for fifteen thousand dollars.

Pat asks for twenty-four hours, to think the matter over. Halliday "tells all" (omitting names) in his column; and Ellison drops his plan for tricking the girl into selling a fighter who, he feels sure, is a coming champion.

Eddie fights Gateley again, knocks him out. After which (while Oakes is trying, unsuccessfully, to find Barton's revolver), he steals away to the Adirondacks, for a much-needed rest.

VIII

TO THE left of the gravel road was an ancient stone gateway, but no gate. Propped against one of the columns was a simple sign, designed for effectiveness rather than beauty. It said simply:

TRAINING QUARTERS
EDDIE GORDON
NO ADMITTANCE

Leading in from the gateway was a narrow, curving dirt road bordered by lavish shade trees. The undergrowth was heavy and had once been well-tended and beautiful. There were the relics of flower gardens, and patches of green, velvety lawn.

Framed by birch and oak and elm and maple, a big, rambling building looked down upon what had once been a lovely lawn. It was a benign old house, mellow with age, valiantly withstanding years of abuse and neglect. Today it was spic and span, but sadly in need of paint and repair. To restore to this place any more than a semblance of its pristine loveliness was no simple job, and it had proved much too much for Patricia Mallory.

Set against a background of lush Jersey woodland, bordered by hedges, miles off the main highway and close to a mild little river, it was still a lovely spot. For years its new owners had waited patiently for a purchaser with money and an appreciation of sylvan beauty. But that purchaser had never come, and so the place was rented for brief periods to those who might have use for it. It had housed—briefly—gay summer parties seeking rest and seclusion, it had served as training camp for two famous champions, and it did duty now as headquarters for Eddie Gordon.

"You wouldn't by any chance be jealous, would you?" he asked. "Of course not," she said. Her cheeks flushed. "That's silly"

For all its lack of fresh paint, for all its obvious need of repair, the main building—which was referred to simply as "The House"—retained a mellow dignity. It was as though it had reconciled itself to the use that was being made of it, and therefore gave tolerant approval.

Out beyond the broad, spacious veranda was a shady grove, bordered by flowers that had survived years of neglect. In the middle of that grove some former pugilistic tenant had built a ring, which had been refurbished for Eddie.

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It was a good ring, stanchly built, twenty-four feet square inside the ropes and covered today with new padded canvas. There were benches and chairs around the ring and a shiny new gong for whoever happened to be acting as timekeeper.

This afternoon a dozen men lounged about the ring in definitely informal attire. There was a burly heavyweight, two lithe middleweights and a speedy lightweight who were themselves training and also acting as sparring partners. Feets Johnson crouched in one corner, hand on the gong rope, his eyes alternately on the stop watch he held and on Eddie Gordon, who was sparring with a fast, rangy boy.

It would have been difficult for a casual acquaintance to have recognized Eddie in his training regalia. His pleasant, homely face was partially concealed by a padded leather contraption which covered forehead, nose and eyebrows as protection against the sudden, dangerous head contacts of the training routine. He wore a dingy-gray sweat shirt and black, full-length trunks. He moved warily about the ring, sparring easily and lightly—brown eyes intent behind the odd armor which protected him, knotty fists encased in twelve-ounce sparring gloves.

From the ringside you could hear the twittering of birds, the clucking of hens out somewhere behind the house, the chatter of trainers and sparring partners, and the steady crunch of fighting shoes on the resin-covered canvas and the thud of padded leather on human flesh. It was an incongruous picture against this gracious background. It didn't seem to fit—yet the unanimous verdict of the training retinue had been, "Gee! what a swell dump."

FEETS JOHNSON'S big black hand yanked the gong rope and it clanged out on the quiet afternoon air. The rangy youth with whom Eddie had been boxing waved with his right glove and climbed gratefully down out of the ring, his sparring chore completed. Eddie moved into a corner and leaned against the ropes, looking down at the canvas floor on which the sunlight—filtering through the leaves of the trees overhead—traced a delicate, lacy pattern.

Through the doorway of the house came a girl: a young and slender girl whose firm, young figure was revealed, rather than concealed, by slacks. Pat Mallory's eyes looked tired; her manner betrayed weariness and worry. There had been so infinitely many things to do—the daily tasks seemed never-ending. There were things to remember, details to be arranged, catering to be supervised, Eddie to be watched. . . .

She moved from the house toward the training ring. She conjured up a picture of this place as it must have been originally, and she sighed. She saw the loveliness which once had been, rather than the drabness to which it had fallen. By training-camp standards, it was beautiful; by artistic standards, its decay was heartbreaking.

But it was still lovely, still gentle, still relaxing. It was just the thing for Eddie. Nothing to divert his mind, nothing to worry or annoy him. A tranquil, routine, healthy existence. Daily road work along twisting, leafy paths, a bit of horseback riding, tennis on a scraggly court which had once been good, daily swims in the river, boxing in the reconditioned ring; plenty of good food at regular hours; early sleep and early rising. Yes, they all were enjoying themselves . . . all except Pat Mallory.

She banished the strained expression from her face as she approached the ring, and forced herself to smile as she looked up at Eddie. She asked, "How are things going?"

"About as usual."

"You seem to be drawn a little fine."

"I'm not overtrained."

"Well, don't be. It's no good. Now . . ." She beckoned to a keen-eyed young boxer who was slightly taller than Eddie. "Ready, Tim?" she asked.

"Yeah—I'm ready."

He came forward and joined her. Pat gave him a smile, but turned her attention to Eddie Gordon.

"Listen, Eddie—because this is important. I've been studying the movies of Dixie Grogan's recent fights. He's got the fastest straight left in the game. I want you and Tim to step three fast rounds. All you've got to do, Tim—is to keep throwing lefts at Eddie. And Eddie, I want you to keep your hands at your sides. Don't block a punch. Slip everything."

Eddie frowned. He said, "I can get away from a left, all right."

"Maybe. But you've never been up against one like Dixie Grogan's. I engaged Tim because he's got the next thing to it. If you can learn to avoid Tim's left with your hands down, you shouldn't have any trouble with Dixie." She turned toward the taller youth. "Go ahead, Tim."

Tim climbed into the ring and took the corner opposite Eddie. At a signal from Pat, Feets sounded the gong and they moved out to face each other.

THE boxers followed Pat's instructions. Tim's left was fast and accurate. During the first round Eddie experienced difficulty in avoiding it. Occasionally he shook his head and grunted with annoyance, but Pat held him to routine. "Take it easy, Eddie . . . watch his shoulder. . . ." She turned to Feets and asked, "What do you think?"

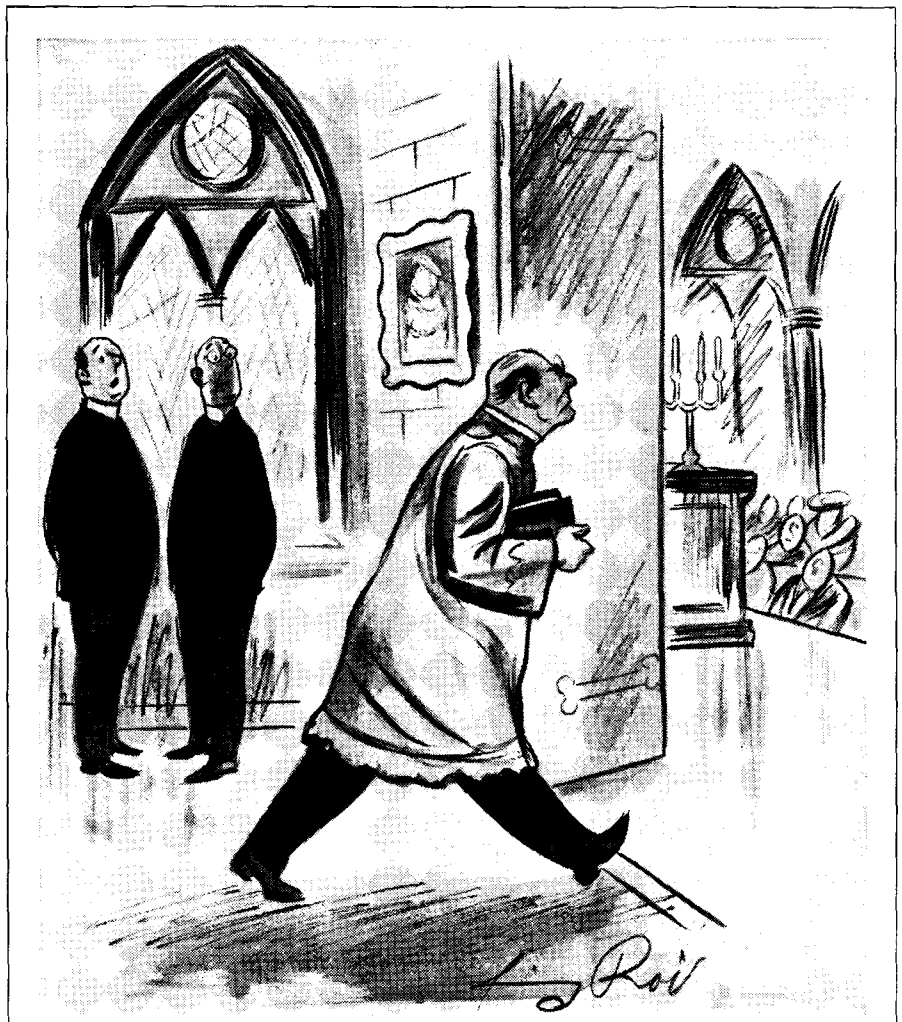
The big Negro beamed approval. "It's just what Pop would've done," he said. "You sho learnt plenty fum him."

In the second round Eddie had less difficulty in eluding Tim's rapierlike jabs. In the third round he did exceedingly well, although there were many that he did not succeed in evading. And then the third round ended, and Pat said, "That's enough for today, boys."

Eddie clambered down out of the ring and Feets slipped a robe around his shoulders. He was breathing evenly and his lean, lithe body was relaxed. Pat said, "That was pretty good, Eddie. Ten more days of that and you won't even have to think about a left."

Eddie looked doubtful and so Feets hastened to interject his opinion: "Miss Patricia sho is right, Mistuh Eddie. Faces wasn't created to stop no punches with."

Eddie turned away and Pat said, "Take a good rubdown and shower and rest for a while before dinner. . . ." He walked toward the house without answering and Feets looked down solicitously at the young girl. "It sho ain't fitten," he stated positively.



"Oh! Oh! I wouldn't care to be in the devil's shoes this morning!"

IRVING ROIR

"What isn't, Feets?"

"You havin' all this grief an' mis'ry an' wastin' yo'se'f aroun' a bunch of prize fighters."

She smiled wanly. "I don't enjoy it much, you know."

"Yassum, I know. Ten millium things goin' wrong all the time, an' nobody depreciatin' what you is doin'. Time Mistuh Eddie wins that title, we'll be takin' you off to a hawspital."

"It won't be long now. . . ." She looked up, seeking encouragement. "Eddie seems to be doing all right, doesn't he?"

"Yassum . . . on'y . . ."

"Only what?"

"On'y he's gittin' edgy. Like a thoroughbred hawss befo' a big race. Seems like you cain't tell just when he'll bust out."

"Not much chance here . . ." She smiled at Feets, and compelled herself to speak gaily: "Guess what we're having for dinner tonight."

Feets said, "It don't matter what it is, Miss Patricia—so long as it's eatments."

"What would you say to some real Southern fried chicken and a batch of the lightest, flakiest biscuits you ever tasted?"

A reverent look came into his eyes. "I reckon I'd say Hot Dam!"

"Well, say it then. I got rid of the cook we had and hired a new one. Fresh up from the South. You'll find her in the kitchen. If you want some advance samples, you'd better hurry."

"Hurry?" Mr. Johnson turned away eagerly. "Gimme just one feather in each hand, Miss Patricia—an' I'll fly."

His countenance was a study in concentrated ecstasy as he circled the house and approached the kitchen door. Real, ginuwine fried chicken! Good ol' biscuits! With lots of butter and fresh honey. Mm-m-mmmmmm! He flung open the door . . . and the smile vanished. In its place came an expression of abysmal woe. He gulped, choked and wavered uncertainly. The voice of the new cook was sweet as saccharine. She said, "Good evenin', Mistuh Johnson."

"Magenta!" It was more a groan than a greeting.

"Uh-huh. It's me—sho nuff. Ain't you glad?"

His head shook slowly and automatically. "Ise aghast," he declared miserably. "Absotively an' posolutely aghast!" He leaned against the icebox and passed a shaking hand across a suddenly perspiring forehead. "Miz Johnson," he inquired in bewilderment, "how come it that with all the woods in the United States you could git lost in—you had to find this heah place?"

"It wa'n't no accident," explained Magenta. "I searched it out."

"Nineteen forty is sho an unlucky yeah fo' me."

"Miss Patricia figgered you'd be s'prised . . ."

"Uh-huh. Ise s'prised, all right."

"Ain't you gwine exten' me no welcome?"

"No ma'am." Feets was very positive on that point. "I ain't gwine extend you nothin'," he stated firmly. "Commencin' right now."

HE TURNED his broad back to her and pushed through the screen door. He was wallowing in the nethermost depths of despair. "Fried chicken!" he muttered miserably. "Hot Southern biscuits! Magenta! Tha's what I call hash!"

It was difficult for Mr. Johnson to reconcile himself to this latest and most ultimate disaster. He helped Magenta set the table, and conducted himself with frigid aloofness. He went out on the veranda, rang the dinner bell and watched the helpers and sparring partners troop in and seat themselves about the huge training table. He made ready to serve them, meanwhile maintaining an attitude of injured dignity.

Pat Mallory appeared in the dining-room doorway. Somebody looked up and whistled in admiration. Somebody else said, "Well, I'll be . . ."

Pat Mallory had given in to an overpowering urge to be feminine for one evening; to insulate herself against this grim masculine business of fighting.

The dress she had selected was the daintiest in the limited wardrobe she had brought with her. It was white and it was frilly and it was cut just a wee bit low at the throat. It made her feel better to wear that dress; made her feel less incongruous—less sexless. Feets said, as he held her chair, "You sho look beauticious, Miss Patricia. . . ."

They all looked at her with approval. For the briefest fraction of an instant, she thought Eddie might join in the chorus of compliments . . . but after a brief scrutiny, he returned his attention to his plate.

All through dinner Pat was unnaturally gay. Her eyes were bright, her

(Continued on page 32)

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The Secret Four

By William Hillman

BY CABLE FROM LONDON

Anyone can listen to Hitler's words, but here is a band of radio sleuths who can tell the British what he thinks. They predicted the time of Italy's war declaration and the recent peace feelers. We give you the first low-down on a brand-new weapon of military intelligence

AS YOU read this the Nazi Propaganda Ministry, from radio stations in Berlin and in German-conquered lands, is pouring out torrents of words—purposeful words.

The British government considers the word offensive of the Nazis as important as the war on land, at sea, in the skies. In some ways it believes it more important. A true analysis of the verbal TNT in the propaganda shells gives a good idea of what's being planned in actual combat.

Operating on this theory, the British have introduced a method of trapping the strategists behind this Nazi word offensive. They have put four brilliant psychologists on the job as propaganda analysts. Their official function is to analyze the enemy's word shells as scientifically as British munitions experts examine fragments of bombs dropped on London by enemy planes.

Great Britain's propaganda lab in which psychoanalysts determine the true chemistry of Hitler's verbal artillery fire has been kept a secret. It still is a secret to millions of Britons. I stumbled onto the fact of its existence. The matter had to be taken up with high government officials before I was allowed to write anything about them.

When dictators bellow their threats into their radios, Miss Anne Outwaithe lends a knowing feminine ear and up pops the hidden motive. In short, diplomacy's herdish

Above is Sociologist Mark Abrams, one of the four official mind readers whose job is warning the British government—in advance—of any imminent enemy skulduggery

Only modern science, total war, and the use of radio as a weapon could have produced them. They believe that Hitler said a mouthful when he declared in Mein Kampf that "in war, words are acts." They consider this the key to the feuhrer's mental processes. Perhaps the only thing Hitler has ever said that they believe, it is the "theme song" of the psychiatric four.

They meet daily around a coffee table, they frame a weekly report which goes to the cabinet, the foreign office and the war, navy and air ministries. They scan the millions of words that pour from the microphones of Europe. Close to three hundred alert listeners and translators under supervision of the British Broadcasting Corporation take down the broadcasts of every radio station on the Continent day and night. The four study especially what is said on the ether waves from Berlin and Rome. Words are cigarette ashes, fingerprints, footsteps in the snow to these sleuths.

The broadcast words are their only clues. They refuse to listen to inside information. They won't look at secret reports. They study only the news stories and propaganda from German and Italian radio stations. For the first time in the history of military intelligence the methods of Professor Sigmund Freud are applied.

The secret four are not concerned about the truth or falsity of what is said; that is the job of the ministry of information. Words betray what is in the minds of those who speak. Words reveal intentions and plans. The text and not the facts is the important thing.

Why, for instance, does the German sender, after broadcasting comments in English, omit certain details when the same talks are made in Gaelic or Hindustani? Why are special items, presumably of general interest, stressed in news to the German public but omitted in talks to Russia or South America or to England? Why are Italian stations telling North America in Esperanto what is contradictory to broadcasts they make in Arabic or Magyar? What is the meaning of German and Italian and Russian broadcasters simultaneously touching on certain subjects in what seems to be the same language yet which on examination gives conflicting impressions?

The answers to these questions come close to letting the Axis cats out of the bag. Even when the *Deutsche Stimme* or the *Vox Romano* dissimulate they can't hide the truth from these astounding sleuths of the mike.

The secret four were the first to realize the Nazis were to launch their blitzkrieg against the Low Countries in May. They foresaw something like the magnetic mine. They predicted preparatory activity on the French coast for the invasion of Britain and certain activities in the Mediterranean. They had no doubt Italy was coming into the war. They warned of Hitler's intention regarding the French navy. They guessed the Germans would stage a peace offensive in July.

I can now reveal that the four psychologists did not believe the Nazis would invade Britain this past summer or fall. Their diagnosis—and they

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MUSIC WITH A MESSAGE

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O REID

The two loves of Prof Bennett. America's loudest player recovers his upbeat

ON a certain fall day Miss Lovey La Marr, the celebrated bubble dancer, sent off wires that resulted in some very odd characters suddenly appearing in Chicago. Lovey was well and favorably known as a very pretty lady buff who liked her bands hot and low-down, and the news that she had discovered a fifth column in the very heart of the swing industry was something to send the nation's outstanding jive masters scurrying to the Windy City.

On arrival the batons hurried to Miss La Marr's hotel They were just going into session when Mr Fats Harrison, the dean of hot trombones, came puffing into the scene He was a large, portly party, fresh from Seattle, and had made the last lap by car, his plane having been forced down in Minneapolis.

He nodded to the assembled brethren and shook hands with Miss La Marr. Lovey had very nice red hair and Irish blue eyes and came equipped with those curves that lend so much charm to a bubble-dance recital. She was very much the artiste and, as such, she had that quiet dignity of a young lady who has always kept her art on a high plane. Today, however, she was greatly upset and Mr. Harrison dispensed with the formalities.

"What goes on?" he demanded. "What's this about our being with crisis?"

Lovey gazed at him one long moment and then went over and bolted the door. The boys exchanged apprehensive looks. Mr. Frosty Moore, that small and successful clarinet, who had come by cab from Detroit, glanced nervously over his shoulder.

"Look, Lovey," he said fretfully, "let's skip this G-man stuff. I'm upset enough just being in Chicago. I once laid an egg here."

"You're upset already?" said Lovey. "Wait till you hear the lyrics!"

There was a very loud silence.

"It's Prof," she said finally. "He—he's getting married Saturday."

THE party mentioned, Mr. Prof Bennett, had long been a legend in the profession. His small, solid combo was a landmark in the swing business and Prof's horn-rimmed glasses framed a solemn, scholarly face that was greatly revered among the jitterbugs. He had such a hot lip that when he was really in the groove even his glasses steamed up. The trade's respect for his ability as a ride trumpet was only exceeded by its awe at his being with brains. He was always reading newspapers and things,

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and he had that brooding look that comes of being a thinker.

Even so, the glances the boys exchanged were exceedingly cold.

"Look, baby," said Mr. Fats Harrison, "if you think I came all the way from Seattle just to hold your hand while Prof's getting married—"

Color flared in Lovey's cheeks. It was a well-known fact that for several seasons Miss La Marr and Prof Bennett had been right on the verge of taking that trip down the aisle themselves. Then something had happened and they were doing a single again. It had been remarked that some of Prof's heaviest thinking dated from that day. Where he had been content with just magazines before, he had taken to carrying large, ominous books dealing with capitalism and the sorry fate of the masses.

Lovey was every inch the lady. "I wouldn't have Prof on toast," she said quietly. "It's—it's just that I don't want to see him making a fool of himself. Not when he'll kill off the whole swing business at the same time!"

The boys stared at her, suddenly apprehensive. It was Frosty Moore who bespoke their growing uneasiness: "You mean Prof's taking a powder?"

"But good!" she said bitterly. "He's already given up his band. He's going in for that music-with-a-message stuff."

There was a stunned silence. Finally Fats Harrison shook his head. "That don't add up to me," he said slowly. "Not unless he has suddenly become a closet drinker."

IT WAS far worse than that, said Lovey. Since Prof had been back in Chi he had met up with an intellectual cello, a Miss Vera Block. Pretty soon he was engaged to her and meeting all her friends who took him to lectures and study groups and things. Anyone but a ride trumpet could have told they were strictly pink on first sight.

But not Prof. He had always been a soft touch for the uplift trade, and the first thing you knew he was breaking up his old band and forming a salon combo. He had become convinced that swing was on its way out. It seemed it didn't have any significance.

For a moment the boys were speechless. To find that Prof Bennett, the idol of the jitterbugs, was about to do a Benedict Arnold was just too much. If he were to start giving out to the press that you didn't have to swing because it didn't mean a thing—

"Why, he's a menace to the whole band business!" Mr. Fats Harrison said bitterly. "That kind of publicity would put us all out of work!"

"I know," said Lovey, trying to keep her voice very steady. "If he wasn't marrying this lady cello he might get over it, Fats. But as it is—"

Mr. Miff Dowdey, the prominent tenor-sax man, nodded. From bitter experience he knew that once a man succumbed to that Lohengrin lockstep he would remain a dead duck. "We had better check into this at once," he said. "Where do we find Prof?"

She listlessly indicated a newspaper on her bed. According to an item therein, Mr. Bennett and his charming bride-to-be were to be guested at a garden party given by the Musicians Cultural League the following afternoon. A feature of the party would be the unveiling of a new salon group, an event that the local musical world awaited with rapt interest.

Mr. Fats Harrison glanced at his colleagues. "This makes it very simple, boys," he said. "We will just happen by and see what gives."

The lieutenant gave one horrified look at Lovey's art, then bellowed: "You can't get away with that! Call out the wagon, boys!"

ONE of the long-hairs had donated the garden of his home as the setting for the prenuptial clam bake where the boys showed the next afternoon. There was an artistic party at the door who regarded these strange callers with their checked suits and derbies very coldly indeed.

"I'm afraid there's been some mistake," he said distantly. "This affair is by invitation only."

Mr. Fats Harrison shook his head. "Not for us, sweetheart," he said. "We're Mr. Bennett's ushers. Which way do we go?"

A sudden swell of music from the garden supplied their cue. It was strictly salon stuff and they finally recognized it as the Flight of the Bumble Bee. Then Prof's trumpet was in there, lightly and politely, and as one man they surged through the door.

A hallway led through the house to the sun porch and garden. One look at that crowd on the lawn and the boys knew that Lovey's darkest suspicions about Prof's new chums were only too true. The lawn was entirely overrun with that high-forehead trade that was always eager and willing to divide anything you might have. To have a prominent colleague fall into such low company was a blow from which the band business might never recover.

"I knew this would happen," Frosty Moore said glumly; "Prof ought to have known this deep thinking is strictly for oboe players."

Mr. Fats Harrison had spotted the combo and was already shouldering his way through the mob. In a moment they were beside the impromptu stand that had been erected under an arbor. Then, for the first time, they could actually see the depths to which Prof had fallen.

There were eighteen pieces in his new combo and not a familiar face among them. Instead, there were sundry bushy-haired parties giving out on flutes and things. There were six strings and a lady cello who would have to be Prof's intended. She was a small, dark girl with braided hair and a very intense look.

"Well," said Mr. Miff Dowdey, "All I can say is that she plays a very determined cello."

PROF was leading them into the last chorus. He was a tall, grave young man with neatly parted brown hair and serious blue eyes that he closed as he reached for the high ones. He was playing a fancy trumpet with occasional fluttering touches and it wasn't Prof Bennett at all. His glasses weren't steamed up and his lip was just another lip. Nothing gave.

"It's a good thing no Variety mug is here," Fats said morbidly. "If they ever caught this act Prof would already be minus a career."

And then, hitting that last high one, Prof's eyes opened. To his horror, he found himself staring into the grim faces of five of his closest friends and associates in the gut-bucket trade. He cracked completely, achieving a small *peep* that would have sounded much better emanating from a flute. His long-hairs floundered to a halt.

Prof wet his lips and finally managed a weak smile. "I—I didn't know you boys were in town," he said. "This—this is a real surprise, fellows."

"It sure is," said Frosty Moore, still darkly eying a harpist. "One more surprise like this and I'm going to quit drinking that stuff."

Mr. Bennett had never been slow on the uptake. He caught the melody and after a minute asked warily, "You just happened by?"

"Why, Prof," Fats said reproachfully, "you should know better than that. You didn't think your old pals would let you make that trip down the aisle all alone, did you?"

Mr. Bennett shook his head slowly. "No," he said, certain now that they were waltzing him, "no, I might have known better than that."

Fats was watching the music lovers clustered around the punch bowls. On close sight they were even more offensive. The women ran to faint mustaches and the men were either too dark and determined or too pale and languid.

"These are very strange jitterbugs," he said finally. "I guess they come with the music, hunh, Prof?"

Prof knew the chips were down then. "Wait a minute," he said soberly. "I wasn't trying to pull a fast one, Fats. I was only keeping this quiet until we get back from our honeymoon." Their carefully blank faces didn't help any, and his eyes were suddenly dark and troubled. "It's—it's just that I saw we weren't accomplishing anything with that old clam-bake stuff. You know what Vera says? What we lacked was significance!"

"Significance?" said Mr. Frosty Moore.

"Sure. Civilization crumbles and what do we do? We go on rug-cutting!"

The boys glanced at one another. "We get your idea," Fats said with quiet dignity. "But naturally, we were quite upset to hear you have decided swing was dying a dog's death. When Lovey—"

Mr. Bennett froze behind his glasses. "Lovey?" he said frigidly. "I doubt that Miss La Marr could understand the actual reasons for my decision. With us, there was never a meeting of minds."

"So we heard," said Mr. Miff Dowdey. "What gave, anyhow?"

"We had a misunderstanding. I did not like her continuing as a bubble dancer and she took it as a reflection on her work. She was under the impression I did not consider it a true art."

Mr. Bennett's fiancée had been watching his callers and, sensing possible recruits for the cause, she came up now and slipped her arm through the prominent trumpet's. "I haven't met your friends, Edgar," she said reprovingly, giving them what passed for a warm smile.

Prof hurriedly made the introductions. None of them had ever met a lady cello before and only Mr. Fats Harrison could come up with a little speech. "How do you do?" he said politely. "We are always happy to meet one of Prof's fiancées."

Vera gave him a very cold stare. Prof hurriedly picked up the chorus. The boys, he explained, had come all the way across the country just to witness his wedding. Perhaps once they had met her friends and understood how much a musician could do in these troubled times—

All was instantly forgiven. "They must meet Igor!" she exclaimed. "No one can explain our mission better than he!"

AFTER she had gone off to look for him Prof, somewhat embarrassed, glanced at the boys. "I know these people seem sort of strange at first," he said, "but once you know them—"

Mr. Frosty Moore shook his head. "We don't want any of this Moscow swing, Prof. We hear that over there they do it on lampposts."

Prof was hurt. "You've got them wrong," he said. "You can be a liberal and an advanced thinker without being a Red. I wouldn't have any part of those Communists!"

"We know," Fats said soothingly. "It's simply that after a long trip we're not up to meeting with these heavy thinkers."

The salon group was already drifting back to the stand and the boys prepared

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to blow. "We'll be seeing you, Prof," said Mr. Harrison. "As a matter of fact, we would like to toss you a little dinner the night before you get married."

Prof was obviously moved at this gesture that they were still chums. "That's mighty swell of you," he began, and then his face fell. "I'm afraid Vera—"

"Look, pal," Mr. Frosty Moore said coldly, "even a bridegroom's got some rights. We'll see you at the stag."

A faraway look crept into Prof's eyes. After all, it would be a farewell to all the things that had once been close and dear to him. Even his fiancée could understand that.

"I'll be there," he said. "That's a promise, fellows."

The boys were just making their escape when Vera bore down on them with a slender, tousle-haired party known as Igor. Igor, it seemed, was the head of the Musicians Cultural League. He immediately turned on so much charm that it spilled all over the lawn and in a moment was lapping around their ankles.

He was just getting well into his song-and-dance when Mr. Fats Harrison tapped him on the shoulder. "That's mighty fine, chum," he said, "and I am only sorry we will have to skip it right now. It just happens that we are en route to a heavy conference with a bubble dancer."

MISS LA MARR'S celebrated bubble dance took place thrice nightly at the Paradise Club, and it was after the second show there that she received the steering committee, the Messrs. Harrison and Moore, in her dressing room. The other boys, they explained, had been so upset by their contact with the intelligentsia that they had adjourned to various bars and things.

Lovey had slipped on a dressing robe and somehow her eyes seemed large and tired. She had always been on the upbeat side, five feet five with eyes of jive, and Fats found her present quietness very disturbing. It looked more and more as if Lovey was with torch.

"What did Prof say?" she asked.

Fats shrugged. "He said plenty but none of it made any sense. We didn't even make a dent, Lovey."

She nodded, trying to keep the disappointment from her face.

Frosty Moore was frowning. "For a bridegroom," he said, "he did not seem to have a lot of that old I-love-you-truly. This deep thinking has caused him to meet up with a lot of pinks, and this cello is just another one of the same. So there he is—right in the middle."

"But good!" said Fats. "This music today was only a warm-up. Before he gets hep they'll have him singing The Internationale."

"I know," said Lovey. "It's no good."

"Personally," said Frosty, "I think Prof getting married is a very sound idea but is being used with the wrong parties. Once a guy has a little lady around the house he has very little time for fretting. They are always wanting a new fur benny or something and there is more talk about that than the state of the nation."

Lovey's lip trembled and Mr. Harrison gave Frosty a cold look that said certain clarinets would do well to avoid such delicate subjects.

"All I can figure," he said, "is that Prof is a gone goose unless he should happen to backslide. If that lady cello were to learn he still liked to rip it out she would certainly take it the hard way."

"So?"

Fats shrugged his massive shoulders. "So we are giving Prof a little stag before he takes the veil. Maybe something will give."

Lovey stared at him. The stag was all very good but nothing would come of it unless it reached the ears of his intended. If, however, it should become the talk of the town. . . .

Fats noticed the slow-kindling light in her eyes.

AT NINE-THIRTY on the evening before Prof was to be raffled off, the distinguished ride-men and their guest of honor assembled in a private supper room of a Loop hotel. Facing one another across the banquet table, there was only a glum silence.

It wasn't until the dinner was finished and they were on their second lap of liquid refreshment that things brightened up a bit. It was then that with a suitable, inarticulate speech, Fats presented Prof with the boys' wedding gift. It was in a large black case, and after Mr. Bennett had opened it he was so choked up that he could not speak.

It was a beautiful silver trumpet, appropriately engraved with the names of the donors. The card accompanying it said simply, "Good luck, Gate."

"We won't be billed till February on him" GEORGE SHELLHASE

"Thanks a lot, fellas," Prof said finally. "It—it makes me feel like old times just to look at it."

Mr. Fats Harrison slipped the boys the look. He had promised Lovey that at least there would be one last groove session. The boys had sent over their instruments just in case of a tie and now Fats rose to the occasion.

"Well, Prof," he said sadly, "this is it. This is where we get off. Maybe we ought to take just one chorus for old times' sake."

Prof wavered, trying to fight off the nostalgic weakness that swept over him at the sight of their eager, wistful faces. Never again would such a ride-combo be assembled in one town at one time. For the moment, Vera was forgotten.

"Well," he said weakly, "I suppose we *could* take one crack at Bugle Call Rag."

In another ten seconds they were ready for action. Prof reverently lifted the new silver trumpet to his lips. He gave them the one-two and they were off, taking it lightly and politely until they got the feel of the acoustics. Past masters of the jive, they were sitting solid at the end of the first reading. Then, ready for the onslaught, they looked up.

Prof held up one finger, indicating Mr. Fats Harrison. That ample party was immediately on his feet, taking his chorus as it came to him. He played a strictly Texas trombone, each husky inflection a little more torrid than the last. Each note was fraught with the poignancy of final parting, a last salute to a departing great. The others, filled with the same surging emotion, were in there behind him, building it.

Finally spent, Fats shot-the-likker to Frosty Moore. That eminent licorice stick seized it on the upbeat and was away, riding it higher and higher. His bitterness at certain parties who were fifth-columning Prof right out of the swing business gave his reed a fine, wild cry that had never been heard before by any of those present.

One after another, all the boys were in there speaking their pieces loud and hot. After each had taken his chorus they paid tribute to the guest of honor, leaving him the last passage for his very own.

A faint mist already spreading over his glasses, Prof sent it away. Never had the Bugle Call Rag had such a powerhouse reading; never had it been sent so high and so far in so short a time. Prof could never stop when he was really in the groove and so he went right on into Ja Da. In another four bars they were all in there, beating it right down to the bricks.

TWENTY choruses later, his glasses completely steamed up and, conscious only that it was flowing full and fast within him, Prof's trumpet swept them into I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate. Completely out-of-the-world, achieving heights that all of them knew no trumpet would ever again attain, he tore it down. The boys were still trying for a tie when they became dimly aware that a mirage was taking place in the room.

After a moment Mr. Fats Harrison vaguely realized that this visitation was not a mirage after all but, instead, was a warm and undulating fact. A few choruses before a mysterious young woman wearing a dark veil and a full-length coat had slipped into the room. Having discarded the disguise, she was now giving her all.

Lovey, wrapped only in gossamer chiffon, was giving out in the best Lady Fatima tradition. Her hands held before her eyes, palms outward, she slithered across the room. It was the first time she had ever worked without her bubble but no spectator would have complained. Even in this pagan routine Lovey was an artiste to the last muscle and kept her art on a high plane. She swirled about the room, giving with more and more abandon, the complete buff.

While even the boys regarded this as a somewhat odd tribute to pay an ex-love, it was still a most inspiring way to say adieu to life's more tender emotions. Touched by such delicate sentiments, they strove to match her tribute.

Their increasing tempo finally reached such alarming proportions that Prof gradually became aware something must be taking place. He was peering at Lovey through his misty lenses, vainly trying to reconcile his sight and his reasoning, when the arrival of a riot squad brought the evening to a fitting climax.

The beefy lieutenant gave one horrified look at Lovey's art. And, then, his professional sense of virtue outraged by such goings-on, he bellowed: "You can't get away with that in Chicago! Call out the wagon, boys! We'll take them all down to the station!"

TO THEIR horror, the boys found themselves with a public when they arrived at the bastille. Cameramen and reporters were waiting at the desk and at the sight of them Prof's darkest suspicions were confirmed. When he had recognized his erstwhile love being shoved into the wagon with them he had given her one cold look and relapsed into grim silence. Lovey, wrapped in her overcoat, had to fight back the tears.

With great glee the cameramen went into action at the sight of this newsworthy haul. Bulbs flashed, the dazed defendants were pushed this way and that, and found themselves giving incoherent statements to the press. All, that is, except Prof. He was cross-examining a reporter.

"Isn't this a rather large reception committee?" he asked coldly.

"It sure is," the man said happily. "The minute we got the tip we beat it down here. Brother, you'll make all the front pages! It's a swell tie-in with your wedding!"

It appeared that the police, too, had received a tip on the proceedings. The desk sergeant said dryly that some dame had called in and reported that at midnight some very strange happenings could be observed at a certain hotel. If they were really interested in the public morals, she said, they would do well to look into the matter.

Prof whirled on Lovey. "I knew it!" he cried. "This was your idea of fixing me up with Vera! Well, you'll find out it won't make any difference to her! You and your muscle art!"

Lovey froze at that. "Muscle art!" she raged. "Listen here, Prof Bennett—"

A matron hustled her away to her cell. The boys, still vainly protesting at the indignity of being tossed into the clink in Chicago, of all places, were led toward the men's tank.

Only Fats Harrison maintained a philosophic view on the matter. "Look,

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She Sells 'Em

By Ruth Seinfel

Annie Laurie Williams, whose specialty is selling Hollywood stories it doesn't want

Texas-born Annie Laurie Williams is the bridge between the book you read and the movie you see

WHEN Annie Laurie Williams was a kid in pigtails on her father's Texas ranch she used to dream, between roundups, of how some day she would see her name in lights on Broadway. It was a dream that failed to distinguish her in any way from thousands of other kids in pigtails. What makes Annie Laurie different is the way in which her dream came true.

She hasn't yet seen her name in lights on Broadway, and probably she never will. But she has had the thrill of walking down Broadway and seeing on theater marquees the names of plays and films that might never have got into lights except for her.

Perhaps you happened to be walking down Broadway not so very long ago, shopping for an evening's entertainment. On one side of the street a dazzling sign invited you to enjoy the film, Of Mice and Men. Farther up electric-light bulbs announced The Grapes of Wrath. Almost directly across the street a couple of acres of incandescence declared that Gone With the Wind was purveying crinoline romance in two theaters simultaneously. And downtown, in one of the legitimate theaters, you came upon Life With Father with its box office sold out two months ahead and the treasurers inside peacefully counting up stacks of dollar bills.

Annie Laurie, it is true, did not write any of these nor produce, direct or act in them. In only one of their programs was her name mentioned at all—the legitimate theater still sentimentally clings to tradition and gives credit where credit is due. In the house program of the stage comedy Miss Williams is down, along with the business manager, press representative and other useful folk, as the producer's "Literary Representative."

Another name for her, the one usually mentioned at penthouse cocktail parties, is "author's representative." In a knock-down and drag-out business conference with contracts on the table, she is that thorn in a producer's side, the agent, who knows more about the author's rights than the author does himself. But in terms that you and I understand, she is a plain and simple saleswoman.

Among the numerous ten-percenters who have their offices just east of Broadway in New York, she has probably sold Hollywood more stories Hollywood didn't think it wanted than any other agent. She has a weakness for the hard ones, and she is the only one who is not surprised when they turn out well, which they do a remarkable number of times.

She tackled Alice Hobart's Oil for the Lamps of China when her friends in the business shook their heads over its thrusts at the big oil companies; you remember the film, with Pat O'Brien. Once she picked up a novel written by a preacher and printed by a modest Chicago publisher of religious books, and it became The Magnificent Obsession. With The Green Light and other successes. Lloyd Douglas has been one of her most solvent authors, and the movies are at present angling for his newest book, Invitation to Live. She has just sold John Steinbeck's The Red Pony to Lewis Milestone, and his Flight has been bought by Pare Lorenz. In addition to these, she has sold Paramount a book by a comparative unknown, Nelson Hayes, from which Dildo Cay is being made.

You Can't Budge Annie

But her greatest achievement was convincing Hollywood that a story about the Civil War and another story about migratory workers in California would make box-office successes as movies. Both these projects were regarded as highly improbable, to say the least. But, since Annie Laurie was promoting them, the picture people listened carefully. Picture people look upon Annie Laurie with affection and respect. The respect becomes positive awe when it comes to talking price. You can't budge Annie Laurie on price.

Thus primed, you meet the Texas girl with the sentimental name—and the meeting is guaranteed to startle you out of a year's growth. There she stands, not very tall, pleasingly plump, golden-haired and blue-eyed. She doesn't call you honey chile or you-all—she paid good money to dramatic coaches to have all that ironed out of her speech when she came to New York. But she is wearing her favorite color, baby blue, and a baby-blue bonnet to match is demurely tied under her rounded chin. In this innocent array she is on her way, like as not, to close a deal for a hundred grand and not a penny less.

You might jump to the conclusion that the baby-blue effect is put on with a purpose. But Broadway and Hollywood know well that Annie Laurie is no babe in the mazda-lighted woods. And you wouldn't catch her wasting time on a role that deceived no one.

No, she wears her pretties because she likes them, just as she likes vegetables and doesn't like meat. She hasn't tasted meat since the age of eight, when Papa insisted she try a mouthful of Texas longhorn. Papa said she wouldn't grow strong on just vegetables. To which Annie Laurie retorted that the herd bull out in the pasture didn't care for meat either, and he was doing all right.

Papa gave up after that, and he wasn't the last man to bow to Annie Laurie. One picture executive confessed that bucking her was like bucking a stone wall with rambler roses sweetly twining. Nor are the roses without thorns, he said. Twentieth Century-Fox—not his own company, naturally—could back him up on that.

Texans Never Surrender

The Zanuck outfit is said to have nursed pricked fingers for quite a while after Annie Laurie sold them The Grapes of Wrath. The trade had already warned her she would never sell Steinbeck's novel—a warning which is practically a guarantee of success to Annie Laurie by now—and that if she did sell it it would never be the story Steinbeck wrote. She fixed that by knocking $5,000 off the asking price of $75,000 in return for a clause giving the author supervision over the filming, and she also asked for Nunnally Johnson to write the screen play and John Ford to direct it, and got them.

The ink on Zanuck's signature was barely dry when she was back in the Fox office. There was an unpleasant rumor, she murmured, that Zanuck never meant to produce this film which had the California farmers already embattled. It was being said that the bank that pays Zanuck's bills would never permit the money to be used for such a picture. Could such a thing be true? she asked, opening her eyes wide. No, no, a thousand times no, vowed the Fox office. The story went into production.

Throughout the filming she carried on her campaign of gentle but relentless heckling. She carried every rumor back to home base—it wouldn't be released, it would be released but not in California, and so on and on. If Mr. Zanuck ever suffered the doubts ascribed to him by gossip—and there is no sworn evidence that he did—Annie Laurie wasn't taking any chances on his succumbing to them. Texans didn't surrender the Alamo, either.

The whispers were that the picture wouldn't be a box-office success, anyway. So Annie Laurie made a little trip to the coast and found out what she wanted to know about grosses, including California. She nods with secretive complacency now when the subject of box office is mentioned.

The stone-wall-with-rambler-roses aspect of her character is one reason for her success, no doubt. But she isn't particularly conscious of that part of it, herself. It just comes naturally to a Texan. She has two rules, however, which could be as useful in selling cars and vacuum cleaners as literary creations.

Number One is: Sell only what you believe in. Number Two: Be careful how you brag about your salesmanship.

(Continued on page 45)

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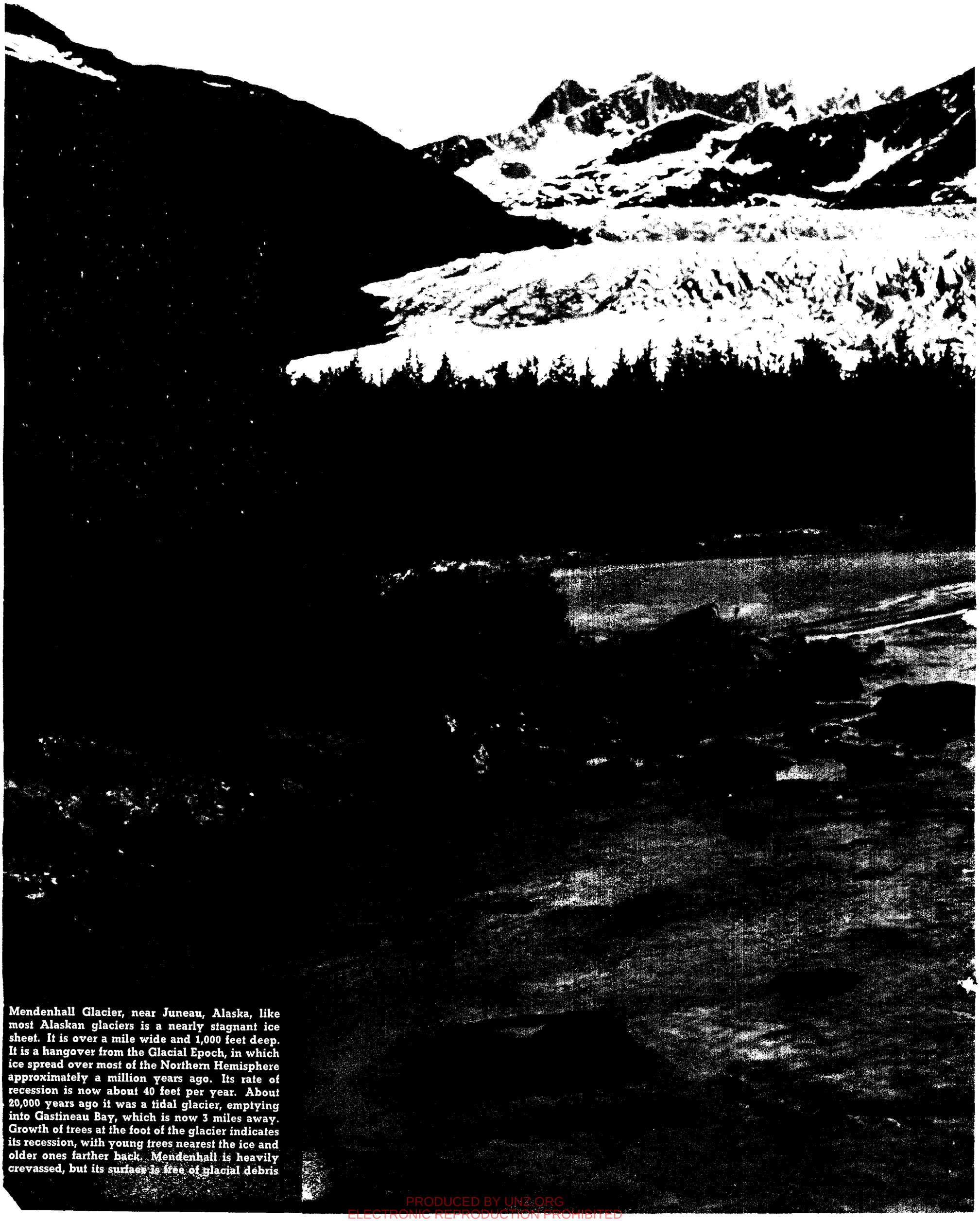

Mendenhall Glacier, near Juneau, Alaska, like most Alaskan glaciers is a nearly stagnant ice sheet. It is over a mile wide and 1,000 feet deep. It is a hangover from the Glacial Epoch, in which ice spread over most of the Northern Hemisphere approximately a million years ago. Its rate of recession is now about 40 feet per year. About 20,000 years ago it was a tidal glacier, emptying into Gastineau Bay, which is now 3 miles away. Growth of trees at the foot of the glacier indicates its recession, with young trees nearest the ice and older ones farther back. Mendenhall is heavily crevassed, but its surface is free of glacial debris

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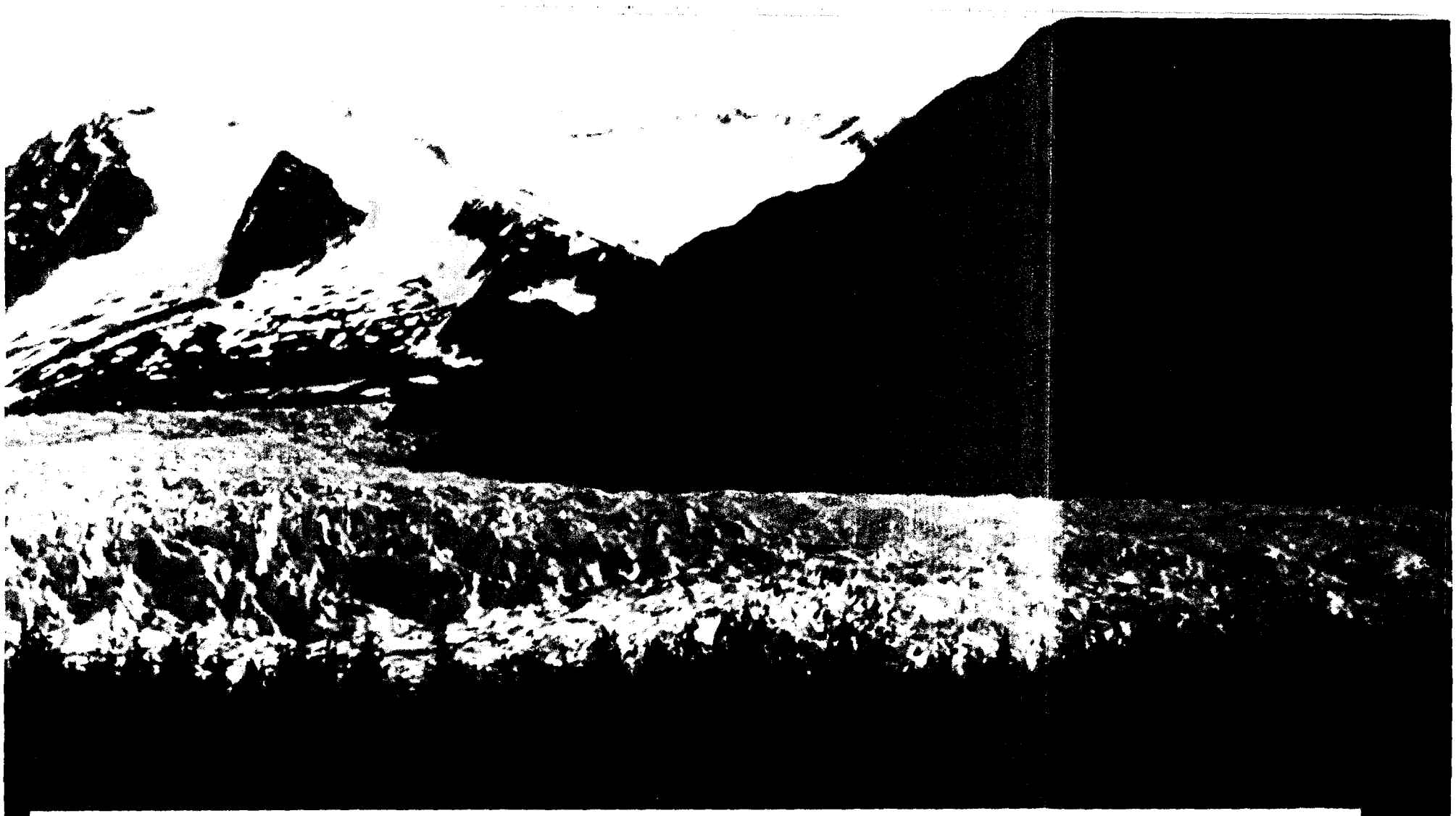

Uncle Sam's Icebox

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

The threatened invasion that Alaska fears most is a peaceful one. Well-meaning lawmakers want to colonize the territory with European refugees, and the Alaskans ask: "Who is going to feed them? Where are the jobs for them? Why raid the icebox?"

CHILKOOT SAM summed the whole thing up. He crumpled his copy of the Fairbanks News-Miner—it happened to contain a lengthy account of the proposed International Highway from The States to Alaska—and wadded it indignantly into a tight ball: "Highways! Farm colonies! Resettlement plans!" He stuffed the newspaper into the stove, and touched a match. "Trouble is," he grumbled, replacing the rusty stove lid with a bang, "people in The States got no more idea what Alaska's like than the back of their own neck. . . ."

It has taken the threat of a war with Japan to open our eyes to Alaska. After half a century of neglect—the late General Billy Mitchell warned that Alaska was "the Achilles' heel of American defense"—we have finally awakened to the danger that threatens this forgotten possession of ours in the Arctic, seventy miles from Russia and seven hundred from Japan. Day and night the Navy is rushing to complete new bases along the coast; the Army is constructing big airdromes and emergency landing fields in the interior; troops and planes are being sent north posthaste to augment Alaska's regular garrison of three hundred soldiers and one antique brass cannon, planted with geraniums. Today we are spending fifty million dollars to defend our most vulnerable territory, which experts say may be the springboard some day for an enemy invasion of our entire northwestern United States.

And yet, for all our sudden concern about Alaskan defense, not one American in a hundred could give a good description of the place to a policeman if he were ever lost. The popular conception of the territory, based on a hazy memory of grammar-school geographies, is of a land of perpetual ice and snow, populated by grinning Eskimos who live in geometrical igloos and hunt polar bears and walruses all night beneath the Midnight Sun. It is going on toward a century since we bought Alaska from Russia, and still the average American has only the vaguest idea of what we got for our money.

When Secretary Seward laid his $7,200,000 on the line, he acquired a vast Arctic empire some 600,000 square miles in area, one fifth the size of the whole United States. Alaska is a land so large that if it were superimposed on The States it would lap over into both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and extend from Mexico to Canada; so expansive that its coast line is actually several thousand miles longer than the coast line of the United States itself; so near that today, thanks to Pan American's new Alaska Clipper, you can dine in New York one night and in Juneau the next.

Despite the fact that almost a third of Alaska is north of the Arctic Circle, the bulk of it is very temperate. The southern panhandle enjoys a milder year-round climate than Oregon and Washington with a temperature rarely dropping to zero. Fairbanks, near the Circle, ranges in a year from summer readings of 100 degrees above, hotter than Chicago or New York, to winter temperatures as extreme as seventy degrees below. On the other hand, Alaska's northernmost settlement, Point Barrow, actually does not get as cold in winter as Butte, Montana. Incredible as it seems, the snowfall along the Arctic Ocean is not as heavy as that of Virginia.

Alaska has almost fabulous natural richness. In addition to fish and fur and timber and gold, its mineral resources include iron, oil, copper, tin, nickel, tungsten, zinc—most of the vital materials, as Tokyo is doubtless aware, to supply a nation at war. To date, the value of Alaska's exports has exceeded a billion and a quarter—a nice turnover on Mr. Seward's investment. And yet, for all its intrinsic wealth, it is still almost virgin territory; you fly from Whitehorse to Fairbanks, a distance of 560 miles, and you sight just one dwelling on the way. The entire population of Alaska, native and white, would not fill the Yale Bowl on a Saturday afternoon.

"Well," certain interests in Washington say promptly, "let's get some more people up there, quick. If Alaska can support seventy thousand, why not seventy million? Here's a territory as big as Finland and Sweden and Norway combined; it ought to have a population as big. Let's increase its residents, expand its industries, make use of its vast natural resources. Not only would public colonization of Alaska develop the country, but," they are always careful to add, "it is vital from the standpoint of defense."

You see, the word defense these days has become a sort of political armor. Just cross your fingers and holler "national emergency," and nobody will dare touch you. And so, using the convenient label of Alaskan Defense, private promoters and racial groups in Washington are taking advantage of our strained Far East relations to push forward a dozen pet schemes of their own—such projects as the King-Havenner Bill, for example, which would colonize Alaska overnight by admitting a million alien refugees from Europe, or the proposed International Highway from The States, which would throw Alaska open to all the itinerant Okies and Arkies without jobs at home.

How do Alaskans themselves feel about such plans? What do the businessmen of the territory think of those projects to develop Alaska by public colonization?

We talked with a lot of them this summer. We asked merchants in Fairbanks and Nome, traders along the Yukon and the Kuskokwim, trappers in the Kenai, commercial fishermen in Bristol Bay, storekeepers in Anchorage and Cordova and Juneau; and everywhere we heard the same answer: "The best way to develop Alaska is to let it

JOHN KABEL

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develop itself. Don't burden us with government farm colonies like Matanuska that will have no possible market for the stuff they raise. Don't mortgage our future by building an International Highway that will straddle us with a migrant population we can't possibly absorb.

"Don't unload a million aliens on us and upset our entire economic system, as well as create a fertile field for subversive activity that would threaten our very security in these troubled times. Alaska's future lies in a slow and normal growth from within. We'll develop naturally, prosperously, permanently, if they'll just give us time. Please, Mr. Ickes, leave Alaska alone."

As for defense, Chilkoot Sam was brief and to the point: "They say we ought to have as many people here as Finland and Sweden and Norway. They say it'll protect the country. Well, all I got to say," ramming another stick of wood into the stove, "look what happened to Finland and Sweden and Norway. . . ."

For, of all the popular misconceptions of Alaska, the most popular is this idea that the territory is a land of dreams come true, a paradise of milk and honey and slippered ease, an Eldorado where you can shoot moose and duck from your back porch and turn over solid-gold nuggets whenever you hoe your potatoes.

"In fact," says the Juneau Chamber of Commerce plaintively, "our most important problem in Alaska today is to find employment for some of the thousands of men and women who have been lured here from The States by just such publicity, representing the territory as a land of easy wealth and ready for immediate settlement. Such publicity has been very harmful for them and for us."

Alaska Needs No Okies

The chambers of commerce in the territory, the businessmen, the residents want to develop Alaska, of course; but they know the dangers of planned colonization, the disastrous effect on the whole future of the territory should it ever become a mere public dumping ground. "We do not believe," warns the Juneau Chamber, "that any bona fide development can ever be accomplished by settlement of immigrants in advance of industry."

Already there is an unemployment problem in Alaska; there are more unskilled laborers in the territory right now than there are jobs; the situation will be worse as soon as the present air-base construction is finished.

"What will happen," Alaskans wonder, "if they build this International Highway and a whole migrant army starts arriving from The States in battered jaloppies, with mattresses tied on top and a sign on back: 'Alaska—AND Bust!' Who'll feed 'em when the cold weather sets in?"

Let's look at this much-ballyhooed highway a little closer for a moment. For some years one Donald MacDonald, a Fairbanks engineer, has constituted himself a sort of one-man lobby to boost this idea of building a 2,300-mile dirt road from The States to Alaska—five sixths of it over Canadian soil. The cost, he claims, would be only thirteen million dollars. Other and less enthusiastic Alaskan engineers disagree with this figure violently. They point out, for example, that the cost of a single mile of road in the territory may run as high as $50,000; that Mr. MacDonald's highway would cross pretty difficult terrain; that trestles five miles long might be needed to span some treacherous glacial valleys. "The bridges alone," they told us, "would come to more than his entire original estimate."

Recently, Washington sent former Assistant Secretary of War Louis Johnson to make a tour of inspection of the proposed route; and as a result Mr. Johnson reported to the President that the cost of the highway would run to at least seventy-eight million dollars—six times Mr. MacDonald's figure, and half again as much as the total current appropriation for Alaskan defense.

Nor would the original cost alone be prohibitive. Landslides, spring freshets, blizzards and ice would be perennial problems. Although the snowfall over parts of the route is comparatively light, drifts are so high elsewhere that the Richardson Highway (with which the proposed International Highway would connect at Big Delta) can be kept open only four months out of a year. Trucking costs would be so steep that water freight would automatically be chosen. Even the average tourist, contemplating a vacation trip to Alaska, would think twice before essaying a journey of 4,000 miles over a hazardous dirt road, with gas running up to a dollar a gallon.

The Road Nobody Wants

Doubtless the whole project would have died of natural causes and been dismissed long since as just another promoter's pipe dream, had it not been for (cross your fingers) the war. Army officials in Anchorage told us flatly this summer that such a highway from The States, open to traffic only a part of each year but open the year round to possible sabotage, would come well down at the bottom of any list of defense requirements. You can sink a boat without destroying a waterway, they said, but a single well-placed stick of dynamite would put a mountain highway out of commission for many months.

Even Canada, through which the lion's share of the highway would pass, seemed curiously apathetic at the prospect of receiving this handsome gift; when we mentioned it in Ottawa they smiled and shrugged it off as a West Coast politicians' catnip mouse. The only military approval that we heard was voiced by the Air Corps, which told us that a number of much-needed emergency landing strips could be built at intervals along its right of way; but they did not tell us why the same number of emergency fields could not be built, without the highway, at a fraction of the cost.

Progressive businessmen in Juneau have an alternate suggestion. "If money is to be spent on Alaska roads," they are urging Washington by letter and petition, "why not a good arterial system of better highways in the interior, connecting important settlements and military bases not only with one another but with coastal ports?

"Why not a swap with Canada, offering them a thirteen-mile right of way and dock site at Skagway, in exchange for a right of way for ourselves from the coastal port of Haines across Yukon Territory to the present Nebesna extension of the Richardson Highway? Such a trunk line to Fairbanks, with its network of connecting lines, would be more important to the territory than a dozen International Highways—and, with the terminus in Alaska, we could develop our industries normally without having our economic balance upset by a sudden jobless migration from The States."

Not that Alaskans are inhospitable.

(Continued on page 40)

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"Tobacco's my bread and butter," says Connor Aycock, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C.

"I have to know good leaf—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

LUCKIES pay the price to get the better tobaccos . . . tobaccos that are worth the money because they're *milder.*

Independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for.

Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

That's worth remembering, especially if you're smoking more today. For the more you smoke, the more you want such a genuinely mild cigarette.

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

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Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 22

laughter frequent, her wit ready. She had them all laughing . . . all except Feets, who looked at her occasionally and shook his head as though he saw something that worried him.

Dinner ended. The men shoved back from the table and barged outside. In the twilight, Pat could hear the clink of horseshoes as they renewed the daily rivalry. She walked out on the veranda, unaware of Eddie's gaze as he looked after her.

He remained at the table for a while, then rose and started for the door. The veranda was empty when he reached it. The boys were having a fine time with their horseshoe-pitching. The evening was cool and pleasant. Somewhere from the back of the house came Feets' rich basso:

"Look down, look down
That lonesome road . . .
Befo' you travel on. . . ."

The mood of it seemed right. It sort of got under Eddie's skin: did things to him emotionally. His eyes quested into the distance and in the half-light of the woods he caught a glimpse of something moving. Something white moving slowly toward the river. Patricia's bravely gay little white dress.

He followed—not knowing why. The woods whispered to him and soothed him. In the gathering shadows they looked great and formidable, and Pat seemed infinitesimal. He walked faster . . . and found her standing by the river, looking down at the tranquil stream. Instinctively, he was gentle. He said, "What's the matter, kid?"

Pat dared not look at him. She dared not face his gentleness. She said, "Nothing. . . ."

"Don't give me that." Eddie was trying to snap her out of whatever was on her mind. "You've had the jitters for three days. Why?"

"Don't . . ." She choked the words back. She wanted to say, "Don't be nice to me, Eddie. I can't stand it." She forced herself to face him, compelled herself to smile. "You're crazy, Eddie," she said with simulated gaiety. "I'm not jittery. I'm not worried. I never felt better in my life. I'm happy and contented and . . ."

Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She seemed tiny and helpless and utterly feminine at that moment. She didn't know that she swayed toward him, nor did she hear her own voice break as she said, "Oh, Eddie . . ."

In Eddie Gordon's eyes there was a light of uncertainty. Awkwardly he took one step toward her. Awkwardly he put his arms about her trembling body. And then her defenses crumbled completely. She clung to him . . . clung to him and sobbed.

"Eddie . . ." she said. "I—I need Pop so *terribly* much . . ."

For a moment he let her cry; unaware of the fact that he was holding her close against him; unaware of everything except that here was a girl who was hurt and frightened and utterly tired.

"Take it easy, kid," he counseled. "Take it easy. You're doing all right."

She pulled away a little and tried to control the quivering of her lips. "You couldn't understand, Eddie. It's being up here—alone; trying to do everything right . . . staying awake nights remembering how important it is . . . and every once in a while when things go wrong, I find myself thinking, 'I'll ask Pop what to do' . . . and that's when I go to pieces."

Eddie was shaken. Here was a Pat he'd never seen before; a Pat he'd never suspected. He, too, felt all choked up inside. And so he put one big, powerful hand under her chin and compelled her to look up at him.

"Snap out of it!" he ordered in a voice which he thought was gruff. "Snap out of it, Pat." He groped for words with which to explain things. "You've got to," he pleaded. "This is the one thing in the world I'm not man enough to take."

JOE BARTON raged past the protesting secretary and shoved open the door of Max Ellison's private office. His hard young eyes bored into the kindly ones of the older man and he said sharply, "I want to talk to you."

Max ignored the metallic tone of the other's voice, and pointed with a pink finger to a chair next to the desk. "Sit down, Joe," he murmured. "Who put salt in your coffee this morning?"

Barton leaned across the desk and fired a question: "Where's Babs?"

"Don't *you* know?"

"Listen, Mr. Ellison—if I knew, would I be here asking you?" He made an angry gesture. "I've been getting the run-around for a week. Every time I call the house, they tell me she's out. Well, she ain't out all the time."

Max rubbed pudgy palms together. "It wasn't a run-around, Joe. Babs has been away."

"Where?"

"Some hotel in New Jersey called the Graymont. She's been there for a week."

"Graymont! That's right near Eddie Gordon's training camp."

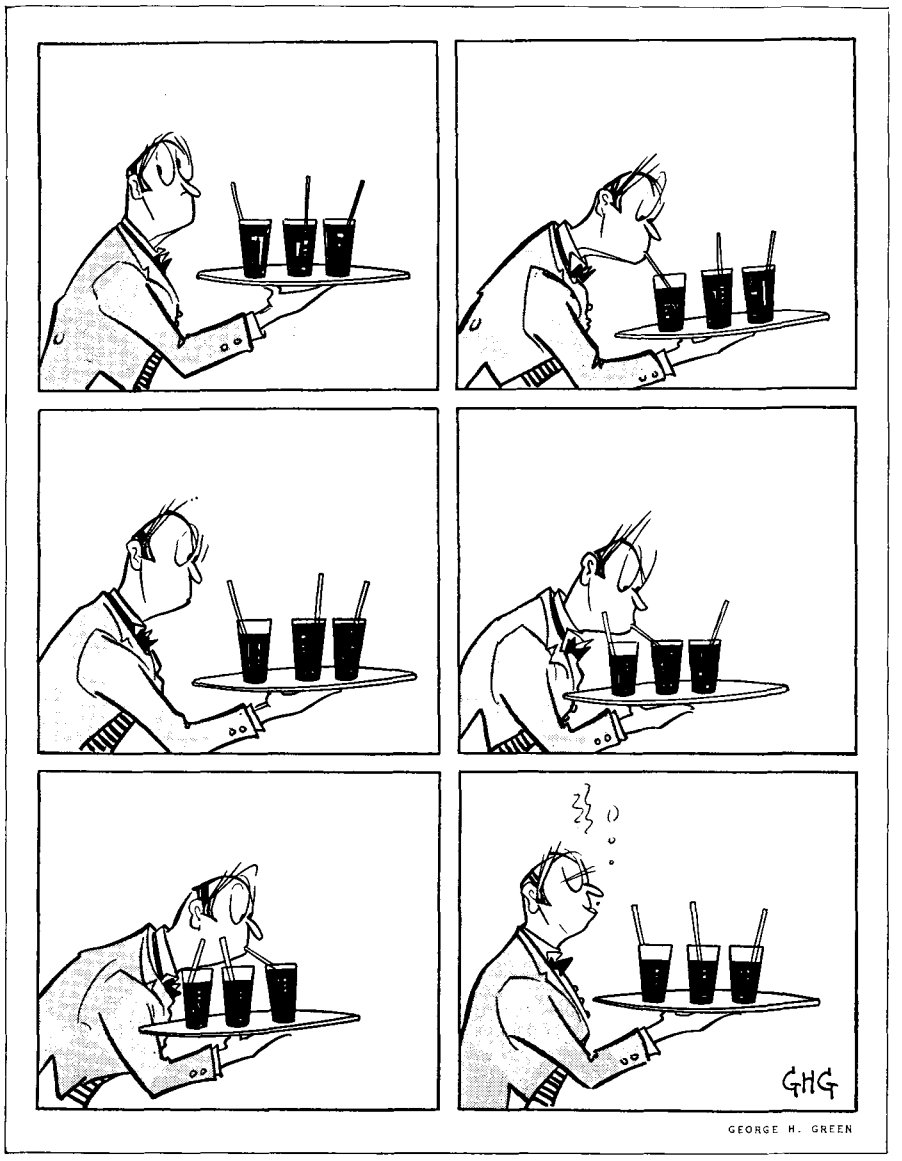
"So I understand."

"Why the hell didn't somebody tell me she was there?"

"It didn't seem awful important, Joe."

"Important!" Barton said something very profane. "I'm gonna see that guy. I'm gonna talk to Babs . . ." He whirled and walked swiftly out of the room. Once on the street he called a taxi and gave the address of the garage where he kept his car. Twenty minutes later he was zigzagging through traffic, headed for the Holland Tunnel—and New Jersey. . . .

Meanwhile, at the training camp, Eddie had finished his daily grind and was seated on a bench under the trees. For ten minutes Feets Johnson hovered over him, suggesting that this was the right time for a rubdown and shower, but Eddie had sent him away so that he could devote his undivided attention to the girl at his side.



GEORGE H. GREEN

Babs was sitting very close to him. Her hand rested on his forearm, as though by accident and she said, "Every time I drift over, Eddie—the place looks prettier."

"Yeah. It's pretty enough."

Her eyes were intent. "I'm having a good time," she stated. "Even if I do look like poison ivy to some folks."

He glanced at her sharply. "What's eating on you?"

"It isn't me. I'm okay with myself. But your gal friend doesn't like me for little green apples."

"Pat?" He laughed shortly. "You're nuts."

"No, I'm not." Babs' hard, pretty little face was serious. "She thinks I'm bad for what ails you. She thinks I'm leading you down the primrose path."

"Primrose path!" Eddie was amused. "You!"

"She's been reading my mind," stated Miss Ellison. "I would if I could, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind. You talk a swell game, Babs—but I think it's all breeze. If anybody made a pass at you, you'd jump over the top of that pine tree yonder."

"Try it," she invited. "I'm really not a good jumper." She shook her head and smiled. "I'm asking you, Eddie—am I better for you here or somewhere else?"

"That's a goofy question."

"Not so screwy. We've been stepping out nights. You've been dancing at the Graymont four times in the last week. That means late bedtime . . . bad for little boys who want to fight. You're meeting Grogan in exactly one week—"

HE LOOKED at her steadily. "All right, Babs—you asked for it, and I'll hand it to you. Pat has been getting in my hair. She doesn't like you. So what? I do. I take orders from her about my training. When I finish the daily grind, I'm my own boss."

"Spoken like a gent . . . or a fool." Babs looked directly at him. "You're on edge, Eddie. Maybe you don't know it, but you are."

"Everybody's on edge around here. Snarling and growling—"

"You're doing your share."

"So I'm doing my share. I don't like being treated like a baby. I don't like someone watching every mouthful I eat, every step I take. I don't like Pat Mallory telling me whether I can leave camp at night, or sitting up to see what time I come in."

"I thought you and she were getting along pretty well."

"We did—for a while. I tried my darnedest to be nice, and so did she . . . but it didn't last."

"Why?"

"You know the answer to that one. I suppose she's all right in her own way, and maybe I am too, but we simply don't gee."

Babs said, "You're a dumb bunny, Eddie."

"Meaning what?"

"Nothing . . . Which brings us back to where we came in. I have a hunch that Miss Mallory is boiling inside and that the lid is going to blow off pretty soon. When it does, what's my act? Do I scram—or stay?"

"You do whatever you prefer."

"Do you like having me around?"

"Sure I do." He smiled thinly. "It's a break . . . yeah, I like you around. You aren't so bad."

She veiled her eyes so that he might see neither the happiness nor the hurt he had caused. "Women aren't awfully popular with you, are they, Eddie?"

"I like 'em. When they act like females." He made a gesture of impatience. "I wish the fight was over. I'm getting sick and tired of this grind. Maybe I'm not in the best of shape. How could I be, with things eating on me like they're doing?" He took her arm and turned her so that she was looking at him. "You stick where you are, Babs. I like having you around."

She asked, "Does that mean that you like me or that you are sore at Pat Mallory?"

"Forget Pat. I don't pay any attention to her, one way or the other. Does that satisfy you?"

"It'll do," she said quietly. "Until something better can be fixed up."

They looked up as a long, sleek convertible ground to a stop just beyond the entrance gate. A slim, wiry young

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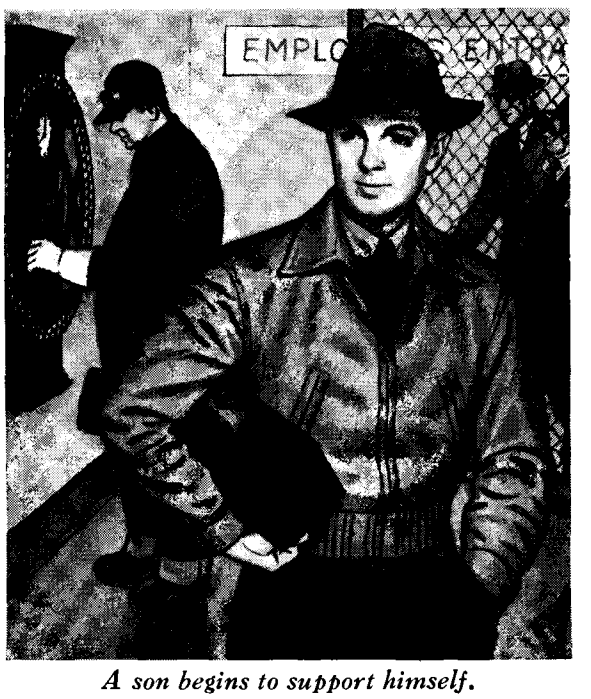
A Metropolitan policyholder gets married.

There is a birth in the family of a policyholder.



A son begins to support himself.

When Circumstances Alter Cases

WHEN YOU BUY a life insurance policy, just as when you buy anything else, you want to spend your dollars in the wisest possible manner.

Metropolitan also wants you to do this. That is why its agents are given continuous training in how to help you select the kind of life insurance that best fits your needs. Moreover, through the agent you have access to the counsel and advice of Home Office experts.

But the insurance program that fits your needs today may not fit your needs tomorrow. Changes in your income, or in your family obligations, make it advisable for you to review your life insurance program from time to time.

Suppose, for example, a policyholder gets married, or there is a birth in a policyholder's family. Each may call for a change of beneficiary in present policies, and perhaps the addition of new policies.

Or again, a policyholder gets an increase in salary. This may mean that he should expand his life insurance program.

Another policyholder's income may be reduced, due to unemployment, a business reversal, extended illness, or new and unexpected expenditures. In some cases, his insurance may be rearranged on a more modest basis. In other cases, it may be possible to help him keep his present insurance program by changing his premium payments to more convenient intervals.

Decreases in responsibilities sometimes suggest changes, too. Daughters marry, a beneficiary dies, a son begins to support himself, or an older policyholder decides to retire. In almost every case, it is advisable to review the manner in which the insurance money is to be paid.

These are only a few of the countless problems that develop in the families of Metropolitan's 29,000,000 policyholders.

As such problems arise, your Metropolitan agent is always ready to help you solve them, and to give you the benefit of special training and experience. In fact, Metropolitan maintains, at the Home Office, a number of departments especially equipped to assist the agent in keeping your insurance program fitted to your needs.

In just one of these departments, a group of experts is kept busy, day in and day out, considering more than 4,000 proposed changes each week in Ordinary policies alone. In another department, more than 4,200 proposals affecting Industrial policies are considered each week. Metropolitan makes more than 11,000 changes of beneficiary each week, and more than 75,000 so-called transfers, occasioned by changes of address and other causes.

These are only a few of the many types of changes which Metropolitan is called upon to consider. If you are a Metropolitan policyholder, we urge you to keep the Company informed of any changes which may arise in your insurance needs. It is especially important to inform the Company promptly of changes in your address, so that your Metropolitan agent may keep in touch with you and give you the benefit of his services.

For, as a Metropolitan policyholder, you are entitled at all times to the advice and help of your agent, without obligation.

A business promotion or salary increase.

An older policyholder decides to retire.

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This is Number 33 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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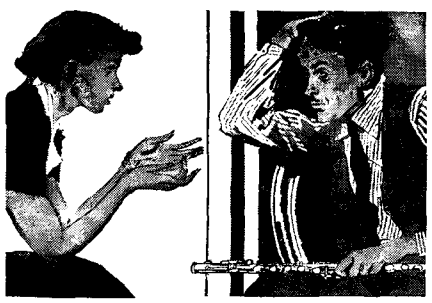
So he's promised to love, honor... and throw away his flute!

1. I no sooner rented a room to this handsome young fellow than he turned out to be a flute player! About midnight he started tooting a big silver flute, and the other tenants started banging on the water pipes!

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

2. He had paid in advance, so I couldn't throw him out. But after two hours of torment, the other tenants served notice that it was him or them! So I made an effort to reason with this flute addict before calling the cops.

3. "Nobody can sleep!" I pointed out. "Neither can I!" he replied. "I drank coffee at dinner! I seldom touch it—it keeps me awake! But tonight I couldn't resist—so I can't sleep. Playing the flute quiets my nerves!"



4. "Drink Sanka Coffee!" I told him. "Delicious coffee... but it's 97% caffein-free and can't keep you awake!" "You're a pretty widow, and I like you," he replied, "but I *know* that *any* coffee will keep *me* awake!"

5. "Try Sanka!" I said. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" "I *might* try it," he said, "for *you!*"

6. We didn't hear the flute the next night. The following morning he came downstairs, crying: "It worked! I switched to Sanka and I slept fine." (P. S.—Now he's proposing to me! How you going to figure these flute players, anyway?)

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

man leaped out and strode into the grounds and Babs said, "This is all we needed . . ."

Joe Barton strode up to them and spoke to Babs without giving so much as a nod to Eddie.

"What's the idea of giving me the brush-off?" he asked furiously.

She looked up at him with infuriating indifference. She said, "Quite a dramatic entrance, Joe."

"I've taken all I'm gonna take. You fixed it so I wouldn't know where you were. I've been burning for a week . . ."

Eddie Gordon rose and looked down on the pallid face of the smaller man. He said quietly, "Why all the excitement, Joe?"

BARTON was too angry to be cautious. He snapped. "That's none of your damned business."

Eddie shrugged. "If you want to get nasty . . ."

Babs had risen, too, and there was disgust in her voice. "Don't pay any attention, Eddie. He's a runt with a big-man complex. Let's go."

But Eddie did not move away. He said, "Joe doesn't bother me. I simply can't figure where I get in on this."

Barton looked at Babs and then at Eddie. He was silent for a moment and then said surlily, "I'm sorry I popped off, Eddie."

The young fighter smiled. "Okay, Joe. Forget it."

Barton turned his attention once more to Babs. "I suppose," he said caustically, "that you've been helping Eddie train."

"I've done my best . . ."

A figure appeared from behind a hedge and moved forward. None of the trio noticed Pat Mallory until her quiet, pleasant voice broke in on the harshness of the scene. Pat said, "Hello. What goes on?"

Babs said, "The little fellow's been putting on a mad act."

"Lay off, Babs," growled Eddie. "That sort of stuff's not going to get you anywhere."

But Pat was not listening. She had moved into the circle and was gazing intently at the cold, angry face of the newcomer.

She said, "Aren't you Joe Barton?"

Barton looked up. A red light of warning flashed in his brain. He became cold, cautious, on guard. He said, "Yes."

Eddie glanced from Pat to Joe Barton and back to Pat again. "You two know each other?"

Pat smiled and nodded. "Slightly. Mr. Barton paid me a visit in Birmingham."

Barton said carefully, "I just happened to be driving through . . ."

But now Eddie was showing interest. He was staring at Barton as though trying to piece things together in his own mind. He asked, "When were you in Birmingham, Joe?"

Barton shrugged. "Hell—I don't remember."

Pat broke in. "I do," she said. "It was the day after Pop's funeral."

"Hmmm!" Eddie was still wrestling with an idea. "Maybe *that* explains it."

"Explains what?" asked Barton.

"This funny feeling I've had that I'd seen you somewhere. Maybe it was in Birmingham."

"That's nuts." Barton dared not look straight at the other man. He felt tight and cold inside. He said, "You didn't see me in Birmingham."

But Eddie wasn't convinced. "I'm not so sure about that, Joe. Somewhere in the back of my mind is a picture of you. I can't quite groove it. . . ."

"What difference does it make?" Barton turned away and spoke to Babs: "Can you spare me a half-hour?"

She said, "It all depends on whether you try to act like a sane person."

"I will. Come along."

They walked off together, and Pat said to Eddie, "There's something about Barton that I don't like."

Eddie shrugged. "Just a terrier trying to bark like a Great Dane."

"Maybe. But his eyes . . ." She tried to smile. "I didn't know I was stepping into something. I've been wanting to speak to you for a half-hour."

"What prevented?"

"I figured it wouldn't be awfully smart to break in on your scene with Miss Ellison. When Barton showed up—that seemed to be my entrance cue."

Eddie was instantly on the defensive: "What about Babs?"

"Nothing about her. But you should have gone in long ago for your rubdown. Cooling off out here . . . that's not so good."

"I can take care of myself."

He turned abruptly and walked toward the entrance gate, his fighting shoes scuffing up little clouds of dust with each step.

He stood leaning against the ancient stone pillar. Barton and Babs were climbing into Joe's car. And then, for a moment, Eddie forgot Pat Mallory, forgot his own edginess, forgot the fight that was just one week away.

Once again a thought—a picture—was trying to force itself into his consciousness. He had the feeling that he'd seen that car somewhere. He couldn't place it, but somehow . . . that car . . . Joe Barton . . .

The car whirled off in a cloud of dust. Babs turned to the young man at her side.

"Funny," she commented.

"What's funny?"

"The way Eddie Gordon was staring at your car. He seemed fascinated by it."

But Joe Barton did not answer. He kept his hard, gray eyes focused on the road ahead.

Joe Barton was thinking. He was thinking, "Something's got to happen to that guy—and soon."

IT WAS pleasant there in the hammock under the big oak. Pat relaxed physically and tried to relax mentally, but her efforts were only partially successful.

The hammock swayed gently and the day itself was gentle, but Pat's thoughts were not. Nor, for that matter, were they coherent. They went off at crazy angles, and they'd been doing that for days . . . which was why she had telephoned Cliff Halliday and why she was alert to the sound of every passing motor.

Feets Johnson appeared from the rear of the house and hovered uncertainly in the vicinity of the hammock. There was genuine affection reflected in his dark face as he looked down at Pat's half-closed eyes. Once or twice he shook his head, and then he spoke in a voice scarcely above a whisper. He asked, "Is you wakin' or sleepin', Miss Patricia?"

She stirred, opened her eyes and smiled. "I'm wide awake—and waiting."

"Yassum. Fo' which?"

"Mr. Halliday is due here any minute."

Feets smiled with approval. "He's quality folks, Miss Patricia. He sho-nuff is."

She sat up straight and asked the question he had known she would ask: "How's Eddie?"

Feets hesitated. "Not so good an' not so bad," he stated doubtfully. "Ise kind of worried, Miss Patricia. Mistuh Eddie should be in real fust-class shape fo' that fight—an' tha's somethin' he ain't."

She said, "That's the very thing I want to discuss with Mr. Halliday."

"Yassum. He's the good-advisenest gemmun I know."

"And you?" Pat made an effort to

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change the subject: "You aren't lookin' so fit yourself, Feets."

"No'm. What I got is misery."

"Why?"

"Me an' Magenta has acquired too dawggone much proximity."

"Was I wrong to hire her?"

"No'm, Miss Patricia, not if you was cravin' a good cook. But as a wife . . ." Feets' woebegone expression brought a smile to her lips. "An' somewhere she's been hearin' 'bout Marvel Geech which wuks fo' Miss Barbara. Magenta has been snoopin', an' when she snoops I git ready to flee."

Pat said, "But she *is* a grand cook . . ." A car whirled in from the road. "Here's Cliff," she said. "Be seeing you later, Feets."

"Yassum." Feets waved at Cliff Halliday and ambled off, his brain filled with acute personal problems.

CLIFF took both of Pat's hands in his and smiled down at her. "Not so good," he commented.

"Who's not?"

"You. You look peaky, Miss Mallory. Definitely on the nervous-strain side. Shall we sit together in the hammock or would that be too delightfully intimate?"

"We shall sit."

It *was* intimate. He was keenly aware of her body pressing against his. He said lightly, "You sent fo' me, an' I come a-runnin'. I diagnose an acute case of things on your mind. So, in my best highfalutin vernacular. Spill it, kid."

Pat hesitated. Then she met his eyes squarely and said, "Babs Ellison."

"I might have guessed. What's she been doing?"

"I wouldn't be knowing the whole answer to that one," Pat conceded. "But whatever it is, she's been playing hob with Eddie."

Cliff laughed, but without mirth. "Not so good—with Eddie stepping fifteen rounds for the title next week."

Pat said, "I've done my best. I've tried to be tactful. But there's an element in this thing . . ."

"What sort of an element?"

She spoke swiftly: "You know the answers, Cliff. You know how a fighter is—*any* good fighter—when he's training for an important fight. When he's just right, he's nervous. He can't help it. High-strung, jumpy—hard to handle. Well, Eddie's that way. Up to a certain point it's understandable, and I was all set for it. Only he's more so. Maybe Babs has a lot to do with it and maybe she hasn't. I think Yes. But whatever the cause, Eddie's taking it out on me and making my job twice as hard. He resents everything I do, and bites my head off every time I say anything."

"I see . . . and so we come back to where we started. Babs Ellison has been getting in your hair."

"Not *my* hair," she corrected. "In Eddie's."

"You wouldn't by any chance be jealous, would you?"

"Of course not." Her cheeks flushed. "That's a silly remark."

"Yeah . . ." He was looking straight at her. "I see it is."

She turned to him defensively. Her eyes were bright—too bright—and her words came fast: "I don't care what happens after this fight. But I want Eddie to win. I'll do anything in the world to help him win. And he's going to need everything he's got. He mustn't be upset. He mustn't be worried. He mustn't be . . ."

". . . under the spell of a siren. Is that what you're driving at?"

"Yes." Some of the tension left her eyes and a brief smile appeared. "Maybe I didn't really want your advice, after all, Cliff. What I *really* wanted was your endorsement."

"A cinch." He grinned at her and struck a pose. "To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have tried Miss Patricia Mallory and found her satisfactory in every respect inclusive . . ."

Pat said, "Thanks for keeping it light, Cliff. So I will promptly change the tone. It isn't easy to diagram what Babs has been doing to Eddie. It doesn't even sound important. He goes dancing with her until one or two o'clock every morning—which wouldn't mean a thing under normal circumstances. But as matters are—it takes his edge off. Makes him nervous and irritable. He's not boxing well—and he can't see what he's doing to himself. So here's what I've decided to do unless you think it's a bad idea. I've made up my mind to bar Babs Ellison from the training camp."

Halliday said, "Wow! That's a hot one."

"You're telling me. It'll be lots of no fun, Cliff. If it's a dumb play—say so, and save me a nasty few hours."

He considered the matter and then nodded. "I'm afraid it's the only answer, Pat. Dixie Grogan is nobody's setup. So, with the blessing of Uncle Cliff, go strut your stuff. And may somebody have mercy on your soul."

"They won't." She was worried, uncertain, unhappy . . . and more than a trifle afraid. "Run on inside, Cliff. You've earned a shower."

"What'll you be doing?"

"Training for Babs. She usually shows up about this time."

"Where's Eddie?"

"Went for a swim in the river. I'll waylay her before he gets back."

Cliff rose and looked down at her. "You're splendid, Miss Mallory—"

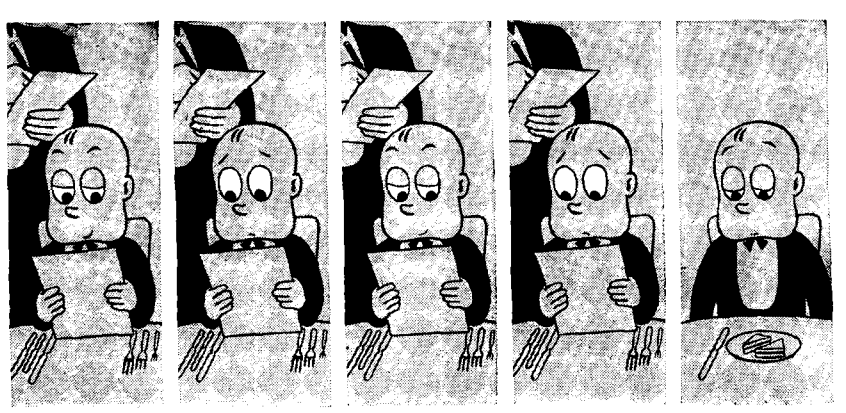
"—and mighty punch-drunk."

"I was about to offer to take this job off your hands."

"No-o." She shook her head. "It's one of those things, Cliff. All the coward in me yells for me to accept your offer. The common-sense side of Pat Mallory says No Soap."

"So that's the way it is." Cliff started toward the house. He looked back once and waved. "I'll be seein' you," he called. "With your shield or on it."

(To be continued next week)



Entree—Price

CROCKETT JOHNSON

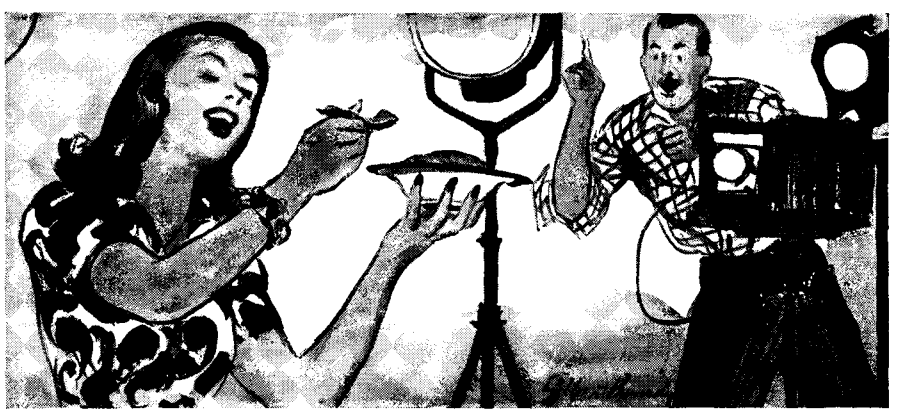
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*

The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been *feeling* right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?

The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the *most important* vitamins, B_1 and D."

The model: *Wait a minute!* This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.



The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1941!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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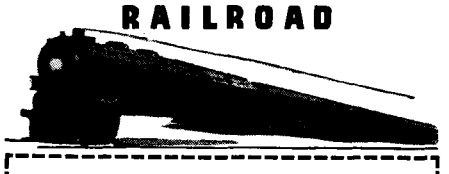

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Last Race

Continued from page 11

after a while, "that you'll have to go back to the dorm early?"

"Saturday," he said, "we run. Probably for the last time. I have to beat them, beat Louis Cobett, beat them all." He realized he was standing and that his head was just the least bit light.

"You know," she said, looking at him, "what you need is applause. You need it bad. Even if only once."

John looked at her, wanting to smile, but not quite able to. "Childish, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," she said, "but some things we have to have before we can reject them. . . ."

"Don't go profound on me," he said. "I've never thought of you that way."

"You'd better get some sleep," she said. "I've heard of distance runners going punchy like fighters. I'm almost ready to believe it."

HANRAHAN worked them lightly on Wednesday, and Thursday not at all. Friday they went into Chicago.

John slept well, an unusual thing the night before a race. In the morning he felt better than ever in his life. Eating the usual breakfast steak, he refrained carefully from looking at the sports pages. A manager brought him a letter from Jane. It read:

"This is the last time to get that applause. And I'm hoping you get it today. If you like, I'll meet you after the race. JANE."

Something about the note annoyed him obscurely; set working in him the subtle ferment of irritation he had known all this week. He was old enough to know better, not to have to depend on applause for any happiness or wholeness. He was old enough for this, he realized, but he still needed the applause. This knowledge was in him, recognized but not admitted. Well, it was good of her to remind him of it. And he did want to see her after the meet; perhaps to see her for a long time afterward. . . .

A manager said Hanrahan wanted to see John.

"What for?"

"I wouldn't know. He's in his room—316."

Hanrahan was alone, pacing the floor. "What are you worried about?" John said. "You'd think you were going to do the work today." With the end so near, John could be flippant.

"Sit down," Hanrahan said. John deliberately sat in a chair with his back to the window.

"I was figuring," Hanrahan said. "Maybe we win this meet. But we got to have the mile."

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"This: You know what this Finn, this Leto, runs to win that big Coast meet. He runs 4:09.3. That's a full second better than Louis Cobett runs any time this year. And this Wishy Gordon when he wins the IC-4A in the East he runs 4:11. Hell, a 4:12 mile isn't anything any more. When I was running it was the record."

"It was pretty good when I was a boy, myself," John said.

Hanrahan didn't notice the crack. "Now, don't think for a minute," he went on, "that I don't think Louis can't beat these guys. I just want to be sure he does." Hanrahan was being very devious over something, John knew, and it was not Hanrahan's way.

"If I see any of them catching him in the stretch," John said, "I'll throw a block into them. Can't let good old Louis lose."

Finally, Hanrahan noticed. "You're in great shape, aren't you? What's bothering you?"

"Not a thing. Just on edge."

"I think I might have brought you down a little too fine," Hanrahan said. "I'm sorry, but I'm not sure you can stand a long drive starting on the backstretch—and all these guys are finishers. If I even thought you were sure of finishing in the first five, I wouldn't worry so much about Louis Cobett winning. If he even could get second and you fourth. But I don't figure that. I figure Louis has to win. You passed your edge."

"Glad to know it," John said. "Is that why you brought me to Chicago?"

"What I want you to do is this," Hanrahan said, taking a deep breath. "It'll help the school and you'll be remembered for it."

"The good old school," John said.

"What I'd like you to do is to go out this afternoon, and set a pace that'll kill Leto and Gordon off and anyone else that'll follow. Louis has never been a strong finisher. If we can kill these other birds off with a fast early pace, they'll come right back to Louis and he won't have any trouble with them in the stretch."

"Let our motto be, then: 'No trouble for Louis in the stretch,'" John said.

He saw that Hanrahan was uncomfortable. He thought of a lot of cracks he could make if he prolonged the conversation and how uncomfortable he could make Hanrahan feel. He thought, too, of how Hanrahan had gotten him a scholarship in a school where it was hard to get anyone but football players scholarships. . . .

John got up. His head felt light as it had a few days before. The anger kept coming up in him and he wouldn't let it out.

"Okay, Jiggs," he said. He was surprised at the softness in his voice. "I'll do it."

IN THE locker room beneath the concrete stands of Soldier Field, John took a long time dressing. People spoke to him as he went out but he didn't answer. He heard someone say they had an early lead and that both sprinters had qualified for the finals. That was the way Hanrahan had figured it. Hanrahan was a great coach; John had seen him figure a meet score to within a point. This thought gave him some consolation.

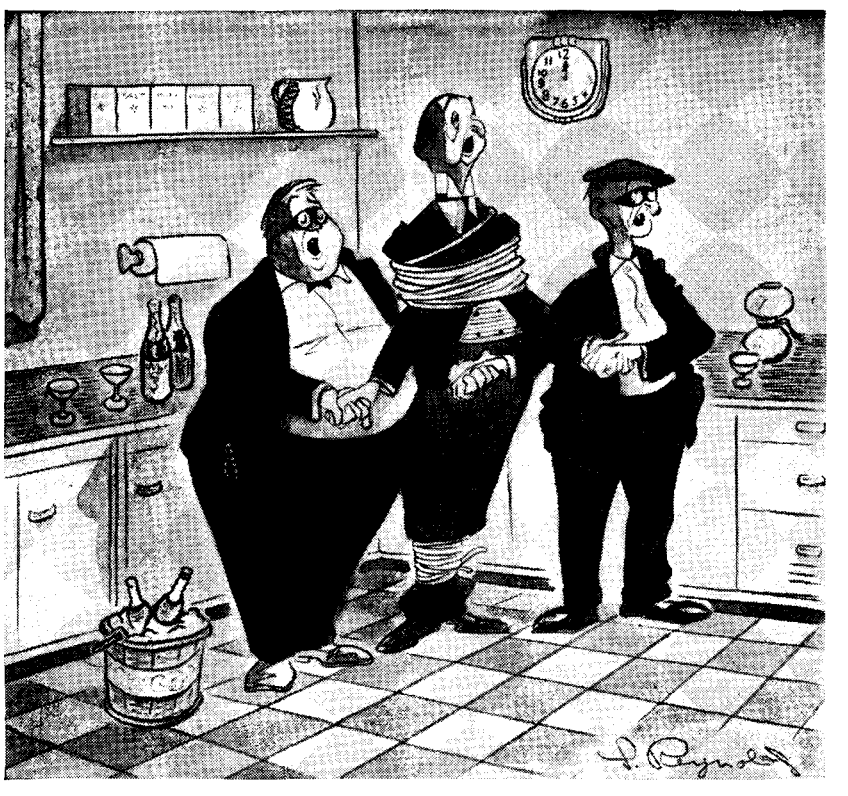
He warmed up on the grass along the backstretch. Between events, he swept once around the track to finish his warm-up. Moving smoothly down the homestretch, he felt good, felt the even flow of strength in his body. He could wonder briefly if Hanrahan were right about his having passed his peak. At the end of the homestretch, going into the turn again, he slowed down. Someone was calling his name. He looked up to see Jane in a box at the end of the stands with some people he didn't know. He didn't answer her wave, but turned away and went toward the dressing room. He couldn't go to her now; not now with the knowledge of what he had to do sick in him.

He lay on the slanted rubbing table and let a rubber work lightly on his calves. Then he lay on a bench, the heavy sweat clothes on him again and tried not to think. . . .

SOMEONE was calling: "First call for the mile. All starters on the track." John put on the new chamois pushers, the soft leather feeling good under the spiked shoes of kangaroo, mustard-yellow on the inside.

On the track, the great milers had begun to gather, champions or near-champions all of them. Wishy Gordon, a tall, rawboned man with a shock of red hair and the H of Harvard on his crimson jersey. Eddie Leto, a stocky blond Finn, his face homely and expressionless, his chest like a barrel. Geffing from Illinois, powerful and heavy, more like a boxer than a runner. And Louis Cobett, slender, arrogant, assured; split high and with square shoulders. Built more like a runner but lacking the powerful finish of the others.

When John looked at Cobett, he turned away. It was a small triumph and John felt better. They drew for



"'Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . .'" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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position and John got second from the pole, a lanky Texan on the pole, Leto in the No. 3 position on John's right. The starter gave his instructions but no one heard him. . . . The tight ball of nerves that had been in their bellies all that day had now become unbearable. It was hard to breathe. They leaned forward, John and some of the others crouching in a sprinter's start. He had to get out in front. . . .

JOHN broke like a sprinter and was first at the turn. He moved easily, like an animal or bird. On the backstretch, the smooth, gray track seemed to fly backward under his reaching feet. Going into the far turn he risked a half-glance over his shoulder. He had fifteen yards on the nearest runners, a bunch of three or four jockeying for position as they moved into the turn.

John thought he'd maybe gone out too fast and made the others suspicious. He eased off the pace a little coming into the homestretch of the first lap but he heard someone yell: "60 flat" as he passed the start. It had been a good first quarter, he thought.

They were at his heels as he turned into the backstretch. His strategy had worked in letting them come up to himself. Once having reconciled himself to doing this thing, he could lend all his abilities to it. Someone—the edge of John's eyes thought it was Leto—came even with him, and then John piled on the pace again, not in an energy-taking rush, but smoothly, a mere lengthening of the stride. He heard their breathing fade as he leaned into the far turn.

That turn was the last part of the race to go by without effort. Coming down the stretch of the second lap, John began to feel it in his lungs but his legs and arms were still fine. Someone yelled: "2:03" and he thought that anyhow they would have something to remember him by. Those that finished would know they had followed one hell of a pace.

It began in the third quarter, always the tough one in a fast mile. You have no consciousness that the race is nearly over, as you have on the fourth lap; and the pain has begun. John gave them no rest. When the pace did slacken, none of them knew it, not even John. He could hear them, but none of them were coming up to challenge. The pleasure that gave him was a sardonic one.

The lungs were better going into the far turn, but the pain had begun to come in his body, subtle at the joints, just a hint of it in the long muscles of leg and arm.

They were coming down to the start again for the end of the third quarter and there was a note of agony in their breathing. None of them heard someone yell: "3:07" as John went past, least of all himself.

He had picked up the pace, whether for Louis Cobett to win, or for reasons more obscure, he might never know. He thought one more time that he was going to pull their corks for them, to break their hearts. He could do it to the middle of the backstretch and then he knew he'd be finished and Louis could have his race.

It was bad as he turned into the backstretch. There was a slaver of foam on his lower lip. His throat was raw, his lungs touched with a rhythmic fire. Curiously, the pain that was coming in his legs held off from his arms.

Whether he had slowed down purposely or not, he didn't know. But he heard, finally, the sound of feet overtaking him, one man's feet, others following it. It had to be Louis Cobett, John knew. He, John, had set the perfect pace for Cobett to win the race; breaking the hearts of the others so that they couldn't sprint, letting Cobett with his long stride come up at the end, moving smoothly while the others floundered back to him.

John kept his bargain all the way. He even swung wide, so that Cobett wouldn't have to go around him to pass. . . . They were almost to the turn when the feet caught him . . . and they weren't Cobett's. It was Leto on the inside, his face a contorted mask, his form flawless, though; and Wishy Gordon was passing on the outside, his form sloppy as ever, but his great power bringing him up and along.

Now the anger in John was solid and choking. To give all that you had to give and then to have the person you gave it for fail to come through. He thought, too, a little of Hanrahan and the championship Hanrahan wanted—Hanrahan whose whole life had been given to the game . . . and somehow Leto had not passed John . . . and the three of them, Leto and John and Gordon, were coming into the far turn like a team.

Then, just before they hit the turn, Wishy Gordon broke. John heard a curse choke in the big man's throat. Leto had the pole but John couldn't drop back to save ground. He was afraid that if he eased off even a little he could never come up again.

The anger was in him and he wanted to win. He lost only a yard on the turn and then they were in the homestretch and arms, legs and lungs were a long pain. It seemed to him that his arms and not his legs pulled him up to Leto . . . but he couldn't pass the little man. Something that might have been his consciousness was slipping away from John Morgan but anger bore him on. He could hear the sound of their feet coming behind him and he sensed, because he could not see, Leto at his side.

The thing he had promised to do for Hanrahan, and the long memory of the defeats . . . made the anger a rage. He leaned forward, so that his head wouldn't come up, so that he could get all the pull of his arms. In the mist gathering at the edges of his sight he could see only the thin, white tape. That the last ten yards were a long stumble none of them knew, but as he fell, John Morgan knew only that the thinness of the tape across his chest had been taut and not slack. . . . And lying on the cinders he felt the weight of one body fall across his legs and the sound of others dropping near him.

THEY were picking him up and the tide of sound was almost tangible. They wanted to walk him, as for centuries now they had walked runners after a hard race. On rubber legs John braced himself slowly and fought them until finally they turned him toward the stand and held him up, facing the stands. And John stood there and listened to them yell. . . . It came down on him like rain, and what rain would have been to his body right then, the sound was to his spirit . . . so that he was a little frightened and could wonder, looking into a future that had once been possible, that the lack of this thing could have been so important. It had not perhaps been a good thing for that need to have become so important; but anyway the need was taken care of now. . . .

Finally, John could hear Hanrahan, near him but until now unnoticed. "If this was the way it had to be," Hanrahan was saying, "I'm glad it was you."

John nodded, not looking at Hanrahan. He would see Jiggs later and there would be some kidding. . . .

Right now, now that he could walk again, there was someone else to see. Now, in this moment. He moved free of the managers holding him and, alone and slowly, the applause still around him like a kind of glory, moved toward the end box.

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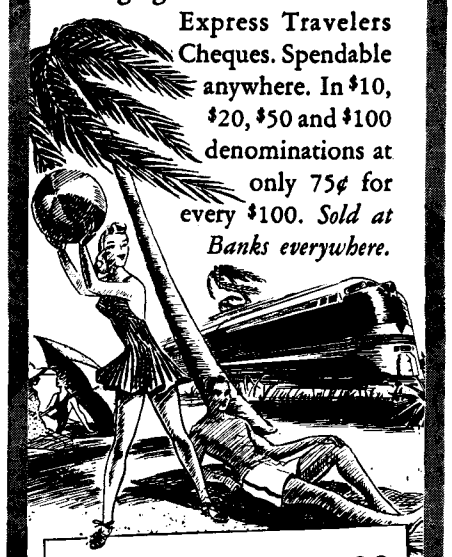

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The Fabulous Rubio

Continued from page 14

"What about the boxes of junk?" I said.

"They're all right," he said. He was out of breath and panting hard. "They're down at the hall."

"How—?" I began, but he cut me short impatiently.

"Never mind the boxes now. Go down to the railroad station and catch Abner when he gets off the train. I don't want him to see any of the actors and talk until the tryout's over. Get going or you will miss him!"

He shoved me out into the bright sunshine and I rushed down to the depot. I was there in time when the train came in but I didn't see Abner. Men kept piling out for the convention and the broker could have slipped past me in that mob even though I hunted for him carefully. I waited on as the station grew empty and I hoped Rubio had him at the hall, but ten minutes later Rubio himself came up.

"He didn't come?"

"No!" I said. "Holy smoke!"

Rubio stood there thinking, a blank look on his face, and for the first time it occurred to me that maybe Abner hadn't meant to come at all. Maybe this had just been his way of getting rid of us. I said as much to Rubio. "No use waiting any more," I said.

"No," he said, still refusing to give up. "Let's go back to the hotel and see what's happening there."

But as we walked back through the crowds, I noticed that the old bounce had gone out of him. He was down to earth.

Two or three blocks from the hotel, he suddenly stopped.

"All right," he said. "I told my lies. I put up my wacky front. Now what? What the devil did I want to go and do all those dopey things for anyway?" He was talking to himself, not to me.

"This is a fine time to wake up," I said.

"No," he said and began to get really unhappy. "It was one thing when I was a kid but I'm not a kid any more. It's not funny or cute. It's not harmless."

"This is a fine time!" I said.

"I never stopped to think. I just—"

HE DIDN'T finish. I looked up and saw Mary standing there, her suitcase in her hand.

"What?" Rubio said, but it took one glance to see that it was all over now. She had tears in her eyes.

"You and your lies," she said. "So J. J. Abner wants you to head his bill. You have a company of your own. You're booked solid for eighteen weeks, six months, a year!" She paused. "Abner took an earlier train," she said. She blurted it all out now. "It didn't work out the way you thought, you see. He didn't find you at the hall, so he came up to the hotel to look for you. He told us everything. He's wiring a Philadelphia combination to come down tonight. He told everybody to go home!"

Rubio's skinny body seemed to droop. He didn't speak. Far off, I heard the sirens of fire engines and I wondered for a moment what the convention boys had done now.

"I ought to go back to the hotel," Rubio said dully. "You were right in everything you ever said about me, Mary. I ought to go back and take what's coming to me—"

"You go back there," she broke in, "and you'll get killed. I'd have been gone long ago but I wanted to find you and warn you. Don't try to put on another act with them. You won't fool them this time."

"No, no," he said. He was miserable. "It's no act now. I'm not acting any more . . ."

He stopped. The smell of smoke had become thick. Men were rushing past us and when we looked up the street, we saw it was the Hotel Martinack that was on fire. Rubio shook himself wide awake. His eyes opened big. He was alert, quick, bubbling all over again.

"I've got to get up there!" he cried and he started running even as he spoke. "Mary, I've got to!"

Helplessly, she watched him go, unwilling to let herself be taken in by him again. "He's faking again," she said. "I know him. It's just another act."

"Sure," I said, "but there's no telling what he'll do." Somebody had to look after him and when I started up the street, Mary, of course, was alongside of me.

AT THE hotel the sidewalks were packed with people watching the fire. We went around looking for Rubio until we heard him arguing fiercely with the cop in the center of the line. It was right in front of the hotel entrance and that idiot was trying to go in. Frisbee was there too. The cop held Rubio off with one hand and at the same time had to struggle with the hotel man. Frisbee was crying about Henriette. Tears rolled down his cheeks. The dog was trapped inside the building and was going to be burned to death.

"That's just it," Rubio begged the cop. "See, I can get the dog out—"

"Get out!" the policeman shouted. "You're out of your head. That dog's locked up in the cellar, and Frisbee couldn't find the key."

"But I can open that lock! I can do it. I'm the only one who can get inside that door!"

I felt like bawling as I heard him. It was the old Rubio, full of himself, eager and sure, willing to try anything just to make a sensation.

"You fool!" Mary yelled.

He had torn away from her and dodged past the cop and now he went running for the hotel entrance. "Wait," Mary wept. "This is no stage lock. It's a real door, not a prop. You're not a magician now!" The crowd let out a heavy roar when they saw him go up the lawn by himself, his black cape flying out behind him. Two firemen came racing to cut him off, but he sprinted and reached the door ahead of them. He plunged inside and the crowd grew hushed.

"Oh, the poor little nut," the cop near us said. He spoke in a whisper. He couldn't understand it. "There's smoke in there to poison him. He'll be a goner before he works on that lock five minutes."

Mary was crying brokenheartedly. That had always been the trouble with Rubio. He told lies but no matter how wild or ridiculous they were, both of us knew he had always been the first to believe them. When he went into the building, we knew he actually believed that he could open the door, hopeless as it seemed.

I kept staring at the hotel entrance as though that might be enough to pull him out. And then a sharp, shrill cry went up. It was unbelievable. We saw Henriette come bouncing through the smoke and flames, looking almost indignant as she trotted across the lawn into Frisbee's arms. A few moments later Rubio himself came out, choking and blinded, and everybody was too excited to do anything but yell his head off.

I couldn't figure it out, but Mary didn't stop to wonder about it. As she saw men beginning to cluster around Rubio, a cold wave of rage seemed to go through her.

"I don't care what he did or how he did it," she said grimly. "All I know is that he pulled another one of his stunts and managed to get away with it. I'm through with him forever."

"Now, wait a while," I said, but even as Rubio tried to get away from the crowd to her, she turned and hurried down the street again.

I pried Rubio loose, and we reached the bus station just as she was ready to buy her ticket for New York.

"Oh, go away from me," she cried. "You're no marvel to me. You're no brave hero. You're just a faker, a liar, and you'll never change."

"No, Mary, believe me," he began, but she wouldn't listen to him.

"You'll say anything. You'll do anything. There's something in you that's always pushing you on. You'll even run into a burning building and risk your life just to give them something to talk about . . ."

"No, I didn't do it for that." He forced her to listen. "You're right. I've told lies. I was crazy. But this was no fake. This was real."

He told her about the chests of props down in the cellar, and I began to understand then how he had worked the lock.

"I went down early this morning to get the stuff out," he said. "Frisbee was too upset to know what was happening, but that dog went after me and kept following me from the minute I swiped the keys off the desk. I had a cab driver all ready and waiting at the service entrance in the back, and the only way I could get those boxes to him was to lock the dog up in the storeroom. I still had the key. Mary, I had to go back into the hotel and get her out. It's about the only decent, honest thing I've done in months. I—"

HE HAD to stop. J. J. Abner had finally come up, wheezing hard, and was pulling on his sleeve.

"All right," Rubio said. "I'll go with you. I'll face them. You can do anything you want with me."

"Do?" the broker gasped. "I'll do everything in the book for you. I'll send you out for a half year's solid booking. They'll all want you—every theater, night spot, club and hotel . . ." Rubio looked at him while he struggled to get his breath. "Everybody in town's talking about you. It's going out on the A. P. wire. You'll be plastered on the front page!"

"What?" Rubio said. "Hey, listen, what is this?"

"Just think of it!" Abner cried, carried away by the wonder of it. "It's a physical impossibility and yet hundreds of real people witnessed it. A real magician, a genuine escape artist, a guy who runs into a burning building, gets through a bona fide door with a bona fide lock on it and saves a dog—man, what a sensation!"

Rubio looked dazed. His eyes were wide and blank. He couldn't believe this was happening to him. I think it was the first time in his life he had trouble believing anything about himself, but when he looked at Mary and saw her happy smile, his own dark putty face creased into a broad, joyful grin. It was true. I was smiling too. The only one of us who wasn't was J. J. Abner. He looked helpless.

"Confidentially," the broker said, "between you and me, Rubio; did you really do it? Can you actually get through locked doors?"

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Music with a Message

Continued from page 26

Prof," he said reprovingly, "you oughtta be proud a little lady like Lovey thought enough of you to get tossed in the can with us. You never heard of Lovey La Marr being arrested for anybody else, did you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Prof demanded bitterly. "Just when—"

"Pipe down," said the turnkey.

They had halted before the last tank. The dimmed lights revealed a number of shadowy figures already occupying the cell. "Just some Communists," the jailer said cheerfully. "They were staging demonstrations all over town tonight. Hope you don't catch any lice, boys."

The door slammed behind them. The figures in the cell stirred and one of them, a slender, tousle-haired party, suddenly stepped forward, peering at Prof. Then he seized his hand and wrung it with violent enthusiasm. "So they got you, too!" he cried. "Welcome, Comrade!"

Prof stared at him. Then, slowly curdling inside, he saw that it was that eminent thinker, Igor, who was wringing his hand. Other comrades were pressing in around him, warmly congratulating him on his martyrdom for the cause. There were three members of his new salon combo and most of the others were prominent in the Musicians Cultural League. All of them were among Vera's dearest friends and master thinkers.

Mr. Bennett's colleagues had also recognized their cellmates. "So?" Frosty began indignantly and then Fats dug a warning thumb in his ribs. He had noticed the mist that was creeping over Prof's glasses.

"Listen, Igor," Prof said coldly, "I want you to understand—"

Igor was still pumping his hand. "Nothing will please Vera more!" he bubbled. "There were times when she worried whether you would make the sacrifices the party requires. Congratulations, Comrade!"

Prof was suddenly numb from the ears down. This was the final blow. On his wedding eve he was not only jailed but had to learn that his betrothed was another of the revolt-and-rule trade. Vera, whom he had so often told exactly what he thought of the Reds. . . .

A pale youth was saying eagerly, "What demonstration were you in? We were passing out our pamphlets when some rowdies came along and—"

By then Mr. Bennett was slowly coming out of the fog. "It seems I have made a slight mistake here and there," he said. "I think I had better make a few things clear to these parties."

"Let me!" Frosty Moore said eagerly. Bristling, he turned on the assembled comrades. "*We*," he announced, "got pinched for having a little jam session with a lady dancer. Don't count us in on that Moscow stuff!"

"That's right!" said Prof, his glasses completely steamed up. "You and that phony uplift stuff!" His voice was rising now. "And, comes the revolution, Igor, I'll let you in on a secret: I want you for mine!"

Igor recoiled. "Reactionary!" he hissed.

"Vulgarians!" said the pale youth. "Tories!"

THERE was a capacity house when the defendants appeared for their hearing in the morning. Outsized matrons whose appetites had been whetted by the newspaper accounts struggled for seats with loyal jitterbugs who were there to see that justice was done. Only Miss Vera Block was conspicuously absent. She had coldly informed the press that the wedding would take place as soon as Prof was released on bail.

Lovey was already before the bar when her codefendants were led into court. When Prof had caught onto the lyrics the night before, she had known, once and for all, that she had dropped the decision. But even in defeat her profile was as haughty as ever.

She gave Mr. Bennett one cold look and then her face whitened. Prof's hand was bandaged and there was a cut on his nose. All the boys were taped here and there and Mr. Frosty Moore was peeping at His Honor through a magnificent shiner.

The judge, a large, white-haired man, held a whispered consultation with the bailiff as the charges were read off. His face was so grim that the most optimistic buffs were convinced that their idols would be very fortunate to get off with anything less than ninety days.

"Why, this is outrageous!" said His Honor. "I have never heard of such things taking place in Cook County!"

The boys glanced helplessly at Prof, whom they had agreed upon as their legal mind. Mr. Bennett was no help whatsoever. He had passed a very bad night and this morning could think of nothing but Lovey. Too late had he found out she was right all around. Now there was nothing they could do but go to jail together.

"Speak up, Prof!" Frosty implored. "Don't just stand there!"

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 20

When he was a year old Garrett Price and family left Kansas City, Kansas, to travel between western trading posts where Dr. Price doctored mangled cowboys until Garrett was old enough to attend the University of Wyoming. After two years of college our subject headed for Chicago, attended the Art Institute, worked on the Tribune and eventually reached New York where he now turns out cartoons (see page 40) and advertising illustrations. His sketching trips to Alaska, Europe and Mexico have been extremely unenjoyable, he says, but he likes to talk about them. Headquarters: Mystic, Conn.

It was evident, however, that the judge was not yet finished. He had, it seemed, just been informed of certain incidents that had transpired in their cell last night. There were no words to express his horror, his shock. The boys grew more and more upset, visualizing themselves giving out in striped uniforms.

THE judge's bushy brows were contracted. "To learn," he thundered, "that you poor boys were set upon by Communists is not only outrageous but terrifying!" The poor boys stared at one another and the judge prompted them gruffly: "You *were* set upon, weren't you? Outnumbered and attacked from all sides?"

Lovey's eyes widened at this startling information and, for that matter, so did the defendants'. There was a murmur in the court, and the bailiff rapped sharply for order. Only Prof was equal to the emergency.

"That's right, Your Honor," he said. "They sprang at us from behind."

The judge shook his head. "Just as I surmised," he said darkly. He was looking at Mr. Harrison's taped forehead. "What did they do to you?"

Fats was no fool. "Me?" he said. "I was lying on the floor when one of them kicked me. When I rolled over, he kicked me again. Hard."

"To have this happen to American citizens is horrifying!" said the judge. "I cannot believe—"

Mr. Frosty Moore sought to reassure him. "It's all right, Your Honor," he said. "They had to take *them* to the receiving hospital!"

The judge coughed hurriedly, ignoring Mr. Moore's contribution. He was there, he said, only to see that justice was rendered. That was the sole purpose of the courts.

The young lady standing before him, he said, had already been punished by some most unfortunate publicity.

He looked down into their eager faces. "I have little choice left to me," he said gravely. "Under the circumstances, I feel that all of you have already suffered enough. I have no alternative but to dismiss the charges!"

There was a wild burst of applause. Impromptu rug-cutting immediately broke out in the aisles.

The law was still striving to cope with it as the joyous defendants clustered around Prof and Lovey. She was staring at him.

"Communists?" she said faintly. "Communists, Prof?"

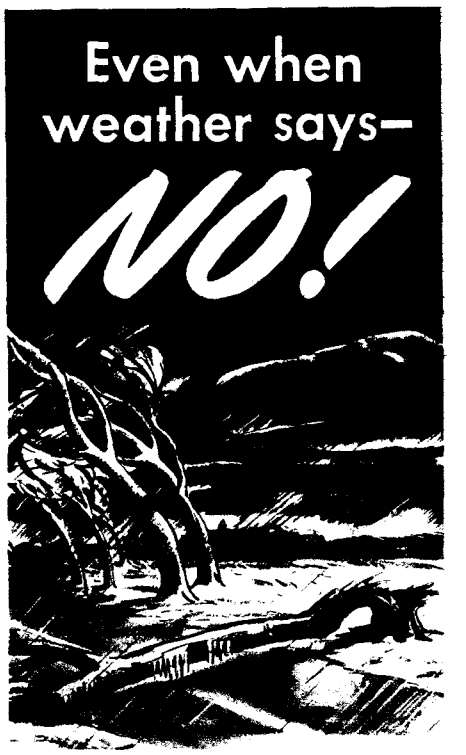
"We met up with some of Vera's chums from the uplift circles," he said gravely. There was a look in his eyes that hurriedly brought the color to her face. "And—and, Lovey, I found out I was wrong in more ways than one. I was thinking that after I got my old band back together I could use a bubble dancer in the act."

Her lip quivered. "It's too late now, Prof," she said brokenly. "After all this publicity I could never face a public again. I—I'm going to retire."

Mr. Bennett showed then that a deep thinker is always quick on the uptake. He stared at her, suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her, then turned and sped up the aisle. Frosty Moore stared after him.

"Where's he going?" he demanded.

"Offhand," said Mr. Fats Harrison, "I would say he is about to call a certain lady cello and tell her that she would do well to find herself a new bridegroom. It seems he has other plans."



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Uncle Sam's Icebox

Continued from page 30

Their vigorous opposition to bringing an army of indigents into the territory, whether European refugees or homeless wanderers from our own stricken dust bowls, is not because they fail to sympathize with these unfortunates; it is because they know it would be safer and cheaper, as well as kinder to the refugees themselves, to care for them in a less severe and exacting country.

For Alaska is tough; you have to be tough to make the grade up there. The average Alaskan you meet is an individual, self-sufficient, independent, proud; he made it the hard way and he made it without help. He is one out of a thousand who tried to stick it out—the final color remaining at the bottom of the pan after the dirt is washed away. No wonder that he looks askance at governmental economic planning, at subsidized farm colonies like the painful experiment at Matanuska. No wonder that he shudders at the current suggestion of wasting more millions in a similar effort to colonize the Kenai Peninsula and the whole Tanana Valley.

You have heard of these Matanuska colonists, of course. Five years ago, you remember, they set forth to settle in America's last frontier, amid bands playing "Oh, Susannah" and overwrought references in the daily press to covered wagons and the pioneer spirit of our forefathers. Well, today these same hardy pioneers are into an indulgent government for some eight million dollars, of which Uncle Sam can hope to get back perhaps twenty per cent if he's lucky. Last spring the colony borrowed another $300,000 from the Farm Security Administration on a three-year loan at three per cent; already they have spent over two thirds of this latest handout, and since three per cent means $9,000 a year, and in its best year—1938—the colony yielded only $8,000, the prospect of collecting even the interest seems a little dim. And the prospect of a successful farm colony in Alaska seems even dimmer.

Matanuska Can't Make It

Out of the hundred and forty-six farms in the Valley, we found, only about twenty-five were in active operation; all the rest of the farmers had gone into town to get jobs on the new air base. Those that remained were disillusioned and dispirited. Lack of any market in Alaska, they said, was ruinous.

The Alaska railroad's high freight rates didn't help much, either. Good soil in the Valley was spotty and subject to rapid erosion, and the growing season was so short that last fall they harvested their grain in two feet of snow. "Potatoes freeze before they can mature," one farmer told us, "and get watery. Corn doesn't grow an average of more'n two feet tall. Cutworms and root borers spoil our root crops."

Furthermore, despite the government subsidy, Matanuska cannot yet meet the landed prices of produce shipped fifteen hundred miles from The States. This summer in Anchorage, fifty miles from Matanuska, Seattle potatoes were selling for three and one fourth cents a pound as against four cents for Valley potatoes, Seattle peas for seven as against eight cents, Seattle eggs for thirty-five as against forty cents. Even the Army, the colony's best hope for a customer, was growing disgusted. "Either the colony meets existing competition," said Army officials sternly, "or we will have to conclude that it is a total failure."

Most devastating of all, the experimental station men the Department of Agriculture has maintained at Matanuska for five years told us that in their opinion the future of the colony did not lie in farming at all. "The best hope for Matanuska," they said, "would be its development as a dairy community."

But of all the screwball schemes which are being foisted on Alaska under the smoke screen of defense, the one that Alaskans dread and detest most is the proposed large-scale colonization of the territory by European refugees. Fantastic as it sounds, the idea nevertheless has gained considerable foothold in The States; and powerful racial groups are seeking to rescind our immigration laws and allow European aliens to reside in Alaska for five years—after which time, it is assumed, it would be too late to do anything about it.

Private capital is being raised to transplant these aliens to Alaska, should the King-Havenner Bill become a law, and private citizens are volunteering to finance a so-called "Alaska Development Corporation" to pick out jobs for them—inevitably in competition with the residents of the territory.

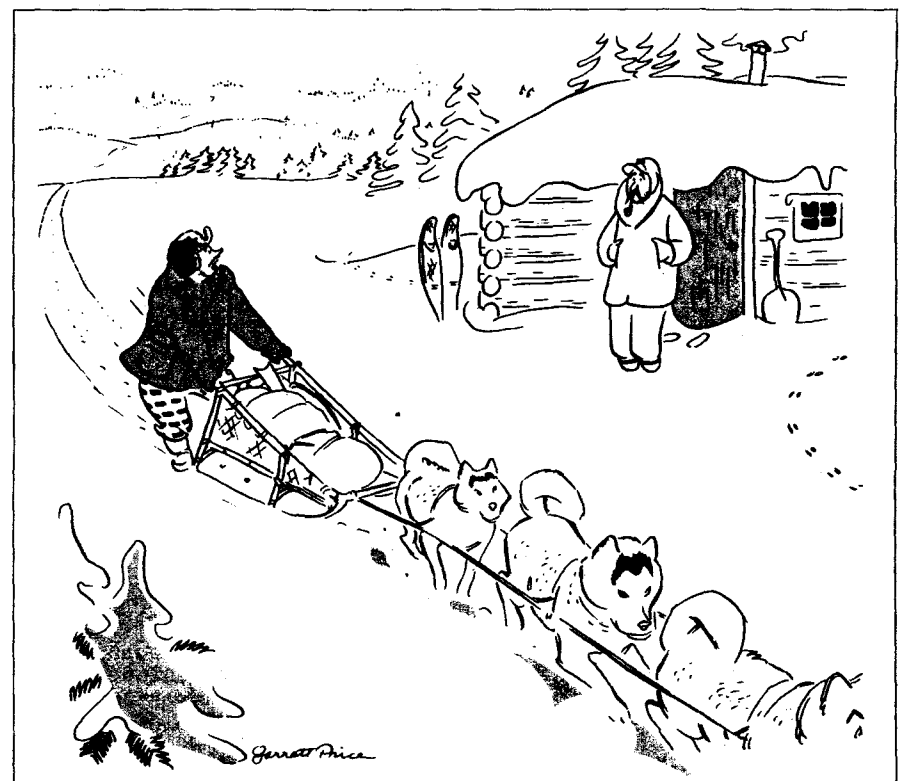
Chilkoot Sam shakes his head glumly. "After the gov'ment gets through bringing them European refugees up here," he says, "they'll have to solve the problem of taking care of all us refugee Americans that will be driven out."

For the moment, of course, the plan is being urged as a military necessity. Its sponsors claim that an unpopulated country is more liable to capture by an enemy (evidently ignoring the evidence to the contrary in Europe today), and a subsidiary organization, calling itself "The Great West Colonization Company," has actually started enlisting "tough young Jews" (we quote from its prospectus) to form an American Jewish border regiment to protect Alaska.

One Joseph Hefter, a former Austrian army officer who is acting head of this organization, has gone so far as to publish a blue-bound brochure illustrated with pictures of these tough young Jewish boys and girls, dressed in khaki riding pants with red bandannas around their necks, looking for all the world like Sunday-afternoon hikers along the Palisades. He has even started drilling them each night in his apartment on West 46th Street, New York, to get them ready for the Kenai. This winter, he says, he is going to take them up to suburban Livingston Manor to practice maneuvers in the snow.

Unsavory Restrictions

It is the "alien" part of the King-Havenner Bill that burns Alaskans most. Not that they oppose any settlement of aliens in Alaska merely because they are aliens. What they resent is the creation in Alaska of a class restricted to residence in the territory, their occupations prescribed by law, their residence in The States forbidden. Alaskans feel rightly that such discrimination would set the territory off from the rest of the United States, and thus work irreparable harm.



"Beaver Fork went Democratic 9 to 7. I guess it's in the bag"

GARRETT PRICE

As for its value to territorial defense, American Legionnaires in Alaska grow purple and inarticulate at the very thought of populating our most vulnerable frontier with an army of European aliens, impossible to keep in check and almost certain to include agitators and Communist sympathizers, a potential fifth column that would be a grave peril in the event of war in the Pacific.

"It is in the guise of refugees," says Colonel John Taylor of the American Legion, "that secret agents of the dictators have been sent into England, France, the Scandinavian countries and the Balkans. In view of world conditions, it would seem of the utmost strategic importance to our national defense that all aliens should be kept out of Alaska at the present time."

But the businessmen in the territory have the one irrefutable argument. What would the aliens do if they got to Alaska? they ask. What industries would be able to support them? How could they make a living?

Farming, for example? Alaskans point to the failure of Matanuska as expensive proof that Alaska as a whole is not an agricultural country. "We know of no single instance," says the Chamber of Commerce in Juneau, "where any man has ever been able to make a living from farming in the extensive coastal region which contains most of the present population."

Fishing, then? Already Alaska fishing has had to be drastically curtailed in order to conserve the diminishing salmon run; only a third of the canneries were operating this season in Bristol Bay. Territorial Tax Collector Green states that twenty per cent too many people are trying to make a living from fisheries in Alaska today.

Trapping? Already it has been necessary to prohibit trapping of certain species in southeastern Alaska, in order to give the dwindling fur bearers a chance to recover. The Kenai is likewise curtailed for an extended period. States the Alaska Game Commission: "Present regulations require that newcomers must reside in the territory three years before they can buy a resident trapping license." Generally speaking, Alaska's fur catch has remained at the two-million-dollar mark for twenty years.

Fur farming? Even in the Arctic, fur farms are losing money today; here as in The States, it has never shown a real profit at any time. Charles Goldstein, leading Juneau fur dealer and a resident of Alaska for fifty-five years, says: "In this country, the inexperienced fur farmer hasn't got a chance."

It's Just Mistaken Kindness

Timber? Perhaps some day an extensive papermaking industry may be established in the coastal regions; but that day is still far off. Says Frank Heintzelman, chief of the Forestry Service in Alaska: "Our forests, primarily valuable for pulp and paper, are so far from any big markets that their operation would require enormous investments, far too great to be financed by individual groups interested in refugee projects."

Reindeer? Efforts to raise these commercially have proven costly failures.

Mining? Here, if anywhere, expansion and growth may be expected in time; but at present the great need is for experienced prospectors, trained engineers, geologists—not the unskilled labor of the average refugee. No longer is there a chance for the individual prospector to "strike it rich"; mining in Alaska today is on a big scale, involving an outlay of millions of dollars.

"The whole refugee plan," concludes Ex-Governor John Troy, one of the most widely respected and beloved men in the territory, "is an example of mistaken kindness, and if attempted it would be the worst possible thing for the refugees themselves. Inevitably it would work untold hardships not only on them but also on the residents of the territory, who would be forced to sacrifice in order to take care of these suffering aliens dumped on them over their protests. Living in Alaska is not child's play, even today. A man must be peculiarly adapted to this kind of life in order to make good up here. The sponsors of this plan are letting their hearts run away with their heads."

Alaska has been called Uncle Sam's Icebox. It is rich in resources for the future. Keep it rich, Alaskans plead. Develop it gradually. Don't exploit it with artificial colonization. Don't ruin it overnight, on a pretext of National Defense. Don't raid the Icebox.

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Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 17

downstairs?" Hercule Poirot asked.

"Oh! between ten and eleven—usually nearer eleven."

Poirot went on: "If she were to descend at ten o'clock exactly, that would be rather surprising?"

"Yes. She wasn't often down as early as that."

"But she was this morning. Why do you think that was, Captain Marshall?"

Marshall said unemotionally, "Haven't the least idea. Might have been the weather—extra-fine day and all that."

"You missed her?"

Kenneth Marshall shifted a little in his chair. He said, "Looked in on her again after breakfast. Room was empty. I was a bit surprised."

"And then you came down on the beach and asked me if I had seen her?"

"Er—yes." He added with a faint emphasis in his voice: "And you said you hadn't. . . ."

The innocent eyes of Hercule Poirot did not falter. Gently, he caressed his large and flamboyant mustache.

Weston asked, "Had you any special reason for wanting to find your wife this morning?"

MARSHALL shifted his glance amiably to the chief constable. "No, just wondered where she was, that's all," he replied.

Weston paused. He moved his chair slightly. His voice fell into a different key:

"Just now, Captain Marshall, you mentioned that your wife had a previous acquaintance with Mr. Patrick Redfern. How well did your wife know Mr. Redfern?"

"Mind if I smoke?" Kenneth Marshall asked. He felt through his pockets. "Dash! I've mislaid my pipe somewhere."

Poirot offered him a cigarette which he accepted. "You were asking about Redfern. My wife told me she had come across him at some cocktail party or other."

"He was, then, just a casual acquaintance?"

"I believe so."

"Since then—" the chief constable paused. "I understand that that acquaintanceship had ripened into something rather closer."

Marshall said sharply, "You understand that, do you? Who told you so?"

"It is the common gossip of the hotel."

For a moment Marshall's eyes went to Hercule Poirot. They dwelt on him with a kind of cold anger.

"Hotel gossip is usually a tissue of lies!"

"Possibly. But I gather that Mr. Redfern and your wife gave some grounds for the gossip."

"What grounds?"

"They were constantly in each other's company."

"Is that all?"

"You do not deny that that was so?"

"May have been. I really didn't notice."

"You did not—excuse me, Captain Marshall—object to your wife's friendship with Mr. Redfern?"

"I wasn't in the habit of criticizing my wife's conduct."

"You did not protest or object in any way?"

"Certainly not."

"Not even though it was becoming a subject of scandal and an estrangement was growing up between Mr. Redfern and his wife?"

Kenneth Marshall said, "I mind my own business and I expect other people to mind theirs. I don't listen to gossip and tittle-tattle."

"You won't deny that Mr. Redfern admired your wife?"

"He probably did. Most men did. She was a very beautiful woman."

"But you yourself were persuaded that there was nothing serious in the affair?"

"I never thought about it, I tell you."

"And suppose we have a witness who can testify that they were on terms of the greatest intimacy?"

Again those blue eyes went to Hercule Poirot. Again an expression of dislike showed on that usually impassive face.

"If you want to listen to these tales, listen to 'em," Marshall said. "My wife's dead and can't defend herself."

"You mean that you, personally, don't believe them?"

For the first time a faint dew of sweat was observable on Marshall's brow. He said, "I don't propose to believe anything of the kind." He went on: "Aren't you getting a good way from the essentials of this business? What I believe or don't believe is surely not relevant to the plain fact of murder."

Hercule Poirot answered before either of the others could speak:

"You do not comprehend, Captain Marshall. There is no such thing as a plain fact of murder. Murder springs, nine times out of ten, out of the character and circumstances of the murdered person. *Because* the victim was the kind of person he or she was, *therefore* was he or she murdered! Until we can understand fully and completely *exactly what kind of a person Arlena Marshall was,* we shall not be able to see clearly exactly *the kind of person who murdered her.* From that springs the necessity of our questions."

Marshall turned to the chief constable: "That your view, too?"

Weston boggled a little: "Well, up to a point—that is to say—"

Marshall gave a short laugh. "Thought you wouldn't agree. This character stuff is M. Poirot's specialty, I believe."

Poirot said, smiling, "You can at least congratulate yourself on having done nothing to assist me!"

"What do you mean?"

"What have you told us about your wife? Exactly nothing at all. You have told us only what everyone could see for themselves. That she was beautiful and admired. Nothing more."

Kenneth Marshall shrugged his shoulders. He said, simply, "You're crazy."

He looked toward the chief constable and said with emphasis:

"Anything else, sir, that you'd like me to tell you?"

"Yes, Captain Marshall, your own movements this morning, please."

Kenneth Marshall nodded. He had clearly expected this. "I breakfasted downstairs about nine o'clock as usual and read the paper. As I told you I went up to my wife's room afterward and found she had gone out. I came down to the beach, saw M. Poirot and asked if he had seen her. Then I had a quick bathe and went up tc the hotel again. It was then, let me see, about twenty to eleven—yes, just about that. I saw the clock in the lounge. It was just after twenty minutes to. I went up to my room, but the chambermaid hadn't quite finished it. I asked her to finish as quickly as she could. I had some letters to type which I wanted to get off by the post. I went downstairs again and had a word or two with Henry in the bar. I went up again to my room at ten minutes to eleven. There I typed my letters. I typed until ten minutes to twelve. I then changed into tennis kit as I had a date to play tennis at twelve. We'd booked the court the day before."

"Who was we?"

"Mrs. Redfern, Miss Darnley, Mr. Gardener and myself. I came down at twelve o'clock and went up to the court. Miss Darnley was there and Mr. Gardener. Mrs. Redfern arrived a few minutes later. We played tennis for an hour. Just as we came into the hotel afterward I—I—got the news."

"Thank you, Captain Marshall. Just as a matter of form, is there anyone who can corroborate the fact that you were typing in your room between—er—ten minutes to eleven and ten minutes to twelve?"

MARSHALL said, with a faint smile, "Have you got some idea that I killed my own wife? Let me see now. The chambermaid was about doing the rooms. She must have heard the typewriter going. And then there are the letters themselves. With all this upset I haven't posted them. I should imagine they are as good evidence as anything."

He took three letters from his pocket. They were addressed, but not stamped.

"Their contents, by the way, are strictly confidential. But when it's a case of murder, one is forced to trust in the discretion of the police. They contain lists of figures and various financial statements. I think you will find that if you put one of your men on to type them out, he won't do it in much under an hour."

He paused. "Satisfied, I hope?"

Weston said smoothly, "It is no question of suspicion. Everyone on the island will be asked to account for his or her movements between a quarter to eleven and twenty minutes to twelve this morning."

"Quite."

"One more thing, Captain Marshall. Do you know anything about the way your wife was likely to have disposed of any property she had?"

"You mean a will? I don't think she ever made a will."

"But you are not sure?"

"Her solicitors are Barkett, Markett & Applegood, Bedford Square. They saw to all her contracts, etc. But I'm fairly certain she never made a will. She said once that doing a thing like that would give her the shivers."

"In that case, if she has died intestate, you, as her husband, succeed to her property."

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"Had she any near relatives?"

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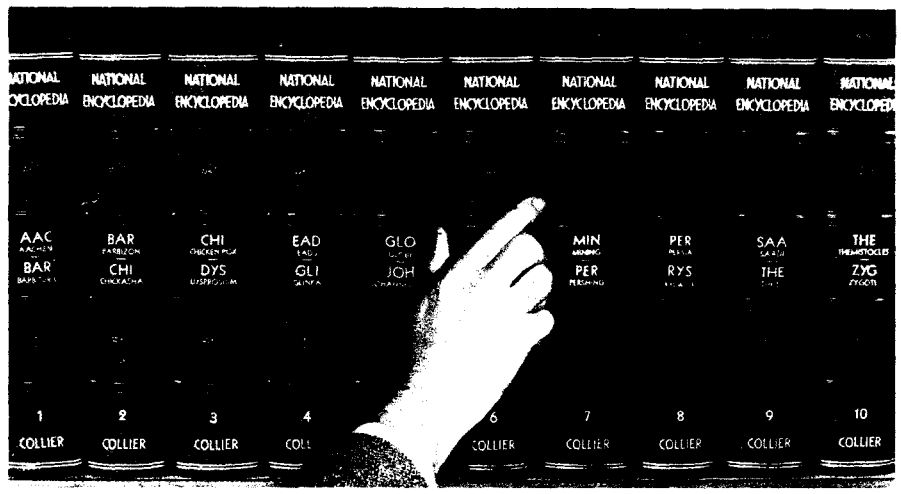

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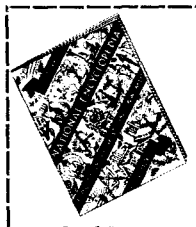

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"I don't think so. If she had, she never mentioned them. I know that her father and mother died when she was a child and she had no brothers or sisters."

"In any case, I suppose, she had nothing very much to leave?"

"On the contrary. Only two years ago, Sir Robert Erskine, who was an old friend of hers, died and left her a good deal of his fortune. It amounted, I think, to about fifty thousand pounds."

Inspector Colgate looked up. An alertness came into his glance. Up to now he had been silent. Now he asked, "Then actually, Captain Marshall, your wife was a rich woman?"

Kenneth Marshall shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose she was really."

"And you still say she did not make a will?"

"You can ask her solicitors. But I'm pretty certain she didn't. As I tell you, she thought it unlucky."

There was a pause, then Marshall asked, "Is there anything further?"

WESTON shook his head. "Don't think so—eh, Colgate? No. Once more, Captain Marshall, let me offer you all my sympathy in your loss."

Marshall blinked. He said jerkily, "Oh—thanks."

He went out.

The three men looked at one another.

"Cool customer," Weston said. "Not giving anything away, is he? What do you make of him, Colgate?"

The inspector shook his head: "It's difficult to tell. He's not the kind that shows anything. That sort makes a bad impression in the witness box, and yet it's a bit unfair on them really. Sometimes they're as cut up as anything and yet can't show it. That kind of manner made the jury bring in a verdict of guilty against Wallace. It wasn't the evidence. They just couldn't believe that a man could lose his wife and talk and act so coolly about it."

Weston turned to Poirot: "What do you think, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot raised his hands.

"What can one say? He is the closed box—the fastened oyster. He has chosen his role. He has heard nothing, he has seen nothing, he knows nothing!"

"We've got a choice of motives," said Colgate. "There's jealousy and there's the money motive. Of course, in a way, a husband's the obvious suspect. One naturally thinks of him first. If he knew his missus was carrying on with the other chap—"

Poirot interrupted:

"I think he knew that."

"Why do you say so?"

"Listen, my friend. Last night I had been talking with Mrs. Redfern on Sunny Ledge. I came down from there to the hotel and on my way I saw those two together—Mrs. Marshall and Patrick Redfern. And a moment or two after, I met Captain Marshall. His face was very stiff. It says nothing—but nothing at all! It is almost *too* blank, if you understand me. Oh! he knew all right."

Colgate grunted doubtfully. "Oh, well, if you think so—"

"I am sure of it! But even then, what does that tell us? What did Kenneth Marshall *feel* about his wife?"

"Takes her death coolly enough," Colonel Weston said.

Poirot shook his head in a dissatisfied manner.

Inspector Colgate said, "Sometimes these quiet ones are the most violent underneath, so to speak. It's all bottled up. He may have been madly fond of her—and madly jealous. But he's not the kind to show it."

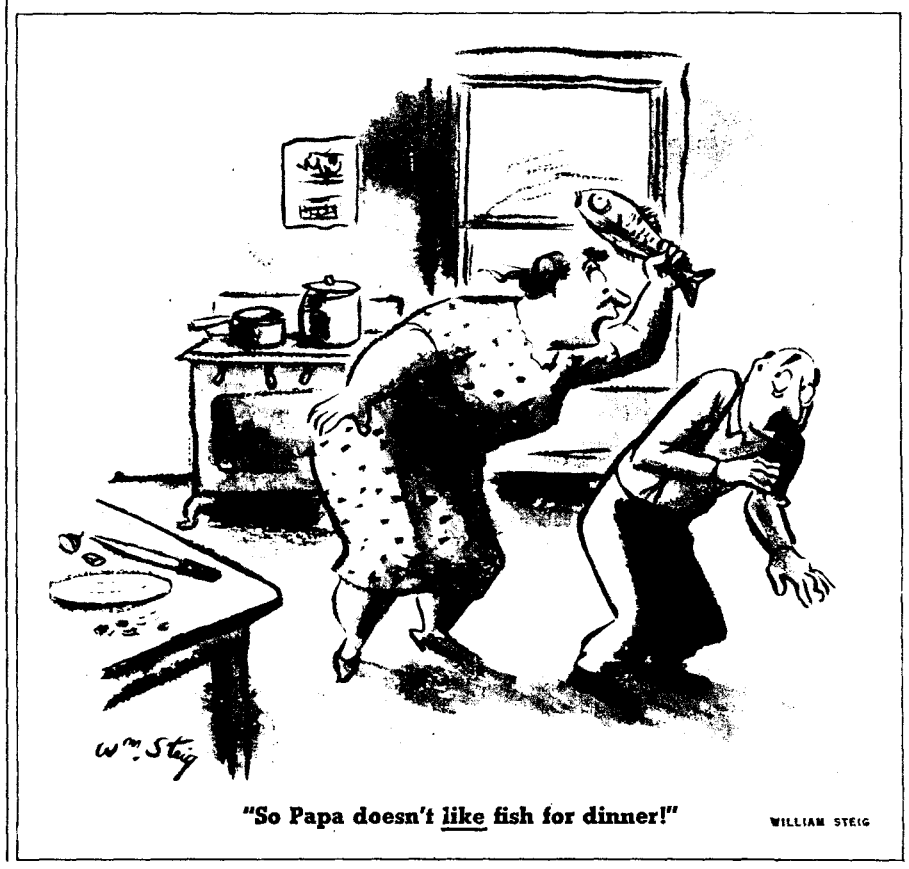
"That is possible—yes. He is a very interesting character this Captain Marshall. I interest myself in him greatly. And in his *alibi*."

"Alibi by typewriter," said Weston with a short bark of a laugh. "What have you got to say about that, Colgate?"

Inspector Colgate screwed up his eyes. "Well, you know, sir, I rather fancy that alibi. It's not too good, if you know what I mean. It's—well, it's *natural*. And if we find the chambermaid was about, and did hear the typewriter going, well, then, it seems to me that it's all right and that we'll have to look elsewhere."

"H'm," said Colonel Weston. "Where are you going to look?"

FOR a minute or two the three men pondered the question. Inspector Colgate spoke first: "It boils down to this—was it an outsider, or a guest at the hotel? I'm not eliminating the servants entirely, mind, but I don't expect for a minute that we'll find any of them had a hand in it. No, it's a hotel guest, or it's someone from right outside. We've got to look at it this



"So Papa doesn't like fish for dinner!" WILLIAM STEIG

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way. First of all—motive. There's gain. The only person to gain by her death was the lady's husband, it seems. What other motives are there? First and foremost—jealousy. It seems to me—just looking at it—that if ever you've got a *crime passionel*"—he bowed to Poirot—"this is one."

Poirot murmured, as he looked up at the ceiling, "There are so many passions."

Inspector Colgate went on: "Her husband wouldn't allow that she had any enemies—real enemies, that is, but I don't believe for a minute that that's so! I should say that a lady like her would—well, would make some pretty bad enemies—eh, sir, what do you say?"

Poirot responded: "*Mais oui,* that is so. Arlena Marshall would make enemies. But in my opinion, the enemy theory is not tenable, for you see, Inspector, Arlena Marshall's enemies would, I think, as I said just now, always be *women.*"

Colonel Weston grunted: "Something in that. It's the women who've got their knife into her here all right."

Poirot went on: "It seems to be hardly possible that this crime was committed by a woman. What does the medical evidence say?"

Weston grunted again. "Neasdon's pretty confident that she was strangled by a man. Big hands—powerful grip. It's just possible, of course, that an unusually athletic woman might have done it—but it's very unlikely."

Poirot nodded. "Exactly. Arsenic in a cup of tea—a box of poisoned chocolates—a knife—even a pistol—but strangulation—no! It is a man we have to look for."

Colonel Weston was poring over the hotel register.

He read aloud:

"Major and Mrs. Cowan, Miss Pamela Cowan, Master Robert Cowan, Master Evan Cowan, Rydal's Mount, Leatherhead. Mr. and Mrs. Masterman, Mr. Edward Masterman, Miss Jennifer Masterman, Mr. Roy Masterman, Master Frederick Masterman, 5 Marlborough Avenue, London, N. W. Mr. and Mrs. Gardener, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Redfern, Crossgates, Seldon, Princes Risborough. Major Barry, 18 Cardon Street, St. James, London, S. W. 1. Mr. Horace Blatt, 5 Pickersgill Street, London, E. C. 2. M. Hercule Poirot, Whitehaven Mansions, London, W. 1. Miss Rosamund Darnley, 8 Cardigan Court, W. 1. Miss Emily Brewster, Southgates, Sunbury-on-Thames. Rev. Stephen Lane, London. Captain and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Linda Marshall, 73 Upcott Mansions, London, S. W. 7."

He stopped.

"I think, sir," Inspector Colgate said, "that we can wash out the first two entries. Mrs. Castle tells me that the Mastermans and the Cowans come here regularly every summer with their children. This morning they went off on an all-day excursion sailing, taking lunch with them. They left just after nine o'clock. A man called Andrew Baston took them. We can check up from him, but I think we can put them right out of it."

WESTON nodded. "I agree. Let's eliminate everyone we can. Can you give us a pointer on any of the rest of them, Poirot?"

"Superficially, that is easy. The Gardeners are a middle-aged married couple, pleasant, traveled. All the talking is done by the lady. The husband is acquiescent. He plays tennis and golf and has a form of dry humor that is attractive when one gets him to oneself."

"Sounds quite okay."

"Next—the Redferns. Mr. Redfern is young, attractive to women, a magnificent swimmer, a good tennis player and accomplished dancer. His wife I have already spoken of to you. She is quiet, pretty in a washed-out way. She is, I think, devoted to her husband. She has something that Arlena Marshall did not have."

"What is that?"

"Brains."

Inspector Colgate sighed. "Brains don't count for much when it comes to an infatuation, sir."

"Perhaps not. And yet I do truly believe that in spite of his infatuation for Mrs. Marshall, Patrick Redfern really cares for his wife."

"That may be, sir. It wouldn't be the first time that's happened."

"That is the pity of it!" Poirot murmured. "It is always the thing women find it hardest to believe. Major Barry," he went on, "retired Indian army. An admirer of women. A teller of long and boring stories."

Inspector Colgate sighed. "You needn't go on. I've met a few, sir."

"Mr. Horace Blatt. He is, apparently, a rich man. He talks a good deal—about Mr. Blatt. He wants to be everybody's friend. It is sad. For nobody likes him very much. And there is something else. Mr. Blatt last night asked me a good many questions. Mr. Blatt was uneasy *Yes, there is something not quite right about Mr. Blatt.*"

(To be continued next week)

The King's Woman

Continued from page 10

Instead of being dictated to by Maniu, Carol finds himself in a position to dictate. Maniu thought he had it all worked out beautifully beforehand. Not until Carol had denounced his tie with "that woman," not until he had remarried Helen, not until he had given ample proof that he was going to be a good, levelheaded, balanced, trustworthy and constitutional chap forever after, was he to be proclaimed king.

But now that Carol is back, and the crowds are yelling themselves hoarse, Carol can and does demand immediate and unconditional proclamation as king, and Maniu, tied up in his own propaganda, has to give in.

Mihai steps down from the throne and becomes heir to his father.

The regency is dismissed with half pay (registers resentment), Carol is invested with the royal regalia and things look perfectly wonderful from the outside.

But a couple of days later Maniu discovers that "that woman" has come back again at Carol's command, and has been installed in a villa just a stone's throw away from the royal palace.

White with fury at being thus double-crossed, Maniu goes into retirement, and the king thenceforth does his own ruling, having decided to be sweeper instead of broom.

First of all he sweeps out Stirbey, slaps that gentleman's face and pulls from the wall the telephone which privately connects the prince with Maria, Carol's mother.

Maria gets terribly upset and goes into a huff, languidly gazes upon the Black Sea from Balcic, the castle so far removed from the turmoil of a bad, ungrateful world, and in her leisure moments writes witty memoirs.

Carol informs her that she has acquired a new daughter-in-law, and Maria, who always has been most particular about all her in-laws, never gets over the shock. The secret is well hidden, for she would never dare talk to anybody about her boy's "disgrace."

All this, I suppose, Will, is background, just background, for the hero, or villain, for the victim of your play is going to be Mihai, the boy.

IT IS he around whom the plot centers, he who faces the "tragic conflict."

In the days when he is king, and his grandmother does the ruling, he is not an attractive kid. She loves and adores him to the extent of a cream cake a day and as many Rolls-Royces as he can possibly use.

She is too busy with her private life to do much beyond just loving him, and it is cringing, tightly corseted aides-de-camp who are his constant companions in that hothouse atmosphere of his grandmother's court. Good old Uncle Stirbey occasionally slips him a Romanian penny and pats him on the cheek. To all the others it's "His Majesty this" and "His Majesty that," until the seven-year-old really thinks he's something special.

No draft ever gets anywhere near him and it's a disgustingly pampered, soft and flabby little creature that goes by the name of king.

All this changes when Carol comes back. He is furious when he sees what they've done to his boy, and gets right down to making a man of him. No more Rolls-Royces and aides-de-camp!

Hefty peasant boys are gathered from all over the country to be his companions, boys that bully him and make him fight to hold his own.

Soldiers' rations take the place of cream cakes when he is sent out to share the hardships and the joys of Romania's Carpathian troops.

For months he lives in Boy Scout camps, for months he treks the country and roasts his potatoes with the rest of them.

Skiing, riding and photography become his hobbies and an endless stream of tutors cram all the languages of Romania into his head, besides the English, German and French which it is nowadays every king's duty to speak.

By the time he is sixteen, he has become quite a fellow, good-looking, keen as mustard, tough as leather (you'll find better similes than those, I hope, Will), and the idol of Romanian youth—just the sort of fellow they would adore to have as king.

Being the idol of your country is rather a dangerous thing when the chap in power turns out to be a disappointment, and Carol just has. Although he has done his best to pull the country together and put through many helpful reforms, there is still a lot that is bad, a great deal that is rotten, and all of it blamed on him and "that woman" of his.

She, in fact, turns out to be quite a stone around his neck, for whenever anything goes wrong it is she the people blame, it is she the people hate and it is she the people want to be rid of. And as he won't give her up, he has to stick out his chin and take it.

The world marvels at what he will take on the chin for that mistress of his. That mistress, though, is his wife, one of the unhappiest women, probably, that ever lived. She is intelligent enough to know what a stone around Carol's neck she is. She knows that Carol could immeasurably strengthen his hand if he

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broke with her—yet on the other hand she knows that Carol will never let her go. Time and again she offers to go. Time and again even Carol, when things become too hot, accepts that offer and lets her go. But after short weeks his cry goes out to her to come back, for she will always remain the woman without whom he cannot live.

In the dark hours of her tribulations she flees into the comfort of her fathers' faith. A golden torah roll, which Carol gives her, accompanies her wherever she goes, out of the country, and back into it again, and yet even that consolation turns out to be another reason for hate to pile up at her door. Jews are becoming more and more unpopular in that part of Europe, and to stick to one's Jewish faith openly is almost like courting suicide.

JUST then Fascism begins to rise up all around the country. (It's just a newfangled word for the old "or-else" doctrine of governing people, so don't trouble to look it up in any dictionary.)

Dictators spring up to the right and left of Romania, and all the discontented people pin their hope on the revolution that Fascism dangles before their noses.

Romania is no exception, for there are a great number of discontents about, and Mihai suddenly—with little of his own doing—finds himself the hero of a movement which is his father's deadliest enemy.

You can believe that Mihai doesn't like being idolized at his dad's expense, for he has grown very fond of his father, who put him through such a hard time of training, and a real fellowship has grown up between the two of them, and they have become perfect pals who glory in each other and whose greatest pleasure is their companionship.

That is another aspect which I cannot tackle.

It was hard work at first for Carol to win over Mihai, the boy who is so devoted to his mother, who resents his father's behavior toward her, who hates Lupescu—that woman who came between his parents, that woman who prevents him from enjoying his mother's love and his father's companionship at the same time.

But Helen has gone to Florence, and Mihai sees her only once or twice a year, and slowly but steadily Carol draws the boy toward him.

As Mihai grows up, he becomes less resentful about "that woman" and eventually he even meets Lupescu, and they get on extremely well together.

BUT meanwhile, the unrest in the country grows.

Dictators need that oil, that wheat and those Black Sea ports. Carol repeatedly tells them that he isn't going to let them have them, in fact, he dares scream back when screamed at by Europe's up-and-coming dictator.

Now that seems to be just about the worst thing one can do. If dictators slash back at you for it, your people will accuse you of having provoked them. If dictators sit back and are intimidated, everyone will believe that they didn't have any designs in the first place, and yours will never be the glory if things go well, yours will be only the blame if things go wrong.

But Carol does not see it that way, he is sure he is a match for any of those dictators.

As ruthless as they, as determined as they, he hits back with all the might he has at his disposal.

The Iron Guard, Romania's Fascist movement, supplied with funds, ammunition and propaganda from abroad, is violently suppressed.

The streets of Bucharest are littered with corpses of the insurgents.

But no suppression is of any avail. Every step taken against them only makes new, more violent fanatics, every move to appease them is taken as a sign of weakness, and makes them howl for total victory.

Disunity is at its height when Russia steps in and grabs the province which, twenty years earlier, Maria had gained with her smiles and wiles at the green tables of Versailles.

Prodded by the dictator, others follow suit, and the hungry Hungarians snatch up provinces which they lost two decades ago, and Bulgaria bulges out into a few square miles of Romanian soil, which include Balcic, the castle—that love nest of Maria, the queen, and the silver urn which contains that disillusioned queen's heart.

Instead of being angry with themselves for having stirred up all the unrest that made the grabs so easy, the Iron Guards turn all their fury on Carol and "that woman" who, they pretend to feel, ought to have prevented the country's humiliation.

NOW that the fat is thus in the fire, there is nothing to be done but to appease the great dictator, and the only way to do that is to put a government in power willing to take its orders from "Him," and the Iron Guard stands ready to take over—the Iron Guard to which most of the peasant youth of Romania belongs, that peasant youth that saw Maria and Stirbey succeeded by Carol and Lupescu, that peasant youth whose idol and hope is Mihai, clean-living, straightforward, one-of-their-own, Mihai.

For days and weeks Carol hangs on by the skin of his teeth, and not until a howling crowd sweeps down the Calea Victorie to the palace, and not before stones come crashing through the French windows and roll before his feet, does Carol realize that his time is really up.

At four o'clock in the morning, after a twenty-eight-hour conference with Antonescu, Iron Guard leader and the dictator's deputy, Carol slowly walks across to his boy's bedroom, shakes him out of his sleep and tells him that once again—for the second time in his life—he is to be king.

Half awake, Mihai accepts his father's homage, sleepy-eyed, his throat dry as parchment, he bids his best pal goodby.

Shivering in the early dawn, he takes the oath upon a new constitution which has just been drawn up and which he has never read.

Five hours later, while his father's train—the train that contains Magda Lupescu too, wild-eyed and tearful, clutching the golden roll to her heart, that golden roll which was a love token from her husband and which contained the consolation of centuries—while his father's train is riddled by vengeful Iron Guard bullets as it speeds across the frontier, Mihai walks down the streets of Bucharest through cheering crowds, pressing hands right and left, those same hands that threw the stones that had rolled at his father's feet.

A month later the dictator's armored columns pour into Romania to secure that oil, to get that wheat, to occupy those Black Sea ports.

Foreign airplanes drone over the town, and the dictator's officers lean out the windows of their headquarters at the Hotel Athenee Palace just across the street from the home of Mihai, the king. King in name only, as once before, free only to do a dictator's bidding or to follow his father into exile.

PRINCESS HELEN is back again in Bucharest, having skipped being queen to be queen-mother again, to share with her son the burden which has been put on his broad young shoulders.

Scapegoats are the most important props in a dictator's outfit, and "that woman" is an ideal scapegoat if there ever was one. The dictator's propaganda builds her up into the evil power behind the throne, the string-pulling Jewess who has ensnared the simple-minded king, the redheaded witch who ought to go to the stake. But she seems out of reach.

Out of reach of the Iron Guard, perhaps, but not of the great dictator who has her and "her man" arrested in Spain, and who orders Romania to ask for her extradition so that she may be tried for corruption and for the murder of all those "martyred heroes" of the Iron Guard.

Carol is free to go, but "that woman," his mistress, must stay to face the vengeance of the dictators. She is to be thrown to the wolves, she is to be made the scapegoat.

It is now that Carol springs the surprise upon the world, that "that woman" is his legal wife, that they belong together, for better or for worse. As they were in good times, so they will remain in bad—inseparable.

THERE'S your story, Will.

If only you can handle it, there's quite a bit of drama in it somewhere, I feel.

There are those two, sitting in Spain clinging to each other, ready to face anything together, nothing apart.

There is Helen, the queen-mother, who hates "that woman" with all her heart, who believes that she was the one and only cause of her husband's downfall and who still jealously loves that fellow who once was a husband of hers.

And then there is Mihai, who will have to sign whatever sentence may be pronounced—sentence imposed upon his father and pal as well as sentence upon the woman his father married. He's the center of our story, I suppose, and here's his tragic conflict:

Will he surrender his heritage, throw away everything his father brought him up to preserve? Or will he hang on and condemn his father's wife, his father even, or at least his father's memory?

There is really quite a wonderful play there, rightly handled.

Maybe you don't care to tackle it at all, Will. I know it's all so fresh, and real, and unnatural.

I suppose those kingly tragedies have got to grow old and musty first, must acquire the patina of centuries before they look beautiful on the stage.

Don't trouble to let me know if you can't do anything with the idea, for I wouldn't know anyone else who could.

I hope I haven't bored you, but it seemed to me that there was a plot and that you were just the chap to make something of it.

Yours sincerely,
ARCHDUKE FRANZ JOSEF

The Winner!

COLLIER'S CAR CARTOON GAG CONTEST

Heartiest congratulations to Catherine A. Edmonston of 4306 North Pershing Drive, Arlington, Virginia, winner of Collier's car cartoon gag contest! Here's the caption for which she receives a certificate worth $500 to apply against the purchase price of any 1941-model automobile sold by the dealer named in her entry:

"We was going to seed in that bloomin' flowerpot."

A total of 20,738 contestants submitted 35,800 gags—an average of nearly two apiece. Some of the most frequently submitted captions were: "Gee, Sarge," "Well?" and the idea, in various words, that times like these might make it necessary to "scuttle" the car (about 500 of these). A jury of Collier's editors judged the entries. To contestants, Collier's says, "Thanks—and better luck next time!"

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She Sells 'Em

Continued from page 27

The first part is not hard to follow when you have a choice. Annie Laurie has always insisted on taking her choice, and she has steadily believed that the American picture audience has an appetite for stronger stuff than it has been allowed to enjoy, by and large. Not one of her big hits has been of the sugar-coated variety—even that long-winded romance of the Old South relied for its love interest on a pair of characters unsweetened except for the fact that Miss Leigh and Mr. Gable played them.

The second rule betrays a feminine canniness about human nature, especially in the male department. A producer who has struck an unexpected hit enjoys thinking he had a little something to do with picking it. And if he has a flop on his hands he won't thank the party who lets it get around that he was a sucker for a slick salesman.

So the shrewd head inside the baby-blue bonnet recommends tact both before and after signing on the dotted line. But she is proud of one selling method strictly her own. That is her "presentation."

Most agents follow about the same procedure in offering a book or play to the films. The Eastern story editors of the film companies go to all the plays, and they receive the first copies off the presses of any books with picture possibilities, which they send on to the coast with their recommendations.

Annie Laurie adds to the package containing a new book a batch of closely typewritten sheets, under a heading that quaintly recalls compositions you used to hand in, with a fine tremor in the knees, to your English teacher in school. "Why I Think One and One Are Two Would Make a Good Motion Picture," the title reads.

From there on, you can bet your boots Annie Laurie tells them. She spades up every angle of the film possibilities of the story, including the philosophical, although her discussion never soars into the high-brow. She figures out striking scenes and camera shots, and even dips into the matter of incidental music. By the time she has finished, the field is thoroughly plowed and a lively seed packet of ideas for the production has been planted. Even picture people admit that a fair number of her notions have come to flower on the screen. Annie Laurie coyly doesn't tell. She is acting on Rule Number Two.

It Pays to Be a Texan

Being a Texan, Annie Laurie believes in following rules, but only if they're her own. Papa Williams came to Dennison from Mississippi, and Mother from Idaho, combining the South and West into the something special that constitutes a Texas family.

The Williams family had a lot of pride and no money. It also had seven daughters. Of the seven, Annie Laurie seems to have had most of the Texas gumption right from the start. She wasn't gay at the prospect of sitting on Papa's not very large and not very prosperous ranch until a local swain married her. She married a Texan in the end anyway —Maurice Crain, the writer—but she met him at the Texas Club in New York.

She didn't know anything about the theater except from books, but the sweet girl graduate snatched her high-school diploma on the wing and made for dramatic school in Dallas. From there to New York, while Papa fretted about the impropriety of a young girl alone in the big city. She yielded to him on one point and lived at the circumspect Three Arts Club for aspiring young ladies while she made the rounds of the producers' offices looking for a part.

Her patience wore out along with the soles of her shoes. Her love for the theater couldn't survive that humiliating daily pilgrimage, and she took a temporary job in the advertising office of the Morning Telegraph. She still thinks the stage lost a fine actress that day. At the end of six years she was reviewing movies for the paper, at the time one of the lowest-paid assignments, and that's when her ideas about books and pictures began to take form.

She quit the newspaper and opened a literary office with Mavis McIntosh. But before the firm of Mac-Williams had fairly opened for business she was off on her own again, with desk space and telephone in a book-publishing firm, studying her source of supply and living on whatever ten-per-cent tidbits she could gather in.

Miss McIntosh and her present partner, a red-haired Vassar girl named Otis, are now the literary link in Annie Laurie's chain from manuscript to movie, an independent but corresponding firm. Elizabeth Otis, indeed, is still the girl who signs John Steinbeck's name to the contracts.

Mr. Steinbeck Learns

The way Of Mice and Men was made into a play is a story Annie Laurie likes to remember. When she read the short novel her instinct for the theater, long dormant, raised its eager head. She thought it fell into play form almost naturally, and she got Sam Harris and his particular wizard, George S. Kaufman, to read it. Kaufman agreed that Steinbeck ought to write the script, and Annie Laurie wrote the suggestions of this supercraftsman in full to Steinbeck out on his Los Gatos ranch.

Weeks later Steinbeck and his wife turned up in New York en route to a vacation in Scandinavia. Where, asked Annie Laurie, was the play? Steinbeck hung his head.

"I didn't write it," he confessed hollowly. "I don't know how."

It turned out that he was almost completely innocent of the theater, didn't know stage right from stage door. There were four days until the boat sailed, and Annie Laurie packed both the Steinbecks up to her stone house in the Litchfield hills of Connecticut, dusted off the typewriter, and plied the novelist with nourishing food, encouragement and stage mechanics for the ensuing ninety-six hours.

Then she handed the weary Steinbecks up the gangplank and jubilantly bounded off to Kaufman with the script.

When the Steinbecks came back she had the electric joy of bringing these two talented gentlemen together for the first time and watching them strike sparks off each other. Steinbeck went home to Los Gatos to embody Kaufman's recommendations in the final draft. The next season the play won the New York Critics' Circle award, more coveted by many theater people than the Pulitzer Prize.

When we said Annie Laurie doesn't budge on price, we neglected to mention a historic exception. She once cut her price exactly in half, from $100,000 to $50,000.

The story—you've guessed it—was Gone With the Wind. Very few people now remember that until Selznick bid for it there were no takers at any price. But Annie Laurie remembers.

ON-GUARD!

HOW TO GET ALONG IN THE ARMY by Sgt. McChesney

WATCH OUT, you 17,000,000 men who face the chance of finding yourselves, soon, answering bugle calls and cussing out (under your breath) tough top sergeants like Bill McChesney. You can soften the jolt of introduction to the army's hard-boiled ways by reading McChesney's inside dope on how the army *really* expects you to act. He's been thirty years in the regular army and knows all the answers.

And that's just one of the 59 inviting features in the January American Magazine. There's a complete novel of Hollywood romance; a new "Scattergood" story; Rachel Field's first fiction since "All This and Heaven Too"; articles on Premier King of Canada, on auto driving, astronomy, health; moving pages from a judge's private diary; an editorial by Maurice Maeterlinck; a special section of color photographs, a personality test (you'll have fun trying it on your friends)...Many hours of happy, helpful reading in these 150 richly illustrated pages. Be sure to get your copy today. It's on every good newsstand.

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THE American MAGAZINE

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Troubled Heart

Continued from page 9

happen that way, besides Carol's heart is big enough to care for both of us."

"In that case there would be no harm in letting things remain as they are for a year and judging, at the end of that time, whether you are right."

Conway's social graces gave place to an air of disturbing realism:

"At the end of a year I may be dead, we may both be dead. What the future holds nobody can say. That's why we've a right to live, and live fully, while we have the chance."

Mrs. Vellaby rose and went to the window and clutched at the curtains, what time she strove to marshal her faculties and press the fight. At long last she spoke in a low, tremulous voice:

"You will think, perhaps, I am a selfish old woman, but when you know the reason you may be less disposed to blame me. I admit that the thought of losing Carol is torture, but youth must have its fling even though age pays the price."

Conway said: "But is it such a high price? Marrying me won't prevent you seeing each other, and I've an idea you won't feel half so badly about it when you've said 'Yes.'"

"I do say 'Yes'—with all my heart—but, in return, there is something you must promise to do."

"Very well."

"You must tell Carol I have less than a year to live."

He stiffened, got up, and stared incredulously.

"I consulted a doctor some while ago—a Dr. Fergusson of Wimpole Street. He sentenced me to death."

He did not doubt her sincerity, for there was no mistaking the fear in her voice.

"I . . . I'm most terribly sorry."

"I hadn't the courage to tell Carol myself, for until now I was the only person she had to love. But I feel that before you take her away she has a right to know. For if, later on, she learned that you had kept the knowledge from her I doubt if she would ever forgive you."

His expression hardened.

"You know, of course, that when I've told her, she'll stay here?"

"That is something she must decide for herself."

He was not deaf to a hint of triumph in her voice. With it doubt stirred.

"Very well," he said, bowed and went out.

Through the half-open window she saw him hail a cruising taxi.

"Wimpole Street," he said.

Two blocks away he stopped the taxi at a telephone booth to look up the number of Dr. Fergusson's house.

THE manservant who answered the doorbell informed him that the doctor had given up private practice to serve with the navy. Turning away, frustrated, Conway saw on the poster of an evening paper the words "BRITISH AND FRENCH FLEETS MOBILIZE." In no other circumstances would he have regarded it as good news.

When he got home the Misses Pincent were in a flutter and the Girl Pat rushed off to have a huddle with Plum. Conway rang up to ask Carol to come around and help him pack.

Some buttons were missing from his shirts and while she was sewing them on he kept his promise to Mrs. Vellaby. Carol turned white but went on sewing. When he had finished, she said: "Her bravery in never speaking a word!" From the way she said it, he knew that she was dedicated.

Then she got up, put her arms around his neck, kissed him, and said: "Be careful, for our futures' sake."

She did not wait to see him off. That would have been more than she could bear.

"Besides, Mother will be expecting me."

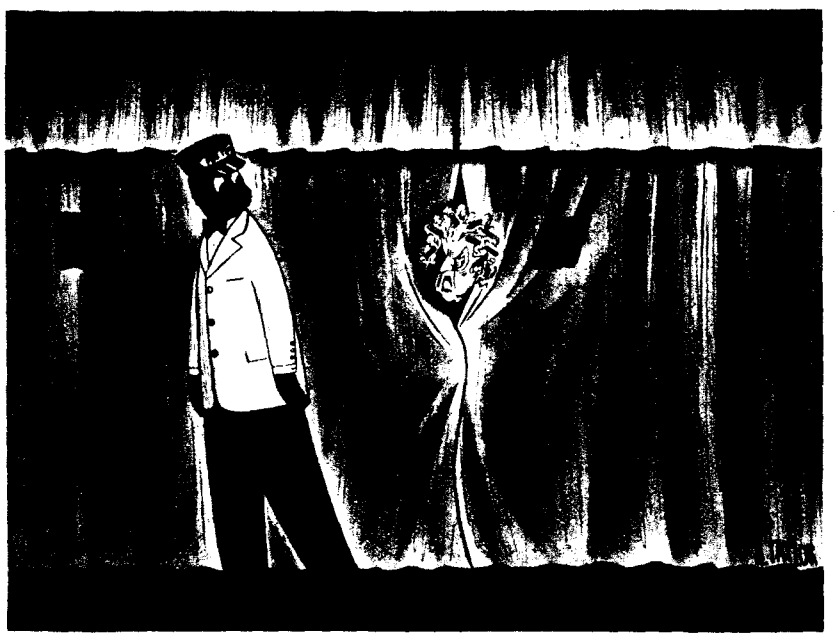
He stood at his observation post watching her for what well might be the last time.

That evening Mrs. Vellaby, speaking through tears, made Carol promise that no one, not even Delia, should be told the truth. The promise given, she added: "My dearest, I didn't want you to sacrifice your happiness for me. I can only pray that it won't be for long."

After that she went upstairs and slept like a top.

CONWAY wrote that he had been given command of H.M.S. Mine-Sweeper Derring-do, based at an east-coast port, and missed her like the devil and all his demons.

The war went wearily on, and Mrs. Vellaby and Carol settled down to a pleasant jog trot that even the B.B.C. was powerless to upset.



"Porter, should there be a man in here playing a ukulele and cracking jokes?" RICHARD TAYLOR

It was Carol who had installed a radio and, overcoming her initial dislike for the thing, Mrs. Vellaby came to regard it as a soporific to which she was indebted for many an after-dinner nap. But one evening, just as she was dropping off, she heard a phrase which the times had turned to a cliché: "The secretary of the admiralty regrets to announce the loss of His Majesty's Mine-Sweeper Derring-do . . ."

She did not hear the name of her commander, her tonnage and complement, nor that it was feared that she had been lost with all hands, because Carol had sprung to her feet and, with hands pressed to her mouth, was making dreadful, strangled cries in her throat. Before Mrs. Vellaby could ask the reason, Carol ran from the room and out of the house. Not until then did she realize that the Derring-do was Conway's ship.

It would be vain to suppose that she reproached herself, nor was there any reason to do so. For what had happened she was innocent of blame. It was just one of those things that do happen in war. But while listening anxiously for Carol's return, she wondered how Conway's death would affect their future. She did not doubt that Carol would be prostrated with grief and a genuine desire to soften it was responsible for her sudden determination to emerge from the valley of death. It was an affair that would have to be handled with delicacy and timed in such a way as to do the most good. Carol's despair at the loss of her lover must be obliterated in the happy tidings that her beloved mother was to be spared for many years to come.

Mrs. Vellaby waited until nearly midnight before tiptoeing into Carol's room. A voice addressed her out of the dark: "Go to bed, Mummie, you ought to have been in bed ages ago."

Mrs. Vellaby crossed the room, sat down on the bed and found one of Carol's hands.

"I shall stay here until you're asleep."

"No, please. You'll only make yourself ill."

This was the cue she needed.

"I won't, dear. Out of your grief I seem to have found a new strength. After this *I* must look after *you*."

Carol said: "You're very sweet."

"I was thinking, dear, there's a specialist in Devonshire Place about whom everybody's talking. I shall try and make an appointment with him tomorrow. If he thinks I'm up to it, we might go to the Pyrenees for a little while and find a sun shining."

Carol did not answer at once and when she did it seemed that she had not been listening:

"If I could only have been his wife—even for a few days. Yes, Mummie? What were you saying?"

There was a letter from Conway next morning, written before he went to sea. Carol did not open it until after her mother had left the house, for Mrs. Vellaby would not hear of Carol's accompanying her to the doctor.

In the letter Conway wrote: "I suppose pretty well any thing at all is excusable when one loves a person. I know, if you were mine, I'd never let you go. I might even lie to keep you—as your mother did. By a sheer fluke, I knocked up against a Dr. Fergusson in port last night. He's acting as consultant at a naval hospital. I remembered the name as that of a doctor who attended your mother, and I asked if he remembered her. You know what clams doctors are when it comes to discussing a professional secret—but something in the way he grinned struck me as queer.

"I asked what was so funny and he shrugged his shoulders. His manner got my goat and perhaps I had had a drink or two, so I out and said that it didn't strike me as being a hundred per cent to laugh about somebody you've sentenced to death. 'I *what?*' he said. 'You're raving. I haven't seen Mrs. Vellaby for eighteen months and apart from a chronic tendency to hypochondria she's as strong as a horse.' So there you are, Carol, and I've no comments, but you and I are getting married as soon as I can lay hands on a license."

Carol sat staring at the letter, while a coldness she had never before experienced gathered around her heart.

Meanwhile, at Devonshire Place, Mrs. Vellaby was explaining to Doctor Sivier that she was seeking his advice in the absence on active service of her own consultant.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact I would rather not say."

"Why?"

"Because I believe he frightened me unnecessarily."

"Humph! What seems to be the trouble?"

She searched her mind for a plausible answer, and nature supplied it:

"I had been suffering from a certain amount of pain around the heart and rheumatism in the left arm."

"And what did he tell you?"

"That I was dying."

"Let's have a look at you," said he.

The examination was thorough. When he had finished she confidently asked for the verdict.

"Well, I wouldn't say you were dying," he said. "With luck and reasonable care you may have several years before you."

Her hand flew to her heart and she cried: "What do you mean?"

"It's angina pectoris."

She never knew how she got home or managed to struggle upstairs to Carol's room where she flung herself on the bed in a gale of weeping. Carol was staring at a letter as if nobody were in the room. Then, in broken words, Mrs. Vellaby sobbed:

"Where are you? Come to me. I'm frightened. The doctor . . . the doctor . . . he told me I was a dying woman."

"Again?" said Carol, stonily. "You're wasting your tears, Mother."

She got up, dropped Conway's letter on the bed, picked up a hat and coat and left the house.

THIS would have been a horrible story but for the sequel, contained in a telegram forwarded to Carol and given her as she lay in bed at Delia's house with a twin on either side of her. The telegram said: "Picked up by a destroyer no flowers by request Trinity church Lowestoft next Tuesday at two pip emma and don't be late Love Conway."

Resolved to be early rather than late, Carol got up and possessed herself of the last of Delia's petrol coupons together with a loan of the car. Five A.M. was striking when she located the billet where Conway was sleeping off the effects of prolonged immersion in the North Sea. He was wakened surprisingly by her arms slipping around his neck and her mouth being pressed to his and tears running down her nose onto his unshaven cheek.

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The Secret Four

Continued from page 23

warned the British government—was that Nazi invasion preparations were in part a trap to divert large-scale British naval tonnage from convoy duty and to hasten the collapse of the French colonial empire. Germany was broadcasting invasion stories to Britain, the French colonies and the outside world. Nazi radio stations were saying little of invasion to the German people.

The four psychologists foresaw, too, despite friendly Russian comment on how London could take it and how the R.A.F. was punishing the *Luftwaffe*, that the Russian-German collaboration would grow even closer.

How do these radio sleuths predict enemy action? Here is the story in the words of Professor Ernst Kris as he told it to me and as okayed by the British censor after I had secured official help in releasing the facts.

Kris, chief of the four, and for fifteen years an associate of Freud, does his best talking while pacing up and down. "Not many weeks before he took the plunge it was still believed in high circles here that Mussolini intended to keep out of the war," said the ambulatory prof, simultaneously getting under way as a propaganda analyst and an interoffice pedestrian.

"The Italian people were too anti-German, and Italy was too vulnerable for the Duce openly to risk joining Hitler in conflict against the Allies, according to the most accurate information available. To us who had been hearing the Italian broadcasts it was clear that if once Mussolini could convince the Italian people that battleships were at the mercy of airplanes, then he would dare tell them there was nothing to fear from the British navy."

How Mussolini was Anticipated

The professor sat down for a second, remembered that he did his most effective talking on his feet, jumped up and resumed as follows:

"At a crucial moment in Anglo-Italian relations, when Britain and Italy quarreled over stopping coal shipments from Germany to Italy and Allied naval reinforcements had arrived in the Mediterranean, the German wireless made a suspiciously opportune announcement: 'A thirty-thousand-ton British battleship,' German radio stations broadcast, 'has been sunk in just over thirty seconds by one bomb from a German bombing plane.' The Rome radio seized on this announcement and repeated it with enthusiastic embellishments. The British navy, the official Italian station intimated, was as good as finished.

"That the German claim was pure invention was evident, apart from British official denial. The battleship was never given a name, the pilot who brought off the feat was never named, much less feted and decorated in customary Nazi style. The German radio stations remained completely silent on the fabulous achievement following the first announcement. It seemed significant, therefore, that the Italian radio stations should continue to elaborate on the sinking. Italian broadcasts to Turkey in particular emphasized the failure of the British navy."

Broadcasts from Rome to Turkey and Arabia, Kris pointed out, began to stress what was termed "official" American reaction to German bombings of the British fleet. To these two Mediterranean areas, as well as to the Italian people, it was stated that the then "American Secretary of the Navy Edison has advised the American government to shelve further plans for construction of battleships and to concentrate on the construction of aircraft, because aircraft has proved superior to the warship."

"This misstatement of Edison's recommendation even went beyond the German broadcast versions of Edison's report," Kris explained. "The Germans claimed only that Edison had advised additional strengthening of battleship armor. We noted this difference and the Italian reiteration of the failure of the battleship began to assume the proportions of an intensified propaganda campaign. We realized this campaign had one purpose—to prepare the Italian people for Italy's entrance into the war. The conquest of the battleship was patently wish-fulfillment for the Italians who feared war unless they were certain the British fleet could be knocked out.

"We subjected all current Italian broadcasts to a special analysis, noting this strain of wish-fulfillment. There was no escaping the one conclusion. We drew up a concrete report. We stated Italy would soon declare war. It was now approaching the middle of May. Mussolini declared war June tenth."

Let's take another example: Let Mark Abrams, another of the secret four, explain: "During the first two or three days of July, Axis broadcasts, at least superficially, ran along routine lines," Abrams pointed out to me. "Britain was attacked as perfidious for crippling or seizing the French fleet. There were normal accounts of German and Italian successes in the air and at sea. Axis broadcasts in English, intended for British listeners, carried the usual general threats that 'the victorious German forces are ready for the final attack.'

"Over the week end, however, occasional nondescript radio items began to appear in German programs suggesting something else was in the air. There were two cautiously reported quotations from obscure news sources broadcast in Hungarian hinting that a political surprise was possible and that there were rumors of a Reichstag meeting to be summoned.

"Simultaneously a Rome broadcast in Italian suggested that even the English people might soon be casting aside their old statesmen and decadent principles of liberalism. There followed a German broadcast to North America surprisingly declaring destruction of the British empire was not a German war aim, and that such destruction was not necessary under certain conditions. Finally, one of the German stations broadcasting in English stated that the annihilation of Britain was not inevitable and there were hopes of a more sensible solution.

"Remember, these broadcasts were isolated amidst the usual attacks against Britain. Noting these few inconsistent items out of thousands running in a contrary sense, we began combing the world's daily radio output for further material. By the end of the first week of July there seemed to be sufficient evidence for us to conclude that ground was being prepared for a peace feeler. We reported to the cabinet ministers that a 'peace ultimatum is imminent.'

"During the next ten days hints of peace disappeared from all broadcasts from German or Italian stations. Radio propagandists and news bulletins stressed preparation and talk of the invasion of Britain and the certainty of annihilation. To quote Shakespeare, 'We thought the lady did protest too much.' We felt certain a peace ultimatum would be made. On July 19th came Hitler's speech and peace ultimatum."

Psyching the Air Waves

All detective stories in London begin with a fog.

Let me take you to a tobacco-fogged room. John Scarlett Alexander Salt, late of the Royal Engineers, stirs restlessly at his desk. Mark Abrams reaches for another cigar. Anne Outwaithe, an English version of Dorothy Thompson, studies again the large charts in front of her and makes some additional notes. All three watch the square-set, forward-tilting figure of Professor Kris pace and repace the floor.

"It is quite evident," he says, then pauses and asks Miss Outwaithe to check the charts again.

These charts are the exhibits from which deductions are made. They contain significant passages from broadcasts of the week selected at previous meetings as indicative of the trend of the enemies' thoughts.

"Yes, there can be no mistake," the professor continues, "the Nazis are feinting. We must look for action elsewhere. Their broadcasts in Portuguese to Brazil and the Italian broadcasts in Italian to the South Pacific are significant."

Discussion follows, conclusions are tabulated by the hard-working Miss Outwaithe, reconstruction of motives are rechecked by Doctor Abrams and the learned professor, and final instructions are issued by John Scarlett Alexander Salt.

It is Tuesday night. Wednesday morning a mimeographed report, slugged "secret" in minatory red-ink capitals, is circulated to the government. Since this is your first glimpse of these four who have hitherto remained anonymous and who are bound to become famous, let us take a closer look at them.

Salt, a tall, oval-faced, 34-year-old ex-lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, organized the secret four. A Yorkshireman, whose family dates back to the thirteenth century, he gave up a career in the army nine years after graduating from the Woolwich Military Academy to become a BBC program director.

Several weeks after the war started, he organized the Monitoring Service. The service keeps its eye and ear on radio broadcasts throughout the world for the information of official circles. Interesting comments by American broadcasters may grace a cabinet minister's desk several hours later.

Salt has installed for the BBC the Telediphone system. About 350 records of broadcast talks are made every twenty-four hours and three quarters of a million words are caught daily in wax and rubber. Somewhere in the heart of England there is a strange earphoned

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army of men living in huts. They know every language including Maltese and Kurdish. They translate as the broadcasts are taken down.

The vast report is turned over to an editorial staff of about seventy-five men and women who condense it to about forty thousand words. These represent an essential summary of what the wild, but not so impulsive, radio waves have been saying. They are mimeographed and distributed to all government departments.

But it was soon realized that it is still pretty much of a jigsaw puzzle to read with understanding even forty thousand words daily. The governments from whose controlled radio stations news and propaganda pour are striving toward objectives not always plainly indicated.

Certain definite patterns were apparent in the talks picked up. For example, there seemed to be some connection between what the Russians were telling the Rumanians and what the Germans were telling the Hungarians. The Russians were talking about Hungarian claims on Rumania. The Germans were telling Hungarians about Russia's interest in the Bessarabian area of Rumania. What were the Nazis and the Russians up to? Salt asked. It was evident that the Russians and Germans were preparing for a carve-up of Rumania.

Germany and Italy both broadcast in a dozen languages—but it is significant that the Germans do not broadcast in Russian.

Nazi propaganda is not air-fed to the Russian people. There is complete understanding between Berlin and Moscow on this score. If a clue were needed as to the co-operation between Nazi Germany and Bolshevik Russia, none more realistic could be cited.

Well, try putting all this on your phonograph and see if it gets you anywhere except a padded cell.

"Can't some sense be gotten out of all this?" asked Salt, and this is where Professor Kris came in.

The professor is an annoying fellow. Despite his mild looks he likes to probe minds. He suggested that a comparison and study and analysis of the different broadcasts might help not only to put the jigsaw together but reveal what the Continentals were aiming to do. Kris is going to teach in New York before long, having been granted temporary leave. But the professor has outlined the procedure for his colleagues to probe Nazi and Fascist minds and to guess their secrets.

Listen to what the erudite professor tells me:

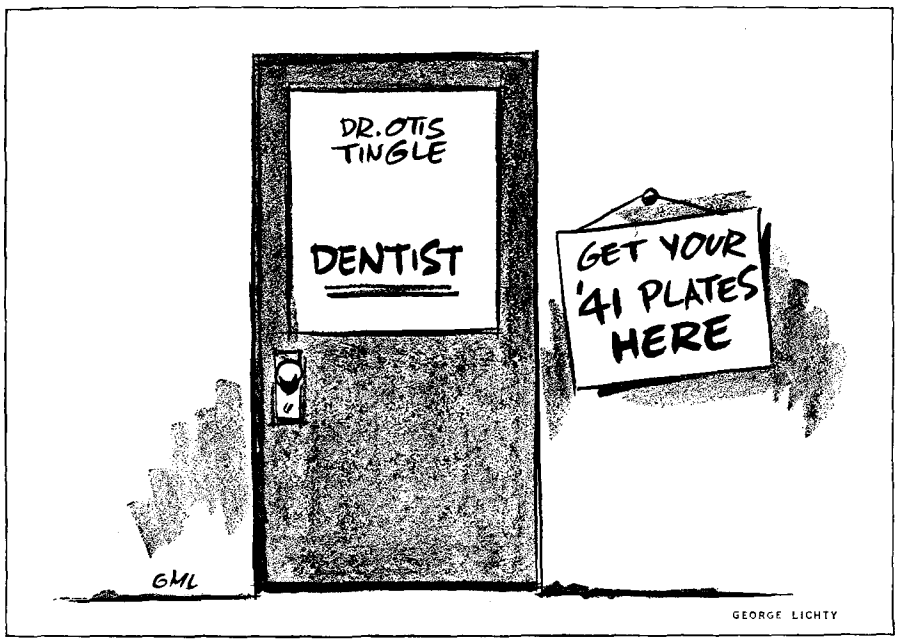
"The basic assumption underlying our work is that radio propaganda, whether in the form of news bulletins or talks, is planned and purposive, either consciously or unconsciously.

"Where the planning is conscious, and certainly the Nazi broadcasts are deliberate, we start with Hitler's contention that in war words are acts. The speaker of propaganda is in action. Our job is to solve what his real objectives are.

"We have to unravel the real meaning of his words. It is like anagram-solving or a study of tactics. In addition to planned motives in propaganda there is also an unconscious purpose. It is this hidden motive and objective that it is the job of the psychologist to discover. We can often read the minds of propagandists in a way that would astonish them."

In other words, it isn't only what you say, but what you don't say that is going to get you into trouble. And the way you say it and the times you repeat certain details furnishes clues to Professor Kris.

Salt and Kris got to work to study German and Italian broadcasts. They called in two others to help.



The first was Mark Abrams, Ph.D., 34-year-old graduate of the London School of Economics. Bespectacled, whimsical, soft-voiced sociologist, Dr. Abrams spent over a year at the Brookings Institution in Washington, having won an Eastman Fellowship. His American experience and a spell in the advertising business swept away academic cobwebs. Like the professor the little doctor is full of ideas about reading the enemy's mind.

"In a certain sense," he says, "as Kris frequently points out, our work is like that done by the Institution of Anthropology on Magic. There is a close parallel between the primitive tribalism the anthropologists study and German nationalism."

Now meet Miss Anne Outwaithe, the last, but not least, of the four. She is the daughter of a former Labor member of Parliament. In 1918 she went to Germany on relief work, then drifted into writing. She joined an advertising agency connected with an American bank especially anxious to loan good American dollars to German municipalities. You probably remember those days. For a number of years she helped edit a magazine, World Review.

Brilliant, studious, quietly dressed, tight-lipped, Miss Outwaithe knows the byways and dead-end streets of European diplomacy. She has a special knack for putting ideas into coherent form so that cabinet ministers may understand. At first the ministers didn't pay any attention to what the secret four had to say: now their weekly report is eagerly awaited. Very few people even in the BBC know of the work of these four.

When the war is over there will be books by and about the secret four. In the meantime, I've told you all about them as blandly as possible, without being "too dramatic."

How to Keep Football Stars in College

Continued from page 20

postgrad work," they would remark loftily.

They couldn't afford to tell the frosh they still hadn't passed freshman English. It would have been bad for the morale.

For the most part these postgrads were the fellows who abused the privilege of being dumb. The most affable, probably without degrees, would have already left the campus to sell bonds or insurance. Those who had been given degrees would be teaching and coaching in high schools and developing new prospects for the machine.

I could give you many amusing stories of my labors with these boys. From the day they had left elementary school they had been passed through their classes because of football. Consequently, they had the formal education of the average kid in the sixth grade. Algebra was a required subject for a degree at Alabama. Can you picture one of these big fellows trying to solve the simplest algebraic equation? Or scanning a line from Browning? There was usually nothing for me to do but find the right prof and make a deal.

I remember in particular one great hero who was an All-America guard. He had been on the campus for seven years, and we had labored and dragged him through everything but elementary English. I would sit and read to him and point out and define the various parts of speech. "Here, Spike," I would say, "is a noun. And here is a verb."

He would nod his head, and I would read on. After six lines I would point back to the two words and ask him what they were. He would give me a blank stare, and the session would be ended.

I got Spike his pass in English, however, and the night he marched up and received his degree his professor and I sat in Tuscaloosa's most respectable bar and drank a toast to the great American system of public education.

A Triumph for Education

The classic story of the Alabama campus is the one about the football player in the history class. Having failed all his exams, the professor consented to give him one last special exam.

"I'm going to give you one question," he said. "If you can answer it, I will pass you. The question is: What is the capital of Alabama?"

The beefer studied for a long moment and answered: "Wetumpka."

"All right," replied the professor. "Had you answered 'Montgomery,' your grade would have been 100. Since Wetumpka is 18 miles from Montgomery, I'll subtract 18 from 100 and your grade will be 82 for the course. I congratulate you."

Seriously, however, most of the passing was done through the system of fellowship students at the university. These students teach some of the elementary classes, and they grade virtually all the examination papers. They know that the football team is an asset to the school, and they know what must be done to keep many of the players eligible. They are the ones who furnish most of the elastic consciences.

But the colossal injustice only begins when the great hero gets his degree. He now becomes a favored applicant for a coaching position in some high school. But high schools in the South can't afford full-time coaches. The coach has to be a member of the faculty and spend part of his time teaching history or math or chemistry. And I had to sell those great heroes to school boards as teachers as well as coaches.

When I think of some of the scenes that must have transpired in Alabama schoolrooms during the past ten years, I wonder if I can ever atone for the sins I have committed against the rising generation.

Having been connected with the machine, I naturally dropped into the ranks of "active alumni" when I left the university. I choked back my cynicism with all the usual arguments about the value of team play and high ideals and die-for-dear-old-Siwash. And think of those fellows who would never get an "education" if it weren't for football! Besides, I enjoyed the spectacle, the business rivalry, and, as one ambitious for my school, I couldn't deny that football was our most negotiable asset.

Alabama is now the largest state university in the South, and its growth parallels exactly the growth of its football team in national prestige. Its huge stadium was paid for out of the half-million derived from Rose Bowl games.

But as the Great Dane would say, here's the rub for me now. I know that as my son grows up I'm going to do everything in my power to keep him from being sucked into the football mill. I was saved myself by being too little. Then how can I honestly go on recruiting other men's sons for a system in which I know the cards are stacked against them?

Boys are Only Human

Take the average American boy today in first or second year high school. The day he goes out and makes the football squad he takes a dangerous step. For he soon begins to neglect his classwork. He learns that he belongs to a favored group—that he doesn't have to study—that if he's good at football he's going to be passed anyway. Human nature being what it is, most of them take the easy way. From the day a boy starts playing football until he falls out somewhere up the ladder, his chief interest is going to be football. It has to be. The system demands it. And the day he falls out—whether it's on the freshman squad or whether he goes on to join the great heroes—he is going to discover that he knows how to do just one thing—play football. He is going to find out that during the years in which he might have been fitting himself to earn a living, he has been occupied with mousetraps and cross-bucks.

Some weeks ago, with Collier's cameraman Hans Groenhoff, I examined the

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records of a hundred or more products of the Alabama machine. We traveled many miles and interviewed boys all the way from the Tennessee Valley to the Black Belt farms in southern Alabama. Many of them were coaching and "teaching" in small-town high schools—manufacturing new prospects for the Tide—at salaries of $900 to $1,350 a year. The rest ranged from complete unemployment with "no prospect of work" up to Big John Miller, All-Southern guard in 1931, who, as premier snuff salesman in four TVA counties, seemed to be faring best of all.

We found Roy "The Ripper" White living in the teacherage at a D.A.R. high school on Sand Mountain. His wife teaches home economics at the school, and The Ripper, unemployed, hunts squirrels and helps around the house. A smashed knee has given him a deep limp. His younger brother died a few weeks ago after lying paralyzed for a month as a result of injuries received in a high-school football scrimmage.

"I played two years of freshman and Red Shirt ball," The Ripper said, "and in '33 I was third man behind Dixie Howell at left half. I got in the Stanford game for two minutes. But in '34 I got hurt and crossed up with Thomas, and they threw me to the 'automatics.' I transferred to a smaller school and tried to carry on with my education, but it was no use." (By being "thrown to the automatics," The Ripper was referring to the university rule which automatically expels any student who fails to pass eight semester hours of work. When a football-scholarship player is dropped from any of the various squads, "the automatics" usually catch him, since he no longer receives tutoring or influential aid.)

Tony Holm, All-America fullback in '29, played pro football for six seasons, but when "five freight trains" hit him on a kickoff in Pittsburgh, a knee buckled the wrong way and his playing days were over. He has worked as a bouncer in a gambling house outside Birmingham, a clerk in a state whisky store and now has a commission job in a Birmingham furniture store.

Jimmie Moss was playing with his two children the night we called at his four-room farmhouse in Morgan County. Jimmie and I were kids together. In elementary school he was smart enough. But in high school he learned he was a star tackle. He went to Alabama the year I did, on a football scholarship.

I remember the day he left the university. It was three months after he had entered. His knee had been wrenched the first week out and he had had no chance to make himself seen among those scores of striving freshmen. His scholarship had soon played out. He was a picture of dejection. He was heading back to the small town we came from, and there'd be no band to meet him.

"How can I go on?" he asked me. "If I had studied in high school and planned my education, I wouldn't mind working my way through. There's nothing for me to do now but go back home and try to get a job."

Jimmie is now working as a helper in a Decatur steel-fabricating plant, trying at thirty-three to learn a trade he might have learned in high school. I've been told that when the rest of his crew are cocking their ears toward the football broadcasts on Saturday afternoon, Jimmie hammers doggedly on and doesn't bother to listen.

In 1928 Dwight "Pug" Deal, a sophomore at the university, was hailed as the toughest blocking back in the school's history, but he was fired off the squad by Coach Wade after Alabama lost to Tennessee.

We found Deal working on a farm in Tuscaloosa County.

"It's been tough since those days," he said. "But I've gotten over my bitterness. Wade knew I wasn't any more guilty of taking a drink than the other fellows, but he had to make an example of somebody."

N. A. "Nap" Powell now drives a soft-drink truck in Selma, Alabama, after spending several years "taking in washing" for a laundry. Alumni from Thomasville, Alabama, recruited him from Selma for their high-school team, and then sent him to Alabama. He fell out of the Red Shirts.

Neil Rogers is a WPA interviewer in Florence. Don Campbell has fought back to become the announcer for a tiny radio station in Selma after buckling a knee with the Red Shirts.

Three thousand hopeful young men have entered the University of Alabama to play football during the fifteen years I have been close to that machine. Fifteen hundred fell out by the end of the first semester. All of these initial casualties had played football in high school and had learned little else. When the athletic department dropped them, what could they do? Even if their parents could afford to send them to classes, they were not prepared. They had come to college prepared only to play football. Had football not robbed them of their opportunities in high school some of them might have worked out successful college careers.

Yet the 1,500 who fell out first were more fortunate than most of those who stuck. They got their jolts sooner and have had more time to recover.

Why Football's Lost a Fan

Of all the 3,000 I don't know a single one today, outside coaching or professional football, who could be pointed out as an eminent success. I have known only one who was unusually intelligent. He was Freddie Sington, All-America tackle in 1930. Sington, a Phi Beta Kappa student, wanted to study law but found it impossible with his football activities. He played professional baseball for a while and is now selling automobiles in Decatur, Georgia.

We fellows who have helped make football what it is today may as well face the facts. We've come a cropper. In the name of sportsmanship we've built a rah-rah empire that's phony to its roots. We've taken a fine game and converted it into a monster which takes from a boy his formative years and leaves him nothing but a letter to wear on his chest, a spavined knee and a false sense of values.

What's happening at my alma mater is only typical of what is happening in all sections of the country. And I said *all* sections. We who have recruited Alabama's players know who our competitors have been. And we've offered no higher prices than were necessary to compete in the open market.

Millions of my fellow fanatics will have seen some great grid shows when this season with its bowl games is over. But I won't be there any more. I'm going to be down on my farm using the war whoop to call my hogs.

On those days when I'm riding around over the state, instead of recruiting a couple of blocking backs, I'm going to stop at the playgrounds and chat with the boys. They'll ask me about the Tide. And I'm going to say:

"Sure, the Tide's all right. But say, did you fellows ever play badminton. Now there's a real man's game."

I know. Next time I go around most of them will still be playing football. But ten years from now when they come to see me wearing those All-America pins, I won't have to duck out the back door or squirm guiltily in my chair. I can look them in the eye and say:

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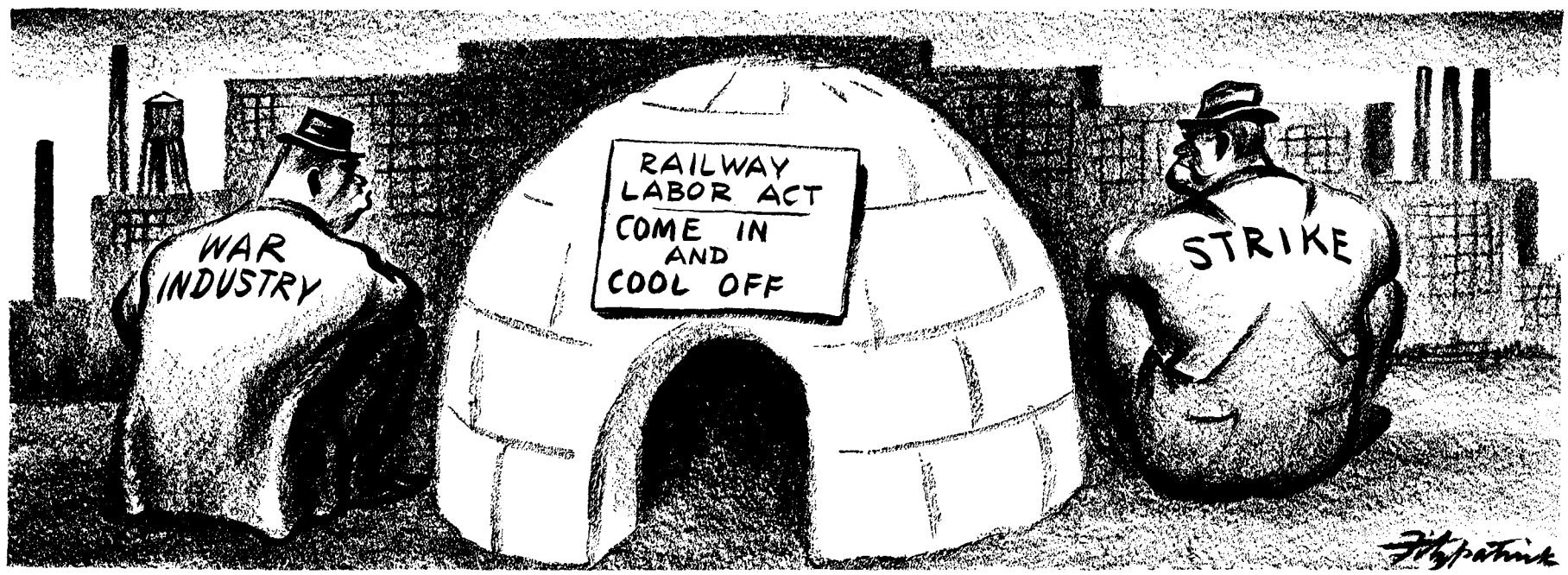

Strikes in Wartime

WE USE the word "wartime" advisedly in the above title. The United States is putting forth a double-barreled war effort. We are building a huge and multiplex fighting machine for ourselves, and we are producing war supplies for embattled Britain as fast as we can.

If this effort is to succeed, we've got to produce, tremendously and steadily and with the least possible friction, for the duration of the hostilities.

Hence, one of the biggest questions now leering at us is: What to do about strikes in plants working on war orders? That question has to be solved, and solved right.

The Vultee airplane-factory strike in California touched off a lot of hair-trigger proposals. Tops in this line, so far as we know, is a suggestion that such strikes be made treason by Act of Congress. There is considerable talk about a compulsory arbitration law; some talk about some kind of flat *verboten* to be clapped on war-plant strikes. And so on.

We believe that in a democratic country any thou-shalt-not law aimed at strikes is a futile law, and one that will defeat itself.

France's Daladier government tried such a decree November 30, 1938. It broke the 24-hour general protest strike called for that day by putting the railroad workers under military orders and practically drafting other essential services. But the longer-range consequence of this Hitlerish act was that the French government lost the confidence of French labor. This was one big reason, as we read the record, why France came unglued so fast when Hitler tore into it.

We think the democratic and the workable solution for the United States is to be found by approaching the wartime strike problem from the democratic angle.

A working model for such a solution, indeed, already exists. We refer to the Railway Labor Act.

Under this law, a 60-day waiting period is required after a strike vote is taken by any railroad union or unions. During this period, there is all manner of time-killing, fact-finding, shilly-shallying and fooling around. The idea is (1) to adjust the trouble peaceably, and (2) to give passions and prejudices on both sides time to cool off.

Extremists on both sides hate the Railway Labor Act. There is always a lot of wild talk when its velvet-gloved fingers clamp down on tempers and old hates. But the net gain from the R.L.A. has been that railroads in this country have lost no operating time because of strikes since the act was first put into effect back in 1926.

Which is as it should be. Railroads, though privately operated, are what the lawyers call affected with a public interest—meaning that the public's interest in their steady functioning is paramount over the interests of either the owners or the railway workers.

If the railroads are affected with public interest, then even more so, at a time like this, is any industry or plant producing directly or indirectly for war purposes. The ultimate stake in our defense effort, and perhaps in our help for Britain, is our very independence as a nation. If that isn't a public interest we don't know what a public interest means.

If the railroads, with the help of broad-visioned, unhysterical legislation, have been able to cut their strike problem to the bone, then the problem can be cut to the bone in the arms industries, too. And it can be done in the democratic way, without recourse to iron-fist methods.

We believe American labor will prove as willing to co-operate in this matter as any other part of the population. No group or class has a monopoly on patriotism in this country. Just offer labor a fair method of detouring wartime strikes, and we expect labor will break a few speed records to accept it.

Repeal the Johnson Act

DURING the Johnson and Neutrality Act debates in Congress before the war began, it was often said that these were proposals to tie ourselves up for a future which nobody could foresee. That is a mistake, because the future has an ornery way of bringing to pass the lone eventuality that didn't occur to you when you were trying to outguess it.

The Johnson Act forbids loans in this country to nations in default to the United States. It sounded very righteous when it was passed.

Now, however, we find the great majority of Americans, according to all the indicators of public opinion, convinced that Great Britain is fighting the battle of democracy vs. dictatorship, and that it is our duty to rally around with every conceivable aid for Britain short of war.

Time has passed the Johnson Act by. All aid short of war includes credits or loans or outright gifts to Great Britain when it begins to have trouble paying cash for the war supplies we are selling to it.

As long as the Johnson Act stays on the books, we are unable to extend that class of aid to Britain. The dead hand of the past keeps us from doing something which the majority of us want to do and think we ought to do. (We use the phrase "dead hand" only figuratively, because Senator Hiram Johnson of California is very much alive, and will probably put up a wildcat fight to keep his law on the active list.)

Let's just repeal the Johnson Act. Also, such portions of the Neutrality Act as hamper our extension of aid to Britain in accord with the wishes of the majority of us. Let's start over again on the job of adjusting ourselves to a world which, wicked though it may be, shows no signs of abandoning war.

And hadn't Congress better give up these attempts to clamp dead hands on the future? When it becomes the present, the future always breaks the dead hand's grip, anyway.

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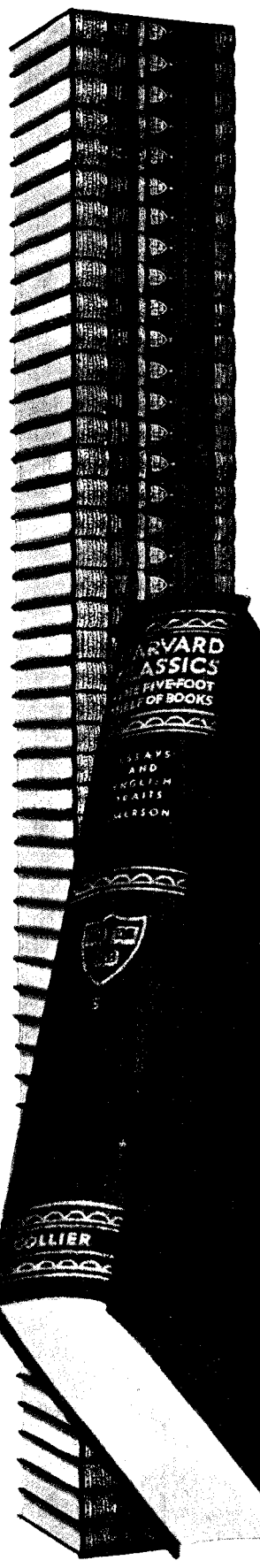

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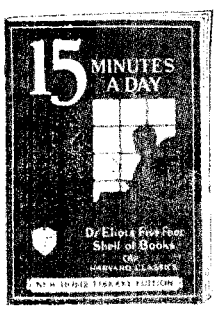

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